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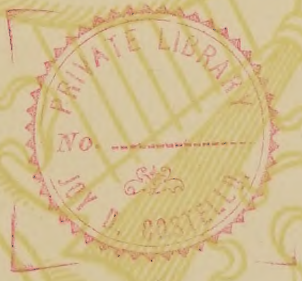

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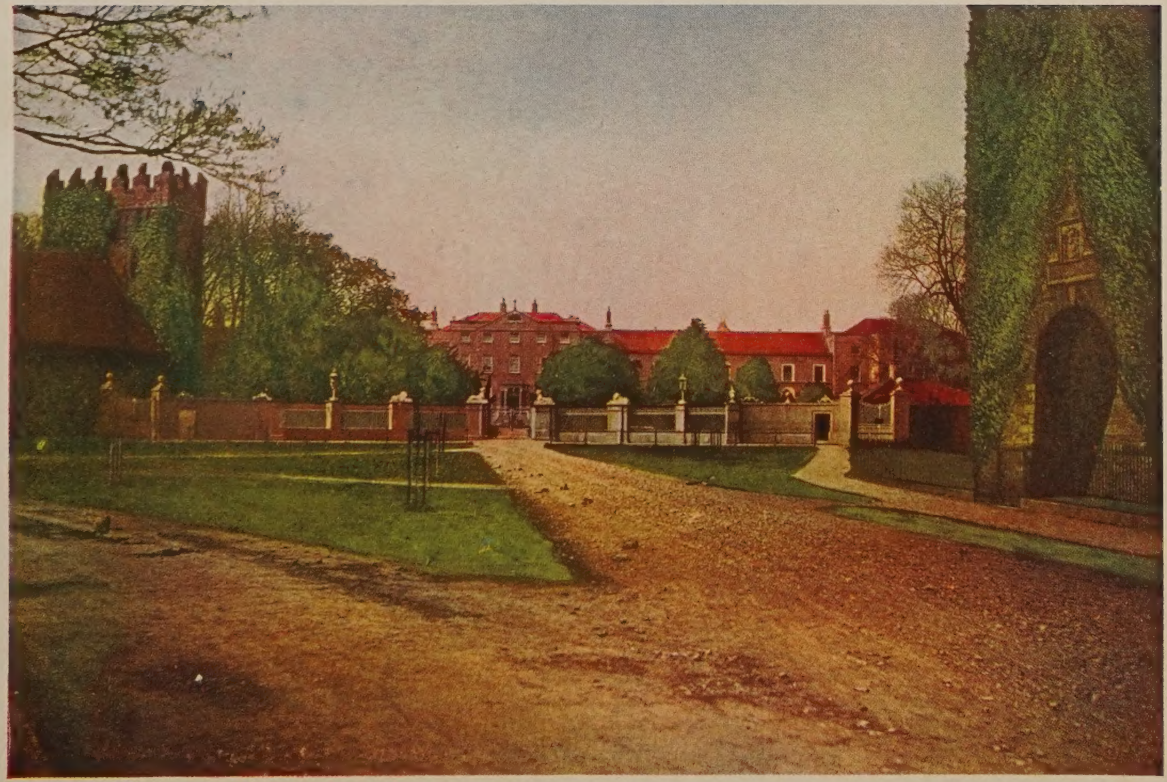

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MODERN IRISH POETRY.

THE Irish Celt is sociable, as may be known from his proverb, "It is better to be quarreling than to be lonely," and the Irish poets of the nineteenth century have made songs abundantly when friends and rebels have been at hand to applaud. The Irish poets of the eighteenth century found both at a Limerick hostelry, above whose door was written a rhyming welcome in Gaelic to all passing poets, whether their pockets were full or empty. Its owner, himself a famous poet, entertained his fellows as long as his money lasted, and then took to minding the hens and chickens of an old peasant woman for a living, and ended his days in rags, but not, one imagines, without content. Among his friends and guests had been Red O'Sullivan, Gaelic O'Sullivan, blind O'Heffernan, and many another, and their songs had made the people, crushed by the disasters of the Boyne and Aughrim, remember their ancient greatness.

The bardic order, with its perfect artifice and imperfect art, had gone down in the wars of the seventeenth century, and poetry had found shelter amid the turf smoke of the cabins. The powers that history commemorates are but the coarse effects of influences delicate and vague as the beginning of twilight, and these influences were to be woven like a web about the hearts of men by farm laborers, peddlers, potato diggers, hedge schoolmasters, and grinders at the quern, poor wastrels who put the troubles of their native land, or their own happy or unhappy loves, into songs of an extreme beauty. But in the midst of this beauty was a flitting incoherence, a fitful dying out of the sense, as though the passion had become too great for words, as must needs be when life is the master and not the slave of the singer.

English-speaking Ireland had meanwhile no poetic voice, for Goldsmith had chosen to celebrate English scenery and manners; and Swift was but an Irishman by what Mr. Balfour has called the visitation of God, and much against his will; and Congreve by education and early association; while Parnell, Denham, and Roscommon were poets

but to their own time. Nor did the coming with the new century of the fame of Moore set the balance even, for his Irish melodies are too often artificial and mechanical in their style when separated from the music that gave them wings. Whatever he had of high poetry is in 'The Light of Other Days,' and in 'At the Mid Hour of Night,' which express what Matthew Arnold has taught us to call "the Celtic melancholy," with so much of delicate beauty in the meaning and in the wavering or steady rhythm that one knows not where to find their like in literature. His more artificial and mechanical verse, because of the ancient music that makes it seem natural and vivid, and because it has remembered so many beloved names and events and places, has had the influence which might have belonged to these exquisite verses had he written none but these.

An honest style did not come into English-speaking Ireland until Callanan wrote three or four naïve translations from the Gaelic. 'Shule Aroon' and 'Kathleen O'More' had indeed been written for a good while, but had no more influence than Moore's best verses. Now, however, the lead of Callanan was followed by a number of translators, and they in turn by the poets of Young Ireland, who mingled a little learned from the Gaelic ballad writers with a great deal learned from Scott, Macaulay, and Campbell, and turned poetry once again into a principal means for spreading ideas of nationality and patriotism. They were full of earnestness, but never understand that, though a poet may govern his life by his enthusiasms, he must, when he sits down at his desk, but use them as the potter the clay. Their thoughts were a little insincere, because they lived in the half-illusions of their admirable ideals; and their rhythms not seldom mechanical, because their purpose was served when they had satisfied the dull ears of the common man. They had no time to listen to the voice of the insatiable artist, who stands erect, or lies asleep waiting until a breath arouses him, in the heart of every craftsman. Life was their master, as it had been the master of the poets who gathered in the Limerick hostelry, though it conquered them not by unreasoned love for a woman, or for native land, but by reasoned enthusiasm, and practical energy. No man was more sincere, no man

had a less mechanical mind than Thomas Davis, and yet he is often a little insincere and mechanical in his verse. When he sat down to write he had so great a desire to make the peasantry courageous and powerful that he half believed them already "the finest peasantry upon the earth," and wrote not a few such verses as

> "Lead him to fight for native land,
> His is no courage cold and wary;
> The troops live not that could withstand
> The headlong charge of Tipperary"—

and to-day we are paying the reckoning with much bombast. His little book has many things of this kind, and yet we honor it for its public spirit, and recognize its powerful influence with gratitude. He was in the main an orator influencing men's acts, and not a poet shaping their emotions, and the bulk of his influence has been good. He was, indeed, a poet of much tenderness in the simple love-songs 'The Marriage,' 'A Plea for Love,' and 'Mary Bhan Astór,' and, but for his ideal of a fisherman defying a foreign soldiery, would have been as good in 'The Boatman of Kinsale'; and once or twice when he touched upon some historic sorrow he forgot his hopes for the future and his lessons for the present, and made moving verse.

His contemporary, Clarence Mangan, kept out of public life and its half-illusions by a passion for books, and for drink and opium, made an imaginative and powerful style. He translated from the German, and imitated Oriental poetry, but little that he did on any but Irish subjects has a lasting interest. He is usually classed with the Young Ireland poets, because he contributed to their periodicals and shared their political views; but his style was formed before their movement began, and he found it the more easy for this reason, perhaps, to give sincere expression to the mood which he had chosen, the only sincerity literature knows of; and with happiness and cultivation might have displaced Moore. But as it was, whenever he had no fine ancient song to inspire him, he fell into rhetoric which was only lifted out of commonplace by an arid intensity. In his 'Irish National Hymn,' 'Soul and Country,' and the like, we look into a mind full of parched sands where the sweet dews have never fallen. A miser-

able man may think well and express himself with great vehemence, but he cannot make beautiful things, for Aphrodite never rises from any but a tide of joy. Mangan knew nothing of the happiness of the outer man, and it was only when prolonging the tragic exultation of some dead bard that he knew the unearthly happiness which clouds the outer man with sorrow, and is the fountain of impassioned art. Like those who had gone before him, he was the slave of life, for he had nothing of the self-knowledge, the power of selection, the harmony of mind, which enables the poet to be its master, and to mold the world to a trumpet for his lips. But O'Hussey's Ode over his outcast chief must live for generations because of the passion that moves through its powerful images and its mournful, wayward, and fierce rhythms.

"Though he were even a wolf ranging the round green woods,
Though he were even a pleasant salmon in the untamable sea,
Though he were a wild mountain eagle, he could scarce bear, he,
This sharp, sore sleet, these howling floods."

Edward Walsh, a village schoolmaster, who hovered, like Mangan, on the edge of the Young Ireland movement, did many beautiful translations from the Gaelic; and Michael Doheny, while out "on his keeping" in the mountains after the collapse at Ballingarry, made one of the most moving of ballads; but in the main the poets who gathered about Thomas Davis, and whose work has come down to us in 'The Spirit of the Nation,' were of practical and political, not of literary, importance.

Meanwhile Samuel Ferguson, William Allingham, and Aubrey de Vere were working apart from politics; Ferguson selecting his subjects from the traditions of the bardic age, and Allingham from those of his native Ballyshannon, and Aubrey de Vere wavering between English, Irish, and Catholic tradition. They were wiser than Young Ireland in the choice of their models, for, while drawing not less from purely Irish sources, they turned to the great poets of the world, Aubrey de Vere owing something of his gravity to Wordsworth, Ferguson much of his simplicity to Homer, while Allingham had trained an ear, too delicate to catch the tune of but a single master, upon

the lyric poetry of many lands. Allingham was the best artist, but Ferguson had the more ample imagination, the more epic aim. He had not the subtlety of feeling, the variety of cadence of a great lyric poet, but he has touched, here and there, an epic vastness and naïveté, as in the description in 'Congal' of the mire-stiffened mantle of the giant specter Mananan mac Lir, striking against his calves with as loud a noise as the mainsail of a ship makes, "when with the coil of all its ropes it beat the sounding mast." He is frequently dull, for he often lacked the "minutely appropriate words" necessary to embody those fine changes of feeling which enthrall the attention; but his sense of weight and size, of action and tumult, has set him apart and solitary, an epic figure in a lyric age.

Allingham, whose pleasant destiny has made him the poet of his native town, and put 'The Winding Banks of Erne' into the mouths of the ballad singers of Ballyshannon, is, on the other hand, a master of "minutely appropriate words," and can wring from the luxurious sadness of the lover, from the austere sadness of old age, the last golden drop of beauty; but amid action and tumult he can but fold his hands. He is the poet of the melancholy peasantry of the West, and, as years go on, and voluminous histories and copious romances drop under the horizon, will take his place among those minor immortals who have put their souls into little songs to humble the proud.

The poetry of Aubrey de Vere has less architecture than the poetry of Ferguson and Allingham, and more meditation. Indeed, his few but ever memorable successes are enchanted islands in gray seas of stately impersonal reverie and description, which drift by and leave no definite recollection. One needs, perhaps, to perfectly enjoy him, a Dominican habit, a cloister, and a breviary.

These three poets published much of their best work before and during the Fenian movement, which, like Young Ireland, had its poets, though but a small number. Charles Kickham, one of the "triumvirate" that controlled it in Ireland; John Casey, a clerk in a flour mill; and Ellen O'Leary, the sister of Mr. John O'Leary, were at times very excellent. Their verse lacks, curiously enough, the oratorical vehemence of Young Ireland, and is

plaintive and idyllic. The agrarian movement that followed produced but little poetry, and of that little all is forgotten but a vehement poem by Fanny Parnell and a couple of songs by T. D. Sullivan, who is a good song writer, though not, as the writer has read on an election placard, "one of the greatest poets who ever moved the heart of man." But while Nationalist verse has ceased to be a portion of the propaganda of a party, it has been written, and is being written, under the influence of the Nationalist newspapers and of Young Ireland societies and the like. With an exacting conscience, and better models than Thomas Moore and the Young Irelanders, such beautiful enthusiasm could not fail to make some beautiful verses. But, as things are, the rhythms are mechanical, and the metaphors conventional; and inspiration is too often worshiped as a Familiar who labors while you sleep, or forget, or do many worthy things which are not spiritual things.

For the most part, the Irishman of our times loves so deeply those arts which build up a gallant personality, rapid writing, ready talking, effective speaking to crowds, that he has no thought for the arts which consume the personality in solitude. He loves the mortal arts which have given him a lure to take the hearts of men, and shrinks from the immortal, which could but divide him from his fellows. And in this century, he who does not strive to be a perfect craftsman achieves nothing. The poor peasant of the eighteenth century could make fine ballads by abandoning himself to the joy or sorrow of the moment, as the reeds abandon themselves to the wind which sighs through them, because he had about him a world where all was old enough to be steeped in emotion. But we cannot take to ourselves, by merely thrusting out our hands, all we need of pomp and symbol, and if we have not the desire of artistic perfection for an ark, the deluge of incoherence, vulgarity, and triviality will pass over our heads. If we had no other symbols but the tumult of the sea, the rusted gold of the thatch, the redness of the quicken-berry, and had never known the rhetoric of the platform and of the newspaper, we could do without laborious selection and rejection; but, even then, though we might do much that would be delight-

ful, that would inspire coming times, it would not have the manner of the greatest poetry.

Here and there, the Nationalist newspapers and the Young Ireland societies have trained a writer who, though busy with the old models, has some imaginative energy; while the more literary writers, the successors of Allingham and Ferguson and De Vere, are generally more anxious to influence and understand Irish thought than any of their predecessors who did not take the substance of their poetry from politics. They are distinguished too by their deliberate art, and by their preoccupation with spiritual passions and memories.

The poetry of Lionel Johnson and Mrs. Hinkson is Catholic and devout, but Lionel Johnson's is lofty and austere, and like De Vere's never long forgets the greatness of his Church and the interior life whose expression it is, while Mrs. Hinkson is happiest when she embodies emotions, that have the innocence of childhood, in symbols and metaphors from the green world about her. She has no reverie nor speculation, but a devout tenderness like that of St. Francis for weak instinctive things, old gardeners, old fishermen, birds among the leaves, birds tossed upon the waters. Miss Hopper belongs to that school of writers which embodies passions, that are not the less spiritual because no Church has put them into prayers, in stories and symbols from old Celtic poetry and mythology. The poetry of "A. E.," at its best, finds its symbols and its stories in the soul itself, and has a more disembodied ecstasy than any poetry of our time. He is the chief poet of the school of Irish mystics, in which there are many poets besides many who have heard the words, "If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them," and thought the labors that bring the mystic vision more important than the labors of any craft.

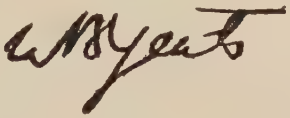
Mr. Herbert Trench and Mrs. Shorter and "Moira O'Neill" are more interested in the picturesqueness of the world than in religion. Mr. Trench and Mrs. Shorter have put old Irish stories into vigorous modern rhyme, and have written, the one in her 'Ceann dubh Deelish' and the other in 'Come, Let Us Make Love Deathless,' lyrics that should become a lasting part of Irish lyric poetry. "Moira

O'Neill" has written pretty lyrics of Antrim life; but one discovers that Mrs. Hinkson or Miss Hopper, although their work is probably less popular, come nearer to the peasant passion, when one compares their work and hers with that Gaelic song translated so beautifully by Dr. Sigerson, where a ragged man of the roads, having lost all else, is yet thankful for "the great love gift of sorrow," or with many songs translated by Dr. Hyde in his 'Love Songs of Connacht,' or by Lady Gregory in her 'Poets and Dreamers.'

Except some few Catholic and mystical poets and Professor Dowden in one or two poems, no Irishman living in Ireland has sung excellently of any but a theme from Irish experience, Irish history, or Irish tradition. Trinity College, which desires to be English, has been the mother of many verse writers and of few poets; and this can only be because she has set herself against the national genius, and taught her children to imitate alien styles and choose out alien themes, for it is not possible to believe that the educated Irishman alone is prosaic and uninventive. Her few poets have been awakened by the influence of the farm laborers, potato diggers, peddlers, and hedge schoolmasters of the eighteenth century, and their imitators in this, and not by a scholastic life, which, for reasons easy for all to understand and for many to forgive, has refused the ideals of Ireland, while those of England are but far-off murmurs. An enemy to all enthusiasms, because all enthusiasms seemed her enemies, she has taught her children to look neither to the world about them, nor into their own souls, where some dangerous fire might slumber.

To remember that in Ireland the professional and landed classes have been through the mold of Trinity College or of English universities, and are ignorant of the very names of the best Irish writers, is to know how strong a wind blows from the ancient legends of Ireland, how vigorous an impulse to create is in her heart to-day. Deserted by the classes from among whom have come the bulk of the world's intellect, she struggles on, gradually ridding herself of incoherence and triviality, and slowly building up a literature in English which, whether important or unimportant, grows always more unlike others;

nor does it seem as if she would long lack a living literature in Gaelic, for the movement for the preservation of Gaelic, which has been so much more successful than anybody foresaw, has already its poets. Dr. Hyde has written Gaelic poems which pass from mouth to mouth in the west of Ireland. The country people have themselves fitted them to ancient airs, and many that can neither read nor write sing them in Donegal and Connemara and Galway. I have, indeed, but little doubt that Ireland, communing with herself in Gaelic more and more, but speaking to foreign countries in English, will lead many that are sick with theories and with trivial emotion, to some sweet well-waters of primeval poetry.



IRISH FAIRY AND FOLK TALES.

The history of Ireland and of the Irish people dates from a very remote antiquity; indeed, its beginnings are lost in the twilight of fable, but its language, as Mr. Douglas Hyde says, "has left the clearest, most luminous, and most consecutive literary track behind it of any of the vernacular tongues," excepting the Greek.

Linguistically speaking, the Celtic people are a branch of the great Aryan race. The Irish are part of a vast Indo-European family which countless ages ago spread to the West over a great part of Europe. The Gaelic language has roots which go far down toward the parent stock; its literature, consequently, is of the utmost interest and value to those who seek to read the riddle of the past and to push back the horizon of knowledge concerning it. The reader will not, therefore, be surprised to learn that the Irish fairy tales and folk stories are among the oldest of those of any of the European races. "Of all the traces that man in his earliest period has left behind him" says Mr. Douglas Hyde in his 'Beside the Fire,' "there is nothing except a few drilled stones or flint arrowheads that approaches the antiquity of these tales."

And although they have many counterparts in other languages, which would seem to indicate a common origin in the far off past, notably in Oriental folk lore, the spirit of the race is enshrined in them in a more characteristic and striking degree, perhaps, than in the fairy tales and folk lore of any other country. This is doubtless due to their preservation in the ancient Gaelic; to the fact that the wandering bard has lingered longer in Ireland than elsewhere, and to the fact that the professional story-teller, although fast disappearing, is not yet entirely extinct in that country.

Story-telling has always been a favorite amusement of the Celtic race. In ancient times the professional story-tellers were classified, and were called, according to their rank, ollaves, shannachies, filès, or bards. Their duty was to recite old tales, poems, and descriptions of historical events in prose or verse at the festive gatherings of the

people. They were especially educated and trained for this profession, which was looked upon as a dignified and important one, and they were treated with consideration and amply rewarded wherever they went.

It is recorded how the story-tellers used to gather together of an evening, and if any had a different version from the others, they would all recite theirs and vote, and the man who had varied would have to abide by their verdict. In this way stories have been handed down with such accuracy that the long tale of Dierdre was, in the earlier decades of the eighteenth century, told almost word for word as in the very ancient MS. in the Royal Dublin Society. In one case only it varied, and then the MS. was obviously wrong—a passage had been forgotten by the copyist. But this accuracy is rather in the folk and bardic tales than in the fairy legends, for these vary widely, being usually adapted to some neighboring village or local fairy-seeing celebrity.

While the Irish fairy tales and folk tales are among the oldest in the world, they are also the most numerous and diversified. Although the same personages figure in them over and over again, many collectors have classified their chief figures more or less. The following will give an idea of the main grouping:

There are "the Sociable Fairies," who go about in troops, and quarrel and make love much as men and women do. They are land fairies or Sheoques (Ir. *Sidheog,* "a little fairy"), and water fairies or Merrows (Ir. *Moruadh,* "a sea maid").

The *Sheoques* haunt the sacred thorn bushes and the green raths or royalties—those little fields circled by ditches, and supposed to have been ancient fortifications and sheepfolds. Many a mortal they have said to have enticed into their dim world. Many have listened to their fairy music, till human cares and joys drifted from them and they became great seers, or "fairy doctors," or musicians, or poets, like Carolan, who is said to have gathered his tunes while sleeping on a fairy rath! or else they died in a year and a day, to live ever after among the fairies. These Sheoques occasionally steal a child and leave a withered fairy, a thousand or maybe two thousand years old, instead.

The *Merrows* sometimes come out of the sea in the shape of little hornless cows. In their own shape, they have fishes' tails and wear a red cap, called in Irish *cohuleen driuth.* The men among them have green teeth, green hair, pigs' eyes, and red noses; but their women are beautiful and sometimes prefer handsome fishermen to their green-haired lovers.

Among "Solitary Fairies" is the *Lepricaun* (Ir. *Leith bhrogan, i. e.* the one shoemaker). He is seen sitting under a hedge mending a shoe, and whoso catches him can make him deliver up his crocks of gold, for he is a miser of great wealth; but if you take your eyes off him he vanishes like smoke. He wears a red coat with seven buttons in each row, and a cocked hat, on the point of which he sometimes spins like a top. In Donegal he goes clad in a great frieze coat.

The *Cluricaun's* (Ir. *Clobhair-cean*) occupations are robbing wine cellars and riding sheep and shepherds' dogs the livelong night, until the morning finds them panting and mud-covered.

The *Gonconer* or *Ganconagh* (Ir. *Gean-canogh, i.e.* love-talker) is a creature of the Lepricaun type, but a great idler. He appears in lonely valleys, pipe in mouth, and spends his time in making love to shepherdesses and milk-maids.

The *Far Darrig* (Ir. *Fear dearg, i. e.* red man) is the practical joker of the other world. He presides over evil dreams.

The *Pooka* (Ir. *Pùca,* a word derived by some from *poc,* a he-goat) also is of the family of the nightmare. His shape is usually that of a horse, bull, goat, eagle, or ass. His delight is to get a rider, with whom he rushes through ditches and rivers and over mountains, and whom he shakes off in the gray of the morning. Especially does he love to plague a drunkard; a drunkard's sleep is his kingdom. At times he takes more unexpected forms than those of beast or bird. When it rains in Ireland at the same time that the sun is shining it is a sure sign that the Pooka will be out that night.

The *Dullahan* has no head, or carries it under his arm. He is often seen driving a black coach, called "coach-a-bower" (Ir. *Coite-bodhar*), drawn by headless horses. It rumbles to your door, and if you open it a basin of blood is

thrown in your face. It is an omen of death to the houses where it pauses.

The *Leanhaun Shee* (Ir. *Leanhaun sidhe, i.e.* fairy mistress) seeks the love of men. If they refuse, she is their slave; if they consent, they are hers, and can escape only by finding one to take their place. Her lovers waste away, for she lives on their life.

The *Far Gorta* (man of hunger) is an emaciated fairy that goes through the land in famine time, begging and bringing good luck to the giver.

The *Banshee* (Ir. *Bean-sidhe, i.e.* fairy woman) is a sociable fairy grown solitary through much sorrow. The name corresponds to the less common *Far Shee* (Ir. *Fear sidhe*), a man fairy. She wails, as most people know, over the death of a member of some old Irish family.

There are also the "House Spirits": the *Water Sherie*, a kind of will-o'-the-wisp; the *Soulth*, a formless luminous creature; the *Pastha* (*piastbestia*), the lake dragon, a guardian of hidden treasure; and the *Bo men* fairies, who destroy the unwary; and there is the great tribe of ghosts, called *Thivishes* in some parts.

Representative stories of each of these groups will be found in the writings of those who have made it their business to collect and retell the fairy tales and folk lore of the country, and we have, under the heading of "Fairy and Folk Tales of Ireland, anonymous," brought together a few of the typical stories to which no names are attached.

And there is fairy poetry as well, of which not a little is to be found in the works of the Irish poets from William Allingham to William Butler Yeats. But it is not so abundant as one might expect. The ancient myths and legends and the half-mythical history of Ireland and her manifold wrongs and sufferings seem to have appealed more to the Irish poetical spirit.

The very first collections of fairy tales and folk tales are of course to be found in the old Chap-books. "They are," says Mr. W. B. Yeats, "to be found brown with turf smoke on cottage shelves, and are, or were, sold on every hand by the peddlers, but cannot be found in any library of this city of the Sassanach (London). 'The Royal Fairy Tales,' 'The Hibernian Tales,' and 'The Legends of the Fairies' are the fairy literature of the people."

Of a certain volume of the 'Hibernian Tales,' Thackeray writes pleasantly in his 'Irish Sketch Book,' remarking: "So great is the superiority of the old stories over the new, in fancy, dramatic interest, and humor, that one can't help fancying that Hibernia must have been a very superior country to Ireland."

"These Hibernian novels, too," he continues, "are evidently intended for the hedge-school universities. They have the old tricks and some of the old plots that one has read in many popular legends of almost all countries, European and Eastern; successful cunning is the great virtue applauded; and the heroes pass through a thousand wild extravagant dangers, such as could only have been invented when art was young and faith was large. And as the honest old author of the tales says they are suited to the meanest as well as to the highest capacity, tending both to improve the fancy and enrich the mind, let us conclude the night's entertainment by reading one or two of them, and reposing after the doleful tragedy which has been represented. The 'Black Thief' is worthy of the Arabian Nights, I think—as wild and odd as an Eastern tale. . . . Not a little does it add to these tales that one feels as one reads them that the writer must have believed in his heart what he told; you see the tremor, as it were, and the wild look of the eyes as he sits in his corner and recites and peers wistfully around lest the spirits he talks of be really at hand." And after telling us the Chap-book version of the story of 'Hudden, Dudden, and Donald,' and of "the Spaeman," he says: "And so we shut up the hedge-school library, and close the Galway Nights' Entertainments; they are not as amusing as Almack, to be sure, but many a lady who has her opera box in London has listened to a piper in Ireland."

It is significant of how Ireland's contribution to English literature in every department has been ignored by the English, and in consequence by the entire literary world, that in the two great collections of Chap-books made by the elder and the younger Boswell, which are now in the library of Harvard University, there are scarcely any of Irish origin, though England and Scotland are fully represented; and yet during the period covered by these collections, as these remarks by Thackeray and W. B. Yeats would indi-

cate, her output of this literature was as large as, if not larger than, that of either England or Scotland. If it had not been for a certain purchase made by Thackeray at Ennis when on his tour through Ireland, and for a certain rainy day in Galway about 1840, the English people would probably never have known that the Irish people had their Chap-books from the fifteenth to the nineteenth century as well as the people of almost all other European countries.

The systematic collection of Celtic folk tales in English began in Ireland as early as 1825, with T. Crofton Croker's 'Fairy Legends and Traditions of the South of Ireland.' Among the novelists and tale-writers of the schools of Miss Edgeworth and Lever folk tales were occasionally utilized, as by Carleton in his 'Traits and Stories,' by Lover in his 'Legends and Stories,' and by Griffin in his 'Tales of a Jury Room.' These all tell their tales in the manner of the stage Irishman. Patrick Kennedy, a Dublin bookseller, printed about one hundred folk and hero tales and drolls in his 'Legendary Fictions of the Irish Celts,' 1866; 'Fireside Stories of Ireland,' 1870; and 'Bardic Stories of Ireland,' 1871. Lady Wilde has told many folk tales very effectively in her 'Ancient Legends of Ireland,' 1887. Mr. J. Curtin's 'Myths and Folk Tales of Ireland,' 1890, must not be forgotten. Douglas Hyde has published in 'Beside the Fireside,' 1891, English versions of some of the stories he had published in the original Irish in his 'Leahbar Sgeulaighteachta,' Dublin, 1889. Miss Mac Lintock has published many tales in various periodicals during the past twenty years; a period which has been remarkably fruitful in active workers in this hitherto comparatively untilled field. P. W. Joyce's 'Old Celtic Romances,' W. Larminie's 'West Irish Folk Tales,' P. J. McCall's 'Fenian Nights' Entertainments,' Seumus MacManus' 'Donegal Fairy Tales,' D. Deeney's 'Peasant Lore from Gaelic Ireland,' and many other books too numerous to mention are rich in material of this kind. But Dr. Douglas Hyde, Lady Gregory, and W. B. Yeats have done more than all to reveal to us "the old weird world which sleeps in Irish lore." They know the people of Ireland thoroughly, and in their works they give us not only the folk and fairy tales of the people, but they make us feel

how entirely they enter into and pervade and influence their every-day lives.

One reason, perhaps, why the Irish people are as a rule so supremely gifted with the power of poetical self expression, why they are endowed with so rich and luxurious a fancy, is because for centuries they have been nourished on such a wealth of fairy tales and wonder stories as is exceeded by no other literature of the world.

Emerson says, "What nature at one time provides for use, she afterward turns to ornament," and Herbert Spencer, following out this idea, remarks that "the fairy lore, which in times past was matter of grave belief and held sway over people's conduct, has since been transformed into ornament for 'The Midsummer Night's Dream,' 'The Tempest,' 'The Faërie Queene,' and endless small tales and poems; and still affords subjects for children's story books, amuses boys and girls, and becomes matter for jocose allusion."

Sir Walter Scott also says, in a note to 'The Lady of the Lake': "The mythology of one period would appear to pass into the romance of the next, and that into the nursery tales of subsequent ages"; and Max Müller, in his 'Chips from a German Workshop,' says: "The gods of ancient mythology were changed into the demigods and heroes of ancient epic poetry, and these demigods and heroes again become at a later age the principal characters of our nursery tales."

In just the same way many of the Irish folk tales are the detritus of the ancient bardic stories, and we can see this detrition in actual process in Ireland to-day, where the belief in the fairies and legends still exists in the minds of many of the older folks. As Lady Wilde says in her introduction to 'Irish Legends': "With the highly sensitive organization of their race, it is not wonderful that the people live habitually under the shadow and dread of invisible powers which, whether working for good or evil, are awful and mysterious to the uncultured mind that sees only the strange results produced by certain forces, but knows nothing of the approximate causes." And so Tir-nan-og, the country of the young, the place where you will get happiness for a penny, so cheap and common will it be, is still devoutly believed in by many to whom Hy Braesil,

the Island of the Blest, is also something more than a name.

And it is not a little curious to note in this connection that, while the fairy tales of other lands have long been the natural literature of childhood, it is only in later years that even in Ireland itself her fairy tales, folk lore, wonder tales, and hero stories have figured in books especially made for young people.

The fairy tales and folk lore of Ireland should have a special interest not alone for Irish-Americans, but for that greater American nation which is being evolved out of the mixture of the blood of all the races of the world, to-day. We inherit, we are infused by, and we are transmuting into terms of national individuality, all the romance, all the culture, all the art, and all the literature of the past, of all the nations of the world.

And when this individuality shall have been achieved, we shall have a culture which will be distinctly American, we shall have an art which will be distinctly American, we shall have a literature which will be distinctly American

There has entered, and there will enter, into the composition of this new and individual race, a greater infusion of the Celtic element than of any other, and it is therefore of the highest importance that the literature in which this element has been cradled, the literature to which the Celtic spirit responds most quickly and with the happiest results, should form part of the mental nourishment of our young people, in the form of the fairy tales and folk lore of Ireland.

We have given our children freely for the last two hundred years of the English Mother Goose rhymes and fairy tales, of the German, and even of the Norse fairy tales and romances—much of the content and idea of which is remote, and to which because of race-inherited feelings and tendencies, they cannot respond—while we have left unheeded the vast treasures which exist in Irish fairy literature, a literature which makes the strongest appeal to the largest ingredient in the composition of the new American race which is being evolved.

Chas: Welsh

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Founded in 1795 for the education of the Irish priesthood. The present buildings were built after designs by Welby Pugin. They accommodate 800 students, and the course of training requires eight years.

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From a photograph of an Irish girl wearing the national cloak and hood.

"Yet still I love thee more and more,
A cuisle geal mo Croidhe."
—*Michael Doheny.*

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Also called "La Gioconda." From the famous painting by Leonardo da Vinci in the Louvre, Paris.

THE BATTLE OF FONTENOY 880

After the famous painting by Horace Vernet in the Versailles Museum.

Fontenoy is a little village in Belgium, famous for the battle fought there, April 30, 1745, between the English, Dutch, Hanoverians, and the French. With the aid of the Irish Brigade the allies were completely routed. The English broke before the Irish bayonets, and George II., on hearing of the disaster, said "Cursed be the laws that deprive me of such soldiers." The Irish lost one-quarter of their officers and one-third of their men. Many Irish poets and authors have celebrated the battle in song and story.

THE RIVER BLACKWATER, COUNTY WATERFORD . . 916

From a photograph.

One of the most beautiful rivers in Ireland, if not in the world. Its charm and delights have been told in song and story more than perhaps any other piece of natural scenery, and a thousand historical associations cluster about its name.

"Dear are the green banks we wander upon,
Dear is our own river glancing along,
Dearer the trust that as tranquil will be
The tides of the future for you and for me."
So sang *Ellen M. P. Dowling.*

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From a photograph.

The Treaty of Limerick which followed the Siege of Derry, the Battle of the Boyne, the defense of Limerick, and the battles of Athlone and Aughrim, was signed in 1691 and this picture shows the stone on which it was signed. The infamous ignoring of this treaty by the conquerors was a violation of plighted honor which has done more than any one event to keep alive Irish hatred and distrust of England. See 'A Glance at Ireland's History' in Vol. IX. of IRISH LITERATURE.

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From the original painting by A. Chappel.

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From a photograph of a scene in County Wicklow, showing part of Lough Dan.

"There is honey in the trees where her misty vales expand
And her forest paths in summer are by falling waters fanned,
There is dew at high noontide there, and springs i' the yellow sand
On the Fair Hills of Holy Ireland."

WILLIAM JOSEPH O'NEILL DAUNT.

(1807—1894.)

William Joseph O'Neill Daunt, the able historical writer, was born at Fullamore, King's County, April 28, 1807, and died June 29, 1894. He was for some years associated with Daniel O'Connell in a secretarial capacity, and throughout his long life he was steadfast in his admiration for that great leader and in his intense hostility to English rule in Ireland.

His first published work was 'Ireland and Her Agitators,' 1845, which was followed by 'Hugh Talbot, a Tale of the Irish Confiscations,' 1846. In 1848 he issued his valuable 'Personal Recollections of O'Connell,' and in 1851 his 'Catechism of Irish History,' which was a text-book in Irish schools, and a novel entitled 'The Gentleman in Debt.' During the later part of his life he lived quietly as a country gentleman, but that he had not lost any of his early views is proved by his 'Essays on Ireland,' 1886, and his 'Eighty-Five Years of Irish History,' published in the same year.

After his death his daughter published in 1896, under the title of 'A Life Spent for Ireland,' his personal diary, a most entertaining volume, full of good stories and valuable side-lights on the history of his times.

REPEALERS IN PRISON AND OUT.

From 'Eighty-five Years of Irish History.'

O'Connell, on the evening of his incarceration, had exclaimed: "Thank God, I am in jail for Ireland!" He believed that Peel's false move tended to augment the strength of the national cause. All the prisoners dined together, and the party wore anything but a tragical air. They all enjoyed the exhilaration of spirits arising from a hope that, whatever inconveniences they might sustain, their imprisonment would accelerate the triumph of the cause that was nearest to their hearts.

They were for the first few days occupied with the bustle of fixing themselves in their new quarters. At last they settled down into something like their usual habits. Charles Gavan Duffy, the editor of *The Nation;* Doctor (afterwards Sir John) Gray, the editor of *The Freeman;* and Richard Barrett, the editor of *The Pilot,* found abundant employment superintending their several journals. The moments unoccupied by business they devoted to study,

or to taking exercise in the adjoining garden. Mr. Duffy, under the impression that the imprisonment would last a year, announced his purpose of reading through Carte's 'Life of Ormond,' in three folio volumes. Mr. Ray still exercised his supervision of the affairs of the Association. John O'Connell wrote his amusing and instructive 'Repeal Dictionary,' which appeared in the weekly press, and which I believe was subsequently published in a collected form. Steele read Kane's 'Industrial Resources of Ireland,' and defaced the fair pages of the work with innumerable marks of admiration. Barrett was ready for fun,—frisk, joyous frolic of any sort, and more than once kept the incarcerated coterie in roars of laughter by attitudinizing and grimacing in a style that would have done honor to Liston. Two of the visitors played the short-armed orator; the comic force of the pathetic passages being much enhanced by a cambric handkerchief, which the gentleman who performed the action held to the weeping eyes of the gentleman who performed the eloquence. Nearly all the prisoners contributed to the pages of a *jeu d'esprit* called *Prison Gazette,* in which they quizzed each other and their friends with merry malice. In short, there never were prisoners who bore so lightly and joyously the hours of imprisonment, or whose deprivation of freedom was more soothed by the kind and sympathetic offices of friends.

They had access to two gardens. In one of these was a mound with a summer-house on the top. The mound they amused themselves by calling Tara Hill; the summer-house was termed Conciliation Hall. In the other garden they erected a large marquee, which they styled Mullaghmast, and in this marquee were received the numerous deputations who bore addresses to the "convicts" from the different quarters of the kingdom. I learned from a gentleman, who was present on one of these occasions, that O'Connell replied to the bearers of an address in the following words: "Tell your friends that my heart is joyful, my spirits are buoyant, my health is excellent, my hopes are high. My imprisonment is not irksome to me, for I feel and know that it will, under Providence, be the means of making our country a nation again. I am glad I am in prison. There wanted but this to my career. I

have labored for Ireland—refused office, honor and emolument for Ireland—I have prayed and hoped and watched for Ireland—there was yet one thing wanted—that I should be in jail for Ireland. This has now been added to the rest, thanks to our enemies; and I cordially rejoice at it."

O'Connell, in the course of that day, was waited on by a party of American tourists. When they arrived, he was standing on the top of "Tara Hill." They doffed their hats and remained at the foot of the mound until desired to walk up. "You are probably more visited here," said one of them, "than if you were at large." "Yes," replied the Liberator, "and here I cannot use the excuse of 'not at home.'"

The progress of Repeal during his imprisonment enchanted him. "The people," said he, "are behaving nobly. I was at first a little afraid, despite all my teaching, that at such a trying crisis they would have done either too much or too little—either have been stung into an outbreak, or else awed into apathy. Neither has happened. Blessed be God! the people are acting nobly. What it is to have such a people to lead!"

He rejoiced especially over the excellent training of the Repeal Association; praised the young talent called forth by the movement, bestowing particular eulogy on MacNevin and Barry.

"In the days of the Catholic Association," said he, "I used to have more trouble than I can express in keeping down mutiny. I always arrived in town about the 25th of October, and on my arrival I invariably found some jealousies, some squabbles—some fellow trying to be leader, which gave me infinite annoyance. But now all goes right—no man is jealous of any other man; each does his best for the general cause."

Speaking of his pacific policy, he remarked that it was a curious coincidence that the Conal of Ossian should say, "My sword hangs at my side—the blade longs to shine in my hand—but I love the peace of green Erin of the streams."

The convicted patriots received numerous presents of fresh fruits and flowers. A patriotic confectioner presented them with two monster cakes. Mr. Scriber of

Westmoreland Street sent them seven musical-boxes to cheer their imprisonment; and it is said that, immediately on the arrival of the harmonious cargo, the prisoners evinced their satisfaction with more musical zeal than taste—by setting the seven boxes playing together.

Mr. Steele one day placed a stone which he dignified with the name of Liach Fail, or the Stone of Destiny, on the side of the mimic Tara Hill in the garden, calling on Duffy to doff his hat in honor of the august ceremony.

With these and similar helps and devices did the prisoners try to cheat the hours of that bondage which, under every circumstance of mitigation, must ever be oppressive to men of ardent minds and active habits. One day John O'Connell made some remark on the high, gloomy prison buildings, which excluded the view of the country from the dining-room. "I am better pleased," said his father, "that the view is excluded. To see the hills, and fields, and sea-coast, and to feel that you were debarred from the freedom of walking among them, were a worse affliction than to be deprived altogether of the sight. It would tantalize too much." . . .

On the evening of the 6th of September, O'Connell and his fellow-prisoners were liberated. About ten days previously his intimate friend, Mr. Patrick Fitzpatrick, of Eccles Street, had expressed to him the expectation that the law-lords would confirm the sentence, but that the prisoners would be liberated by the exercise of the Royal prerogative. "You must, in that event," said Mr. Fitzpatrick, "be prepared with instant securities. How large is the amount of bail required?"

O'Connell had forgotten the amount, and descended to the Governor's office to inspect the book. Mr. Fitzpatrick speedily followed, and found O'Connell laughing heartily at the personal description annexed to his name in the book: "Daniel O'Connell—complexion good." The amount of bail was £5,000 ($25,000) personally, and two securities at £2,500 ($12,500) each. "But it is idle, quite idle to talk of it," said O'Connell; "there is not the least probability—not the smallest shadow of a chance of our being set free. No, my good friend, we shall suffer our full term."

In this conviction O'Connell continued until the even-

ing of the 6th. Two messengers from the Corn Exchange rushed simultaneously into the prison with the news, vociferating in such noisy rivalship that their tidings were for a long time unintelligible. At length one of them, perforce of better wind, shouted his comrade out of breath, and having reached the corridor leading to O'Connell's apartments, he continued to bellow, "I 'm first! Where 's the Liberator? I 'm first!"

"What is it all about?" demanded Mr. Barrett, who was calmly perambulating the corridor.

"Only that you 're free," cried Edmond O'Hagarty (the messenger). "I 'm first! I 'm first! Hurrah! Where 's the Liberator? I'm first!"

They rushed into a drawing-room where O'Connell was seated between two ladies, O'Hagarty in his noisy delight still shouting, "I 'm first! I 'm first! You 're free, Liberator! Thanks be to God for that same! The judgment 's reversed."

"Bah! not true; it can't be true," replied O'Connell coolly.

"But it *is* true, Liberator." And the messenger showed him the placard which had been printed in London announcing the fact. He examined it attentively, and said to Fitzpatrick: "After all, this may be true," when doubt was dispelled by the sudden appearance of the attorneys for the defense. "On the merits," were the first words of Mr. Ford, who threw his arms round O'Connell's neck and kissed him. O'Connell wore his green velvet Mullaghmast cap, and Ford wore a broad-brimmed beaver hat, oblivious in his ecstasy of the presence of the ladies. "On the merits," he triumphantly repeated; "no technicalities at all—nothing but the merits."

The news had now spread through the prison, and the other prisoners crowded to the drawing-room to learn their fate. There was a quiet sort of triumph, no boisterous joy amongst the traversers. In the course of the evening O'Connell said to my informant in a tone of deep solemnity: "Fitzpatrick, the hand of man is not in this. It is the response given by Providence to the prayers of the faithful, steadfast, pious people of Ireland."

It was near twilight when O'Connell left the prison to return to his home in Merrion Square. As he walked

along the streets, the people at first gazed on him in bewildered astonishment. They could scarcely believe the evidence of their eyes. Was O'Connell indeed free? They crowded round him to ascertain the fact; the crowds augmented; and by the time he arrived at the western end of Merrion Square, his friends were obliged to form a cordon around him to avert the inconvenient pressure of the delighted multitude. When he placed his foot on his own hall-door step, to re-enter the home from which he had for three months been iniquitously exiled, the popular ecstasy became uncontrollable. Cheer after cheer rose and swelled upon the air. The people gave vent to their wild delight in vociferous acclamations; every heart beat high with pride and triumph at the liberation of their venerated leader—not by ministerial grace or favor, but by the strict and stern vindication of that law which had been so nefariously outraged in the trial and conviction.

O'Connell appeared on the balcony and addressed the people briefly. He exhorted them to bear their victory with moderation. Let them, he said, demonstrate their fitness to rule themselves by the spirit of conciliation and friendliness with which they should enjoy their triumph.

On the next day (Saturday, the 7th of September) the liberated patriots passed in procession through the leading streets of the metropolis. It was a scene of indescribable excitement. When opposite the door of the old Parliament House in College Green, the cavalcade halted —O'Connell rose in his triumphal car, uncovered his head and pointed with significant emphasis to the edifice. Then arose a mighty shout from the surrounding thousands—again and again did O'Connell, looking proudly around him, repeat his significant gesture; again and again did the myriads who thronged the broad street upraise their glad voices in deafening cheers. It was like the roar of the ocean, that proud shout of a nation's triumph and a nation's hope.

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KING BAGENAL.

From 'Eighty-five Years of Irish History.'

"Of manners elegant, fascinating, polished by extensive intercourse with the great world, of princely income, and of boundless hospitality, Mr. Bagenal possessed all the qualities and attributes calculated to procure him popularity with every class. A terrestrial paradise was Dunleckny for all lovers of good wine, good horses, good dogs, and good society. His stud was magnificent, and he had a large number of capital hunters at the service of visitors who were not provided with steeds of their own. He derived great delight from encouraging the young men who frequented his house to hunt, drink, and solve points of honor at twelve paces.

"Enthroned at Dunleckny, he gathered around him a host of spirits congenial to his own. He had a tender affection for pistols, a brace of which implements, loaded, were often placed before him on the dinner table. After dinner the claret was produced in an unbroached cask; Bagenal's practice was to broach the cask with a bullet from one of his pistols, whilst he kept the other pistol *in terrorem* for any of the *convives* who should fail in doing ample justice to the wine.

"Nothing could be more impressive than the bland, fatherly, affectionate air with which the old gentleman used to impart to his junior guests the results of his own experience, and the moral lessons which should regulate their conduct through life.

"'In truth, my young friends, it behooves a youth entering the world to make a character for himself. Respect will only be accorded to character. A young man must show his proofs. I am not a quarrelsome person—I never was—I hate your mere duelist; but experience of the world tells me there are knotty points of which the only solution is the saw handle. Rest upon your pistols, my boys! Occasions will arise in which the use of them is absolutely indispensable to character. A man, I repeat, must show his proofs—in this world courage will never be taken upon trust. I protest to Heaven, my dear young friends, I am advising you exactly as I should advise my own son.'

"And having thus discharged his conscience, he would look blandly around with the most patriarchal air imaginable.

"His practice accorded with his precept. Some pigs, the property of a gentleman who had recently settled near Dunleckny, strayed into an enclosure of King Bagenal's, and rooted up a flower knot. The incensed monarch ordered that the porcine trespassers should be shorn of their ears and tails; and he transmitted the several appendages to the owner of the swine with an intimation that he, too, deserved to have his ears docked; and that only he had not got a tail, he (King Bagenal) would sever the caudal member from his dorsal extremity. 'Now,' quoth Bagenal, 'if he 's a gentleman, he must burn powder after such a message as that.'

"Nor was he disappointed. A challenge was given by the owner of the pigs. Bagenal accepted it with alacrity, only stipulating that as he was old and feeble, being then in his seventy-ninth year, he should fight sitting in his arm-chair; and that as his infirmities prevented early rising, the meeting should take place in the afternoon. 'Time was,' said the old man, with a sigh, 'that I would have risen before daylight to fight at sunrise, but we cannot do these things at seventy-eight. Well, Heaven's will be done.'

"They fought at twelve paces. Bagenal wounded his antagonist severely; the arm of the chair in which he sat was shattered, but he remained unhurt; and he ended the day with a glorious carouse, tapping the claret, we may presume, as usual, by firing a pistol at the cask.

"The traditions of Dunleckny allege that when Bagenal, in the course of his tour through Europe, visited the petty court of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, the Grand Duke, charmed with his magnificence and the reputation of his wealth, made him an offer of the hand of the fair Charlotte, who, being politely rejected by King Bagenal, was afterwards accepted by King George III."

Such was the lord of Dunleckny, and such was many an Irish squire of the day. Recklessness characterized the time. And yet there was a polished courtesy, a high-bred grace in the manners of men who imagined that to shoot, or to be shot at, on "the sod," was an indispensable ingre-

dient in the character of a gentleman. Look at Bagenal, nearly fourscore, seated at the head of his table. You observe the refined urbanity of his manner, and the dignified air which is enhanced, not impaired, by the weight of years. You draw near to participate in the instructions of this ancient moralist. What a shock—half ludicrous, half horrible—to find that he inculcates the necessity of practice with the hair-triggers as the grand primary virtue which forms the gentleman!

A FACETIOUS IRISH PEER.

From 'Eighty-five Years of Irish History.'

Amongst those whom a descent of some half-dozen generations entitled to call themselves Irish, the greater number had so habitually looked on politics as a game to be played for the purpose of personal aggrandizement, that they had no conception of anything like political principle. There was a thorough moral recklessness about them which rendered them quite ready for any act of political desperation, provided it did not tend to enlarge the power of the people. Their personal habits necessarily fostered their recklessness. Their profusion and extravagance were great; and some of them—not a few—resorted to modes of raising the wind which showed that they mingled few scruples with their system of financial pneumatics. There was, withal, a strong dash of odd drollery in the brazen shamelessness of their expedients.

A curious specimen of this order of men was Lord M——y. His title was the result of some dexterous traffic in Parliamentary votes. His manners were eminently fascinating, and his habits social. He had a favorite saying that a gentleman could never live upon his rents; a man who depended on his rents had money only upon two days in the year, the 25th of March and the 29th of September. He accordingly left no expedient untried to furnish himself with money every other day too.

It chanced that when Lord Kerry's house in St. Stephen's Green was for sale, a lady named Keating was de-

sirous to purchase a pew in St. Anne's Church appertaining to that mansion. Mrs. Keating erroneously took it into her head that the pew belonged to Lord M——y; she accordingly visited his lordship to propose herself as a purchaser.

"My dear madam," said he, "I have not got any pew, that I know of, in St. Anne's Church."

"Oh, my lord, I assure you that you have; and if you have got no objection, I am desirous to purchase it."

Lord M——y started no farther difficulty. A large sum was accordingly fixed on, and in order to make her bargain as secure as possible, Mrs. Keating got the agreement of sale drawn out in the most stringent form by an attorney. She paid the money to Lord M——y, and on the following Sunday she marched up to the pew to take possession, rustling in the stateliness of brocades and silks. The beadle refused to let her into the pew.

"Sir," said the lady, "this pew is mine."

"Yours, madam?"

"Yes; I have bought it from Lord M——y."

"Madam, this is the Kerry pew; I do assure you Lord M——y never had a pew in this church."

Mrs. Keating saw at once she had been cheated, and on the following day she went to his lordship to try if she could get back her money.

"My lord, I have come to you to say that the pew in St. Anne's—"

"My dear madam, I 'll sell you twenty more pews if you have any fancy for them."

"Oh, my lord, you are facetious. I have come to acquaint you it was all a mistake; you never had a pew in that church."

"Hah! so I think I told you at first."

"And I trust, my lord," pursued Mrs. Keating, "you will refund me the money I paid you for it."

"The money? Really, my dear madam, I am sorry to say that it is quite impossible—the money's gone long ago."

"But—my lord—your lordship's character—"

"That 's gone too!" said Lord M——y, laughing with good-humored nonchalance.

I have already said that this nobleman's financial opera-

tions were systematically extended to every opportunity of gain that could possibly be grasped at. He was colonel of a militia regiment; and, contrary to all precedent, he regularly sold the commissions and pocketed the money. The Lord Lieutenant resolved to call him to an account for his malpractices, and for that purpose invited him to dine at the Castle, where all the other colonels of militia regiments then in Dublin had also been invited to meet him. After dinner the Viceroy stated that he had heard with great pain an accusation—indeed, he could hardly believe it—but it had been positively said that the colonel of a militia regiment actually sold the commissions.

The company looked aghast at this atrocity, and the innocent colonels forthwith began to exculpate themselves. "I have never done so." "I have never sold any." "Nor I." The disclaimers were general. Lord M——y resolved to put a bold face on the matter.

"I always sell the commissions in my regiment," said he, with the air of a man who announced a practice rather meritorious. All present seemed astonished at this frank avowal.

"How can you defend such a practice?" asked the Lord Lieutenant.

"Very easily, my lord. Has not your Excellency always told us to assimilate our regiments as much as possible to the troops of the Line?"

"Yes, undoubtedly."

"Well, they sell the commissions in the Line, and I thought that the best point at which to begin the assimilation."

It is told of this nobleman, that when he was dying he was attended by a clergyman, who remonstrated with him on the scandalous exploits of his past life, and strongly urged him to repent. "Repent?" echoed the dying sinner; "I don't see what I have got to repent of; I don't remember that I ever denied myself anything."

THOMAS OSBORNE DAVIS.

(1814—1845.)

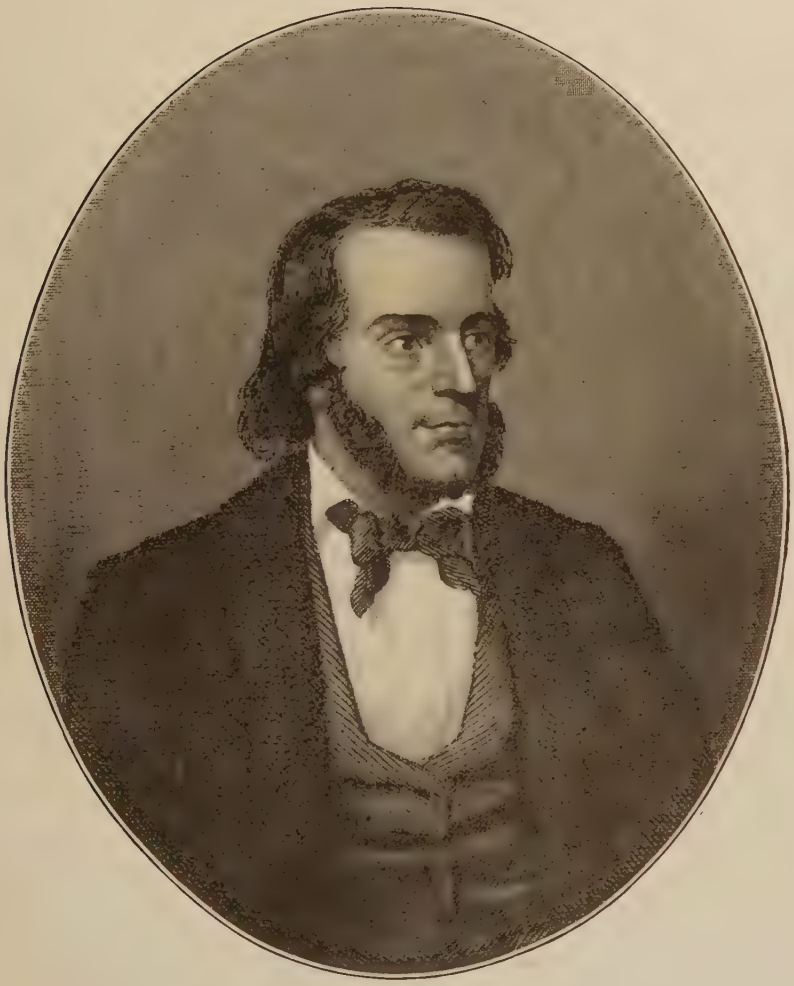
Thomas Osborne Davis, born in 1814, was a native of Mallow, an historic and picturesque town, pleasantly situated on the north bank of the Munster Blackwater, in the county of Cork. Through his mother he could trace some kinship with the O'Sullivans, chiefs of Berehaven.

There was much in the scenery of his native place to awaken the poetic and patriotic feelings of the boy. The stern old walls of Mallow Castle had witnessed several sieges in the days when the Lords President of Munster held their court within its ramparts. Not far stands Kilcolman, where Edmund Spenser penned 'The Faërie Queene,' and near it is Newmarket, where John Philpot Curran was born and reared.

Davis from an early age exhibited a keen interest in the language, the history, and the antiquities of his country. He was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, where he was graduated in 1836; and two years afterward he was called to the bar. Later on he joined the Repeal Association of O'Connell, a step which colored his whole after life and had influences far wider than his personal fortunes. The Repeal Association, powerful as it was in some respects, was in others very feeble. There attached to it, in the first place, the suspicion of being a sectarian body, a society which identified national with purely Catholic interests. The autocratic position of O'Connell, too, had had the effect of making the Association appear to be merely an arena in which he performed as a star. The adhesion of Davis to the body did much to remove these prejudices, and the result was that the new recruit was followed by several others of perhaps a better class than had hitherto joined O'Connell's Association.

In 1842 *The Nation* newspaper was founded: an event destined to bear most important fruits, literary and political, in the history of Ireland. Mr. (later on Sir) Charles Gavan Duffy was the editor, and Davis became one of the chief contributors. It was in the columns of this paper that the greater part of Davis' poems appeared, and his stirring words were among the most potent agencies in stimulating the revolutionary passions of the people. "I remember," wrote the Very Reverend Father O'Burke, "with what startled enthusiasm I would arise from reading Davis' 'Poems'; and it would seem to me that before my young eyes I saw the dash of the Brigade at Fontenoy; it would seem to me as if my young ears were filled with the shout that resounded at the Yellow Ford and Benurb—the war-cry of the Red Hand—as the English hosts were swept away, and, like snow under the beams of the rising sun, melted before the Irish onset."

Davis soon formed a party in the Association, which aimed at objects and contemplated means to which the founder of the body was most vehemently opposed. In the middle of the struggle between the advocates of physical force—who came to be known as the Young Ireland party—and O'Connell, who believed in the omnipotence of constitutional agitation, Davis died, Sept. 16, 1845.



It is impossible to describe the poignancy of regret with which the news of this premature and sudden close to a career of such bright promise was received. Extreme as were the political opinions of Davis, they were free from the least suspicion of sectarianism ; and this, together with the transparent purity of his motives and his splendid talents, made him admired by men of the most opposite principles. "Perhaps the best evidence of the potency and the nobility of his influence," says a writer in 'A Treasury of Irish Poetry,' "was the fact that this sense of loss was overcome by the recollection of the ideals he had held up, and that his memory was honored by the undaunted pursuance of his work, and the maintenance of the pure and lofty ardor with which he wrought."

The great heart of O'Connell was deeply stirred when he heard of his young opponent's death. From Derrynane his habit was to send a long weekly letter, to be read at the meeting of the Association. This week his letter was very short—nothing but a burst of lamentation. "As I stand alone in the solitude of my mountains many a tear shall I shed in memory of the noble youth. Oh ! how vain are words or tears when such a national calamity afflicts the country. Put me down among the foremost contributors to whatever monument or tribute to his memory be voted by the National Association. Never did they perform a more imperative, or, alas ! so sad a duty. I can write no more—my tears blind me."

"It was in his poetry," says a writer in 'A Treasury of Irish Poetry,' "that he most intimately revealed himself. And though Thomas Davis was extraordinarily fertile in ideas and indefatigable in methodic industry, the best thing he gave to the Irish people was not an idea or an achievement of any sort, but simply the gift of himself. He was the ideal Irishman. North and south, east and west, the finest qualities of the population that inhabit the island seemed to be combined in him, developed to their highest power, and colored deeply with whatever it is in character and temperament that makes the Irish one of the most separate of races. The nation saw itself transfigured in him, and saw the dreams nourished by its long memories and ancestral pride coming true. Hence the intense personal devotion felt toward Davis by the ardent and thoughtful young men who were associated with him, and the sense of irreparable loss caused by his early death. He stood for Ireland—for all Ireland—as no other man did, and it was hardly possible to distinguish the cause from his personality."

FONTENOY.[1]

Thrice at the huts of Fontenoy the English column failed,
And twice the lines of Saint Antoine the Dutch in vain assailed;
For town and slope were filled with fort and flanking battery,

[1] The battle of Fontenoy, fought in Flanders in 1745 between the French and the Allies—English, Dutch, and Austrians—in which the Allies were worsted. The Irish Brigade fought by the side of the French, and won great renown by their splendid conduct in the field.

And well they swept the English ranks and Dutch auxiliary.
As vainly, through De Barri's wood, the British soldiers burst,
The French artillery drove them back, diminished and dispersed.
The bloody Duke of Cumberland beheld with anxious eye,
And ordered up his last reserve, his latest chance to try.
On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, how fast his generals ride!
And mustering come his chosen troops, like clouds at eventide.

Six thousand English veterans in stately column tread,
Their cannon blaze in front and flank, Lord Hay is at their head;
Steady they step a-down the slope—steady they climb the hill;
Steady they load—steady they fire, moving right onward still,
Betwixt the wood and Fontenoy, as through a furnace blast,
Through rampart, trench, and palisade, and bullets showering fast;
And on the open plain above they rose, and kept their course,
With ready fire and grim resolve, that mocked at hostile force:
Past Fontenoy, past Fontenoy, while thinner grow their ranks—
They break, as broke the Zuyder Zee through Holland's ocean banks.

More idly than the summer flies, French tirailleurs rush round;
As stubble to the lava tide, French squadrons strew the ground;
Bomb-shell, and grape, and round-shot tore, still on they marched and fired—
Fast, from each volley, grenadier and voltigeur retired.
"Push on my household cavalry!" King Louis madly cried:
To death they rush, but rude their shock—not unavenged they died.
On through the camp the column trod—King Louis turns his rein:
"Not yet, my liege," Saxe interposed, "the Irish troops remain;"
And Fontenoy, famed Fontenoy, had been a Waterloo,
Were not these exiles ready then, fresh, vehement, and true.

"Lord Clare," he said, "you have your wish, there are your Saxon foes!"
The marshal almost smiles to see, so furiously he goes!

How fierce the look these exiles wear, who 're wont to be so gay,
The treasured wrongs of fifty years are in their hearts to-day—
The treaty broken, ere the ink wherewith 't was writ could dry,
Their plundered homes, their ruined shrines, their women's parting cry,
Their priesthood hunted down like wolves, their country overthrown,—
Each looks as if revenge for all were staked on him alone.
On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, nor ever yet elsewhere,
Rushed on to fight a nobler band than these proud exiles were.

O'Brien's voice is hoarse with joy, as, halting, he commands,
"Fix bay'nets"—"charge,"—Like mountain storm, rush on these fiery bands!
Thin is the English column now, and faint their volleys grow,
Yet, must'ring all the strength they have, they make a gallant show.
They dress their ranks upon the hill to face that battle-wind—
Their bayonets the breakers' foam; like rocks, the men behind!
One volley crashes from their line, when, through the surging smoke,
With empty guns clutched in their hands, the headlong Irish broke.
On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, hark to that fierce huzza!
"Revenge! remember Limerick! dash down the Sacsanach!"

Like lions leaping at a fold, when mad with hunger's pang,
Right up against the English line the Irish exiles sprang:
Bright was their steel, 't is bloody now, their guns are filled with gore;
Through shattered ranks, and severed files, and trampled flags they tore;
The English strove with desperate strength, paused, rallied, staggered, fled—
The green hillside is matted close with dying and with dead.
Across the plain and far away passed on that hideous wrack,
While cavalier and fantassin dash in upon their track.
On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, like eagles in the sun,
With bloody plumes the Irish stand—the field is fought and won!

OH! THE MARRIAGE.

Oh! the marriage, the marriage,
With love and *mo bhuachaill*[1] for me,
The ladies that ride in a carriage
Might envy my marriage to me;
For Eoghan is straight as a tower,
And tender and loving and true,
He told me more love in an hour
Than the squires of the county could do.
Then, Oh! the marriage, &c.

His hair is a shower of soft gold,
His eye is as clear as the day,
His conscience and vote were unsold
When others were carried away;
His word is as good as an oath,
And freely 't was given to me;
Oh! sure 't will be happy for both
The day of our marriage to see.
Then, Oh! the marriage, &c.

His kinsmen are honest and kind,
The neighbors think much of his skill,
And Eoghan 's the lad to my mind,
Though he owns neither castle nor mill.
But he has a tilloch of land,
A horse, and a stocking of coin,
A foot for the dance, and a hand
In the cause of his country to join.
Then, Oh! the marriage, &c.

We meet in the market and fair—
We meet in the morning and night—
He sits on the half of my chair,
And my people are wild with delight.
Yet I long through the winter to skim,
Though Eoghan longs more I can see,
When I will be married to him,
And he will be married to me.
Then, Oh! the marriage, the marriage,
With love and *mo bhuachaill* for me,
The ladies that ride in a carriage
Might envy my marriage to me.

[1] *Mo bhuachaill*, ma bouchal, my boy.

A NATION ONCE AGAIN.

When boyhood's fire was in my blood,
I read of ancient freemen,
For Greece and Rome who bravely stood,
Three Hundred men and Three men.[1]
And then I prayed I yet might see
Our fetters rent in twain,
And Ireland, long a province, be
A Nation once again.

And, from that time, through wildest woe,
That hope has shone, a far light;
Nor could love's brightest summer glow
Outshine that solemn starlight:
It seemed to watch above my head
In forum, field, and fane;
Its angel voice sang round my bed,
"A Nation once again."

It whispered, too, that "freedom's ark
And service high and holy,
Would be profaned by feelings dark,
And passions vain or lowly:
For freedom comes from God's right hand,
And needs a godly train;
And righteous men must make our land
A Nation once again."

So, as I grew from boy to man,
I bent me to that bidding—
My spirit of each selfish plan
And cruel passion ridding;
For, thus I hoped some day to aid—
Oh! can *such* hope be vain?
When my dear country shall be made
A Nation once again.

MY GRAVE.

Shall they bury me in the deep,
Where wind-forgetting waters sleep?
Shall they dig a grave for me,
Under the greenwood tree?

[1] The Three Hundred Greeks who died at Thermopylæ, and the Three Romans who kept the Sublician Bridge.—*Davis.*

Or on the wild heath,
Where the wilder breath
Of the storm doth blow?
Oh, no! oh, no!

Shall they bury me in the palace tombs,
Or under the shade of cathedral domes?
Sweet 't were to lie on Italy's shore;
Yet not there—nor in Greece, though I love it more.
In the wolf or the vulture my grave shall I find?
Shall my ashes career on the world-seeing wind?
Shall they fling my corpse in the battle mound,
Where coffinless thousands lie under the ground?
Just as they fall they are buried so—
Oh, no! oh, no!

No! on an Irish green hillside,
On an opening lawn—but not too wide;
For I love the drip of the wetted trees—
I love not the gales, but a gentle breeze,
To freshen the turf;—put no tombstone there,
But green sods decked with daisies fair;
Nor sods too deep, but so that the dew
The matted grass-roots may trickle through.
Be my epitaph writ on my country's mind:
"He served his country, and loved his kind."

Oh! 't were merry unto the grave to go,
If one were sure to be buried so.

THE WEST'S ASLEEP.

When all beside a vigil keep,
The West 's asleep, the West 's asleep.
Alas! and well may Erin weep,
When Connaught lies in slumber deep.
There lake and plain smile fair and free,
'Mid rocks—their guardian chivalry.
Sing! oh! let me learn liberty
From crashing wind and lashing sea.

That chainless wave and lovely land
Freedom and Nationhood demand;
Be sure the great God never planned

For slumbering slaves a home so grand.
And long a brave and haughty race
Honored and sentineled the place—
Sing, oh! not even their sons' disgrace
Can quite destroy their glory's trace.

For often, in O'Connor's van,
To triumph dashed each Connaught clan,
And fleet as deer the Normans ran
Through Curlieu's Pass and Ardrahan,
And later times saw deeds as brave;
And glory guards Clanricarde's grave—
Sing, oh! they died their land to save,
At Aughrim's slopes and Shannon's wave.

And if, when all a vigil keep,
The West 's asleep, the West 's asleep—
Alas! and well may Erin weep,
That Connaught lies in slumber deep.
But hark! some voice like thunder spake:
"The West 's awake! the West 's awake!"
Sing, oh! hurrah! let England quake;
We 'll watch till death for Erin's sake.

THE GIRL OF DUNBWY.

'T is pretty to see the girl of Dunbwy
Stepping the mountain statelily—
Though ragged her gown and naked her feet,
No lady in Ireland to match her is meet.

Poor is her diet, and hardly she lies—
Yet a monarch might kneel for a glance of her eyes;
The child of a peasant—yet England's proud Queen
Has less rank in her heart and less grace in her mien.

Her brow 'neath her raven hair gleams, just as if
A breaker spread white 'neath a shadowy cliff—
And love and devotion and energy speak
From her beauty-proud eye and her passion-pale cheek.

But, pale as her cheek is, there 's fruit on her lip,
And her teeth flash as white as the crescent moon's tip,
And her form and her step, like the red-deer's, go past—
As lightsome, as lovely, as haughty, as fast.

I saw her but once, and I looked in her eye,
And she knew that I worshiped in passing her by.
The saint of the wayside—she granted my prayer,
Though we spoke not a word; for her mother was there.

I never can think upon Bantry's bright hills,
But her image starts up, and my longing eye fills;
And I whisper her softly: "Again, love, we 'll meet!
And I 'll lie in your bosom, and live at your feet."

THE WELCOME.

Come in the evening, or come in the morning,
Come when you 're looked for, or come without warning,
Kisses and welcome you 'll find here before you,
And the oftener you come here the more I 'll adore you.
Light is my heart since the day we were plighted,
Red is my cheek that they told me was blighted,
The green of the trees looks far greener than ever,
And the linnets are singing, "True lovers, don't sever!"

I 'll pull you sweet flowers, to wear, if you choose them:
Or, after you 've kissed them, they 'll lie on my bosom.
I 'll fetch from the mountain its breeze to inspire you;
I'll fetch from my fancy a tale that won't tire you.
O your step 's like the rain to the summer-vexed farmer,
Or saber and shield to a knight without armor;
I 'll sing you sweet songs till the stars rise above me,
Then, wandering, I 'll wish you, in silence, to love me.

We 'll look through the trees at the cliff and the eyrie;
We 'll tread round the rath on the track of the fairy;
We 'll look on the stars, and we 'll list to the river,
Till you 'll ask of your darling what gift you can give her.
O she 'll whisper you, "Love as unchangeably beaming,
And trust, when in secret, most tunefully streaming,
Till the starlight of heaven above us shall quiver
As our souls flow in one down eternity's river."

So come in the evening, or come in the morning,
Come when you 're looked for, or come without warning,
Kisses and welcome you 'll find here before you,
And the oftener you come here the more I 'll adore you.

Light is my heart since the day we were plighted,
Red is my cheek that they told me was blighted,
The green of the trees looks far greener than ever,
And the linnets are singing, "True lovers, don't sever!"

MY LAND.

She is a rich and rare land;
O she 's a fresh and fair land;
She is a dear and rare land—
This native land of mine.

No men than hers are braver—
Her women's hearts ne'er waver;
I 'd freely die to save her,
And think my lot divine.

She 's not a dull or cold land;
No! she 's a warm and bold land;
O she 's a true and old land—
This native land of mine.

Could beauty ever guard her,
And virtue still reward her,
No foe would cross her border—
No friend within it pine!

O she 's a fresh and fair land,
O she 's a true and rare land!
Yes, she 's a rare and fair land—
This native land of mine.

MICHAEL DAVITT.

(1846 ——)

MICHAEL DAVITT was born in Ireland, March 25, 1846. He was the son of the late Martin Davitt of Straide, County Mayo, and Scranton, Pa.; his mother was Mary, the daughter of John Yore, St. Joseph, Mich. He with his parents was evicted in 1852; he began work in a Lancashire cotton mill in 1856, losing his right arm by machinery in 1857. He was employed as a newsboy, printer's "devil," and assistant letter-carrier successively. He joined the Fenian Brotherhood in 1865. He was arrested and tried in London for treason-felony in 1870, and sentenced to fifteen years penal servitude. He was released on "ticket-of-leave" in 1877; and with the late Mr. Parnell and others founded the Irish Land League in 1879. He was arrested on the charge of making a seditious speech the same year, but prosecution was abandoned.

He came to the United States to organize an auxiliary Land League organization in 1880. He was arrested shortly after his return in 1881, and sent back to penal servitude. He was released May 6, 1882; arrested in 1883, and tried under the law of King Edward III. for seditious speech and imprisoned for three months.

He was included in the "Parnellism and Crime" allegations, and spoke for five days in defense of the Land League before *The Times* Parnell Commission. He was first elected to Parliament for the county of Meath, while a prisoner in Portland Convict Prison, in 1882, but was disqualified by special vote of the House of Commons on account of non-expiry of sentence for treason-felony. He unsuccessfully contested Waterford City in 1891. He was Member of Parliament for North Meath in 1892, and was unseated on petition. He was returned unopposed for Northeast Cork in the same year, and resigned in 1893, owing to bankruptcy proceedings arising out of the North Meath election petition. He was returned unopposed for East Kerry and South Mayo in 1895, while in Australia, and resigned in 1899.

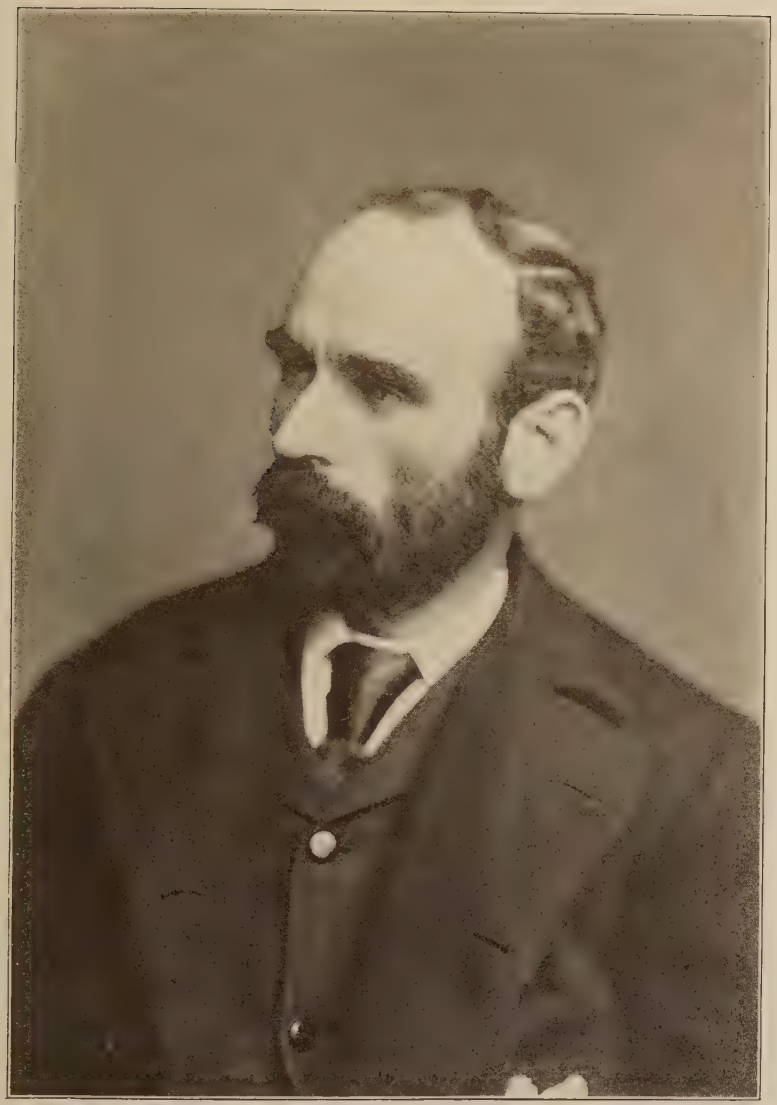
He traveled in the United States, Canada, Australia, Egypt, Palestine, France, Italy, Switzerland, and in South Africa.

His publications are 'Leaves from a Prison Diary,' 1884; 'Defense of the Land League,' 1891; 'Life and Progress in Australia,' 1898; 'The Boer Fight for Freedom,' 1902; 'The Fall of Feudalism in Ireland,' 1904.

HOW THE ANGLO-IRISH PROBLEM COULD BE SOLVED.

From 'Leaves from a Prison Diary.'

The question is frequently asked, "What will satisfy the Irish people?" And the answer is as frequently volun-



teered, "Nothing. Nothing will satisfy them but total separation—and that they won't get." It is an illogical way of answering such a question, but pardonable in an Englishman; and the impatience which it manifests is also strikingly characteristic. Your ordinary Englishman entertains the pretty conceit that English rule is of such a beneficent character that any people who do not tamely submit to it are to be pitied and—dragooned. While in particular, the Irish people, for their obstinacy in refusing to see any virtue in English rule in Ireland, "must be clearly made to understand," and "must be told once for all," that England will maintain her hold upon Ireland at all costs.

All this talk is indulged in really for the sake of concealing the chagrin which England experiences in consequence of the fact, revealed in recent years, that the people of Ireland have discovered how to make it more difficult for England to rule Ireland, than to govern all the rest of her vast empire put together. English statesmen, even now, are devising a middle course between things as they are, and total separation. They are casting about for a scheme which will combine the characteristics of modern statesmanship—a scheme, for example, which will involve as small a concession as possible to the demand of the people concerned, and have a fair chance of passing the House of Lords. Eminent statesmen have more than once challenged Irish public men to say what they want, but the required answer has not been forthcoming. There have been answers, but they have been too reasonable. English statesmen have not been able to offer upon them the comment, "We told you so, the thing demanded is utterly out of the range of practical politics, and, in point of fact, is absolutely out of the question." The answer really required is such a one as English statesmen can meet with a *non possumus*. And for this reason, English statesmen, I repeat, know that a substantial concession will have to be made to the genius of Irish nationality within the next few years. The demand for it is too strong to be resisted; for the Irish race have to be dealt with now.

If at home on Irish soil the people can "make the ruling powers uneasy" to such an extent as I have indicated, in

Westminster their representatives can clog the wheels of legislation and endanger the very existence of government by parliamentary methods; while abroad, in Great Britain, America, Australia, Canada, the exiled Irish have discovered how to operate on the flank, so to speak, by elevating the Irish question into the position of a national or colonial issue. Further, England's guilt towards Ireland is known and commented on all over the world. Further still, the real people of England—the working men of England—have of late been asking for the reasons why Ireland should be perpetually discontented, and the answers they have received, to the credit of their common sense, be it said, do not appear to have satisfied them. Respectable England is very angry; and, to conceal their annoyance at the inevitable, and to pave the way for a concession, English statesmen ask the question of Irish public men—"What do you want?" and require an answer to which they may return an emphatic "impossible." But this is only diplomacy. They only desire us to say how much we want, in order to say in reply how little they will give. They ask us to "formulate our demand," that they, in formulating their concession, may assure their opponents of its comparative innocence. Responsible Irish public men have declined to fall into the trap. And they have acted very wisely. For why should Irish public men show their hand rather than English Prime Ministers?

Apart altogether from considerations of this character, however, there are others of a distinctly Irish nature which the leaders of the National movement in Ireland have to take into account. The varying shades of National sentiment may not be ignored. Let us therefore analyze the degrees of intensity of Irish Nationalist aspirations.

We have first, the Extremists, those who believe that total separation from England is the only thing that would satisfy Irish genius or develop it properly. These include the most self-sacrificing Irishmen. They represent, in their aspirations for Irish liberty, those who have made the most illustrious names in Ireland's history. They include many cultured men, especially among the expatriated portion of the race, but their main strength is in the working classes. Patriotism is purer among the indus-

trial order because less modified by mercenary motives and less liable to corrupting influences. But the Extremists or Separatists are divided among themselves upon the question of method. There are Separatists who advocate physical force, believing moral force, that is, constitutional means, ineffectual and demoralizing. This section includes men who have never tried moral force and who believe solely either in "honorable warfare" or "dynamite." It also includes those who have tried moral force and given it up in despair. Then there are the Separatists who, with the experiences of '48 and '67 before their minds, rely upon constitutional action alone.

Next in importance to the Extremists come the Home Rulers, or Federalists, who may be divided into those who disbelieve in the possibility of Separation and those who do not see its necessity. This section of the National party includes some of the ablest and most earnest men in Ireland. Their methods, I need hardly say, are strictly constitutional.

No Irish leader can afford to ignore either of these two principal phases of Irish National sentiment. Were such a man to commit himself to a definite scheme, at the mere invitation of an English Minister, he would run the risk of alienating that section of his supporters whose views were not represented in his proposals. It is an obvious remark that such a contingency would not be unwelcome to English statesmen. From what I have just said, it will be readily perceived how difficult is the task to which Irish popular leaders are asked to address themselves.

Nevertheless, I shall venture to outline a scheme of local and National self-government which, I believe, would command the support of the majority of the Irish people at home and abroad, and which would probably receive a fair trial at the hands of the Extremists, though its operation would undoubtedly be watched with a jealous eye.

In the first place, there should be established in Ireland a system of county government, by means of Elective Boards, to take the place of the existing unrepresentative and practically irresponsible Grand Jury system. The functions of such Boards should be more comprehensive than those exercised by the Grand Juries. For example, in addition to the duty of administering purely county

business, these Boards should be permitted to initiate measures of general application; such as schemes of arterial drainage, tramways, railways, canals, docks, harbors, and similar enterprises, which would be of more than local importance and character. Such schemes, after being fully discussed by these elective bodies, would be submitted to the National Assembly to be subsequently described. Then the County Boards should control the police within the county, and appoint the magistrates, and be entirely responsible for the preservation of law and order.

Further, should the land problem be justly and satisfactorily solved on the lines of national proprietary, the duty of assessing and collecting the land-tax would naturally devolve upon the County Boards, which, deducting what was necessary for the expenses of county government, would remit the balance to the National Exchequer. In fact the object of such a system should be to constitute each county, as far as practicable, a self-governing community.

Manifestly any system of local self-government for Ireland involves a corresponding one of National self-government as its natural and inevitable complement. To extend the principle of local self-government at all in Ireland, without radically changing the system of Castle rule, would only have the effect of increasing the friction already existing between the people and their rulers. Hence, it is absolutely necessary that legislation for National self-government should go hand in hand with any scheme for the creation of Elective County Boards. I am well aware that the hope is indulged, in some quarters, that the inclusion of Ireland in a general measure of county government, with the sop of an Irish Parliamentary Grand Committee, thrown in, will suffice to choke off the demand for Irish legislative independence; but English statesmen need not delude themselves with the idea that any such Westminster expedient will satisfy the genius of Irish Nationality.

There could be established in Dublin a National Assembly, composed of elected members from the constituencies of Ireland, who should proceed to the administration of all Irish affairs, in the manner which obtains in Colonial parliaments, excepting the substitution of one for two Cham-

bers, here proposed. That is to say, the Representatives of the Crown in Ireland would call upon some member of the National Assembly to form a government, the different members of which should be constituted the heads of the various Boards, which at present are practically irresponsible bureaucracies; but which, under the system here proposed, would become departments of a popular government, and open to the supervision of the people through the National Assembly. Such a government, subject to the control of the governed through their elected representatives, would be the practical solution of the Anglo-Irish difficulty. It would be but the common definition of constitutional rule carried into practice. It would, as already remarked, be the application to misgoverned and unfortunate Ireland of a constitution kindred to that which British statesmanship has long since granted, wisely and well, to a consequently peaceful and contented Canada.

Certainly if a similar act of political justice and sound policy does not solve the Irish difficulty, nothing less will. What possible danger could England run from such an application of constitutional rule to a country much nearer to the center of Imperial power than Canada? But what a beneficent change for Ireland—nay, what a relief to England herself—would be involved in such an act of simple political justice!

DESPAIR AND HOPE IN PRISON.

From 'Leaves from a Prison Diary.'

As it seldom happens that even the worst of criminals is found to be all crime, neither is an association of one thousand of convicts all repulsive moral deformity. Imprisonment, like many other unfortunate occurrences in the life of those who are born under an unlucky star, has what, for want of a more accurate expression, I shall term its bright side also, inasmuch as its life in some very remote respects approaches to that of the less criminal—because unconvicted—outside world.

All the talk of a convict prison is not of murder, theft,

and indecency, nor is misery and unhappiness always present among those who may be supposed to be the exclusive victims of "grim-visaged Despair." Therefore is there that I may call a negative silver lining to even the dark cloud of penal existence. It is a most singular thing that I have met very few individuals in prison who gave evidence, in appearance or talk, of being *truly* miserable, no matter what the length of their sentence, amount of extra punishment, or contrast between their previous and their convict life, may have been.

It is true the deepest sorrow and most acute pains of life are often hid from the mockery of human pity away in the recesses of the sufferer's breast; and that therefore the smiling face and cheerful conversation are not to be relied upon as sure indications of a contented or happy existence. Yet a constant and familiar observation of men of all ages, possessing the strongest of human passions, while being subject to disciplinary restraints that have no parallel in the daily annoyance or troubles of outside life, would be almost certain to detect any tendency towards despair or severe heart-suffering on the part of men who should succumb to their fate or surroundings. It is also certain that numbers of prisoners having comfortable homes in the outer world must often indulge in sad regrets for what has lost them their enjoyment, and allow their minds to dwell on the painful contrast between the, perhaps, happy influence and remembrance of the one, and the cheerless and weary aspect of the other mode of life.

But these feelings are seldom or never exhibited in the general behavior or talk of four-fifths of the inmates of a convict prison; and happy, indeed, is it for all concerned in their custody that it is so; as such a mass of bridled passions, if maddened by ever-present thoughts of family, home, and former pleasures (while mind and body are made conscious every hour in every day of the terrible penalties which crime has purchased), would become as unmanageable and dangerously restless as a thousand caged hyenas.

It is only when these possible feelings overcome the resisting influence of Hope and Patience—the bright and ever-present guardian angels of the imprisoned—nowhere

so needed, and thanks to a beneficent Providence, nowhere so constantly present and powerful, as in a prison—that the heart fails in presence of seemingly unbearable woe, inducing mental aberration and finally insanity in the unfortunate victims. Such cases, are, however, not frequent, while the instances of prisoners buoying up their existence under the weight of *life* sentences with the hope of something being done for them some time, through the agency of some fortunate circumstance or other, are almost as numerous as are such terrible sentences themselves.

The first two years of penal servitude are the hardest to bear, and test mental endurance more than the whole of the remainder of an ordinary sentence. Liberty has only just been parted with. The picture of the outside world is still imprinted upon the memory, and home and friends, with perhaps a dearer object still, are made to haunt the recollection whenever the association of ideas recalls some incidents of happier days. Of these two years the heaviest portion is comprised within the nine or ten months which must be spent in what is termed "probation"—solitary confinement in Millbank or Pentonville; and while "solitary" is not much dreaded by ordinary prisoners at a later stage of penal existence, it is truly a terrible ordeal to undergo at the commencement. In Millbank this is specially so. The prison is but a few hundred yards west of Westminster Palace, from whence comes, every quarter of an hour, the voice of Big Ben, telling the listening inmates of the penitentiary that another fifteen minutes of their sentences have gone by! What horrible punishment has not that clock added to many an unfortunate wretch's fate, by counting for him the minutes during which stone walls and iron bars *will* a prison make! Then again there are the thousand-and-one noises that penetrate the lonely cells and silent corridors of that cheerless abode. Now it is the strains of a band from St. James's Park, "bringing back to the memory merry days long gone by;" next it is the whistle of the railway engine, with its suggestiveness of a journey "home;" and so on, during the long weary days and nights, until the terrible idea of suicide is forced across the mind as the only mode of release from the horrible mockery of the noisy, joyful world beyond the boundary walls. . . .

This all-sustaining prison virtue, Hope, necessarily begets a kindred sort of comforting delusion in prisoners, adapting itself to the seeming requirements of those whose lot is hardest, and hiding the worst features of the objective present behind a picture of a pleasant and happy, if imaginary, future. Prison is the paradise of castle-builders—the fruitful dreamland of fortunes to be made, happiness to be won, and pleasures to be tasted, that shall more than compensate for the trials and privations of the past by the double enjoyment of their intrinsic delights and the contrast which their possession will make to the days when prison walls had frowned upon liberty and prison rations had but little comparison with the food of the gods. Alnaschar himself never conjured up so glorious a picture of gratification that was to come as will the imaginative convict while employed at his daily tasks, or in confiding his plans and prospects of the future to some one who will lend an attentive ear to their narration. Apart from such of the airy structures as are erected upon projected crime, this phase of criminal mental activity often conducts the stream of convict talk from its ordinary track on ugly themes into a more pleasant channel, in which it is easy to learn something of the better side of those whose blacker deeds and criminal ideas I have already endeavored to sketch.

ARTHUR DAWSON.

(1700?—1775.)

Arthur Dawson was born about 1700, and was graduated B.A. at Dublin University. He was a noted wit and *bon vivant* of the days of Grattan's Parliament. He wrote songs and verses, but does not appear to have published any collection of them. He was a shrewd and witty lawyer of the type of Counselor Pleyden in Scott's 'Guy Mannering.' In 1742 he was appointed Baron of the Irish Court of Exchequer, and he died in 1775.

There is an amusing story told about the origin of 'Bumpers, Squire Jones.' Carolan and Baron Dawson happened to be enjoying the hospitalities of Squire Jones at Moneyglass, and slept in rooms adjacent to each other. The bard, being called upon by the company to compose a song or tune in honor of their host, undertook to comply with their request; and on retiring to his apartment took his harp with him, and not only produced the melody now known as 'Bumpers, Squire Jones,' but also very indifferent English words to it. While the bard was thus employed the Judge was not idle. Being possessed of a fine musical ear as well as of considerable poetical talents, he not only fixed the melody on his memory, but actually wrote the song now incorporated with it before he retired to rest. At breakfast on the following morning, when Carolan sang and played his composition, Baron Dawson, to the astonishment of all present, and of the bard in particular, stoutly denied the claim of Carolan to the melody, charged him with audacious piracy, both musical and poetical, and to prove the fact, sang the melody to his own words amidst the joyous shouts of approbation of all his hearers—the enraged bard excepted, who vented his execrations in curses on the Judge both loud and deep. The Baron later on, it is said, avowed the source of his inspiration.

Lover in his 'Poems of Ireland' says: "In Bunting's 'General Collection of the Ancient Music of Ireland' (Clementi, London) it is stated that the song was only imitated from the original Irish of Carolan by Baron Dawson, which I think not improbable. The translation—if translation it be—is evidently a free one, however; the allusion to Salkeld and Ventris is clearly a lawyer's. But, whether original or imitated, the song is full of spirit and the meter ingeniously adapted to a capriciously sportive melody."

BUMPERS, SQUIRE JONES.

Ye good fellows all,
Who love to be told where good claret 's in store,
Attend to the call
Of one who 's ne'er frighted,
But greatly delighted
With six bottles more.

Be sure you don't pass
The good house, Moneyglass,
Which the jolly red god so peculiarly owns,
'T will well suit your humor—
For, pray, what would you more,
Than mirth with good claret, and bumpers, Squire Jones?

Ye lovers who pine
For lasses that oft prove as cruel as fair,
Who whimper and whine
For lilies and roses,
With eyes, lips, and noses,
Or tip of an ear!
Come hither, I 'll show ye
How Phillis and Chloe
No more shall occasion such sighs and such groans;
For what mortal 's so stupid
As not to quit Cupid,
When called to good claret, and bumpers, Squire Jones?

Ye poets who write,
And brag of your drinking famed Helicon's brook,—
Though all you get by it
Is a dinner ofttimes,
In reward for your rhymes,
With Humphry the Duke,—
Learn Bacchus to follow,
And quit your Apollo,
Forsake all the Muses, those senseless old crones:
Our jingling of glasses
Your rhyming surpasses
When crowned with good claret, and bumpers, Squire Jones.

Ye soldiers so stout,
With plenty of oaths, though no plenty of coin,
Who make such a rout
Of all your commanders,
Who served us in Flanders,
And eke at the Boyne,—
Come leave off your rattling
Of sieging and battling,
And know you 'd much better to sleep in whole bones;
Were you sent to Gibraltar,
Your notes you 'd soon alter,
And wish for good claret, and bumpers, Squire Jones.

Ye clergy so wise,
Who mysteries profound can demonstrate so clear,
How worthy to rise!
You preach once a week,
But your tithes never seek
Above once in a year!
Come here without failing,
And leave off your railing
'Gainst bishops providing for dull stupid drones;
Says the text so divine,
"What is life without wine?"
Then away with the claret,—a bumper, Squire Jones!

Ye lawyers so just,
Be the cause what it will, who so learnedly plead,
How worthy of trust!
You know black from white,
You prefer wrong to right,
As you chance to be fee'd:—
Leave musty reports
And forsake the king's courts,
Where dulness and discord have set up their thrones;
Burn Salkeld and Ventris,[1]
And all your damned entries,
And away with the claret,—a bumper, Squire Jones!

Ye physical tribe
Whose knowledge consists in hard words and grimace,
Whene'er you prescribe,
Have at your devotion,
Pills, bolus, or potion,
Be what will the case;
Pray where is the need
To purge, blister and bleed?
When, ailing yourselves, the whole faculty owns
That the forms of old Galen
Are not so prevailing
As mirth with good claret,—and bumpers, Squire Jones!

Ye fox-hunters eke,
That follow the call of the horn and the hound,
Who your ladies forsake
Before they're awake,
To beat up the brake

[1] Law commentators of the time.

Where the vermin is found:—
Leave Piper and Blueman,
Shrill Duchess and Trueman,—
No music is found in such dissonant tones!
Would you ravish your ears
With the songs of the spheres,
Hark away to the claret,—a bumper, Squire Jones!

DANIEL DEENEY.

DANIEL DEENEY is one of the more recent collectors of Irish folk lore. His book 'Peasant Lore from Gaelic Ireland' has already gone into two editions, and while it has created some discussion it is generally recognized as a valuable contribution to the stock of folk tales which have been recovered from the people of the Connemara and Donegal Highlands, and were also common to the Gaelic-speaking districts all over Ireland.

A MIDNIGHT FUNERAL.

From 'Peasant Lore from Gaelic Ireland.'

"Arrah! wheesht wid ye!" cried an old man with whom I was discussing such topics, "wid ye b'lieve this?"

"Would I believe what?" I asked.

"It 's as thrue as I 'm living," he rejoined. "I heerd it from the man's own lips—God be merciful te him!—an' the Lord forbid that I should belie him!"

"What was it?" I inquired.

"Did ye know Bryan Duggan that lives there beyant in Ballymichael?" answered the old man, like the proverbial Irishman.

I shook my head.

"Oh, no," he went on, "he died afore ye come here. Well, he was comin' home wan night from Galway. 'T wis afther twelve o'clock or maybe drawin' up to wan. He had his horse an' car wid him, an' him walkin' along at the horse's head, smokin' away as content as ye like, an' it a fine moonlight night—glory be to God!—when what shud he see afore him in the middle o' the road but three men carryin' a coffin. Sorra long 't was, sor, till they let down the coffin. Shure, *mo léun*,[1] the hair wis standin' on Bryan's head with fear, but puttin' the sign o' the cross on hisself, he walked on till he came up till where the three men wor standin' beside the coffin.

"'The blissin' o' God on ye,' said Bryan in Irish, 'an' what 's wrong with yees at all, at all?'

"'The same till yerself,' spoke up wan o' the three; 'but come an' take a fourth man's place under this, an' akse no more questions.'

[1] *Mo léun*, to my sorrow.

"Well, sor, he wis goin' till akse, 'what 'll I do with me horse an' car?' but he thought o' hisself in time, an' he didn't; for ye see he wis towld till akse no more questions, an' it widn't be right for him t' go agin them. But, sorra call he had, for it 's well they knew what wis passin' in his min', an' says another o' them, says he, 'yer horse an' car 'll be here till ye come back.'

"Well, he went with them an' helped them t' carry the coffin, an' sorra a heavier corpse—the Lord be good te us!—he said he iver was undher. They went on till they left it in the graveyard, an' then they towld him he might go back te his horse an' car. 'Oh,' says Bryan, says he, 'I 'll help yees t' dig the grave whin I did come.'

"'Do what yer towld,' says the third o' them that didn't speak afore, 'or maybe it wid be worse for ye.'

"Well, sor, Bryan wis loath till say agin them, so he wint back to his horse an' car, an' shure enough they wor there afore him, on the very spot he left them."

"Did Bryan know the men?" I inquired when the old man had finished.

"Did he know them? Feth, thin, he did, for they wor three first cousins o' his own that died long afore that."

"And who was in the coffin?"

"Bryan's own brother that died in Califoornia that same night, as he heerd afterwards in a letther that come from his uncle in America."

The old man assured me that "Bryan niver towld a lie in his life, an 's dead now—God be merciful to him!"

"Amen," said I fervently.

Dear reader do not scoff! You may never be called upon to assist the dead to carry the dead at a mysterious midnight funeral; nevertheless, cast not ridicule upon the story of Bryan Duggan's experience.

A LITTLE WOMAN IN RED.

From 'Peasant Lore from Gaelic Ireland.'

It was about six o'clock on a harvest morning—not long ago, but quite recently. The dew was yet upon the oats and upon the grass. "Mickey Owen" was fixing up the

face of the corn ridge with his reaping hook in the little garden below the road, the shore road between Carraroe and Galway.

He "never felt," as he himself assured me, till a little woman with a red petticoat upon her head and around her shoulders stood by his side. "God bliss yer work," said she to him. "You too," replied Mickey, with a start.

"Can ye show me the road to Galway?" said the little woman in red—the outer nether garment she wore, and which reached down to her shoeless feet, was red also.

"There it is above there," said Mickey, pointing to the main road, between which and where they stood there was only one other smaller garden.

"But could I not get to the road this way?" inquired the little woman, waving her hand straight across the garden in a direction parallel to the road.

"Well, ye could," replied Mickey, "but not so aisy. If ye go over through the gardens, ye 'll come on a boreen that 'll bring ye till the road. But shure ye have nothin' till do but go out on the road here, an' ye 'll have only that little wall there between the other garden an' the road to cross."

"I 'll go the way I think best meself," says she, and instantly disappeared as if she had melted into air.

Mickey was terribly frightened, for then he knew she was no "earthly body," as he said himself.

Dear reader, once more I caution you not to cast ridicule upon such stories. They are not fictions. They are the real experiences of our Gaelic friends, who hold occasional commune with stray travelers of the mystic world.

STRANGE INDEED!

From 'Peasant Lore from Gaelic Ireland.'

One of the most remarkable, and best authenticated, stories I have ever heard was narrated to me quite recently by one who doubted not the truth of it. The narrator told it in whispers. It was too solemn to be dealt with in the ordinary conversational tone, too mysterious to be

lightly or flippantly rehearsed. He did not wish to let it "go any farther. It was better not to say too much about it." I cannot, therefore, give the names of the *dramatis personæ,* if I may without levity so designate them. Nor is it necessary. The facts lose nothing by the omission.

Two young men in a western country took a boat, and rowed to a fair one spring morning not very long ago. They took "a little drop too much at the fair" themselves, and they took a little drop with them in a bottle—for themselves, too, no doubt. They set sail before a fair wind on their return late in the evening. They had something over twelve miles to go.

In their little village at home they had left a friend and comrade. This young man had gone to the bog for turf on the fair evening, just about half an hour after his two friends left the fair.

He filled his creel, got it on his back, and started for home. Chancing to look round, he saw, seated on a little heathery mound, the two young men who, as I have stated, had left the fair twelve miles distant only half an hour before. They had a bottle, and were apparently enjoying themselves. They beckoned to him to go to them. He sat down on the heath to get the creel more easily off his back, and then—they were nowhere to be seen!

He had seen them plainly, he had not expected them back so early, and he could not have been deceived. Believing they were trying to "trick him," he looked all round about in the long heather behind the little "clamps" of turf, everywhere—but they were not to be seen anywhere! Greatly astonished, and frightened, too, he hastened home and told what he had seen. He and a few of the neighbors went to the beach to ascertain if the boat had returned. It was not there. No, indeed! It was found next morning broken in fragments in a little cave ten miles further away! Nine days afterwards the bodies of the two unfortunate young men who had been its occupants were washed ashore. A strange, strange story, but one which I have not concocted. "I tell my tales as they were told to me."

SIR JOHN DENHAM.

(1615—1669.)

Sir John Denham was born in Dublin in 1615. He was educated in England, and after taking his degree at Oxford he went to London to study law. But cards and dice had more attraction for him than learning or law, and he was constantly relapsing into the vice of gambling, until, in 1638, when his father died, he lost all the money—several thousand pounds—that had been left him.

Sir John Denham should have a special interest for our readers because he was the first Irish poet of repute who wrote in English. His tragedy called 'The Sophy' appeared in 1641. Speaking of the poet in connection with this piece, Waller said that "he broke out like the Irish rebellion, threescore thousand strong, when nobody was aware or in the least suspected it." After this he retired to Oxford, where, in 1643, he published 'Cooper's Hill,' a poem of some three hundred lines, on which his fame chiefly rests.

During all this time he continued to take a prominent part in public affairs, acting for the King in several capacities. At the Restoration he was appointed to the office of Surveyer-General of the King's buildings, and at the coronation received the Order of the Bath.

Soon after this, when in the height of his reputation for poetry and genius, he married for the second time; but the union was so unhappy that for a time he became a lunatic. Fortunately he was very soon restored to his full health and vigor of mind. He died at his office in Whitehall, March 19, 1669, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

Dr. Johnson says that "Denham is justly considered as one of the fathers of English poetry. . . . He is one of the writers that improved our taste and advanced our language." Prior places Denham and Waller side by side as improvers of English versification, which was perfected by Dryden. Pope in his 'Essay on Criticism' speaks of

> "the easy vigor of a line
> Where Denham's strength and Waller's sweetness join;"

and in his 'Windsor Forest' he calls Denham "lofty" and "majestic," and, talking of 'Cooper's Hill,' he prophesies—

> "On Cooper's Hill eternal wreaths shall grow,
> While lasts the mountain, or while Thames shall flow."

A modern critic, however, Mr. Edmund W. Gosse, says: "The works of Denham are small in extent. The miscellaneous pieces and 'Cooper's Hill' are all that need attract critical attention. The reputation of the last-mentioned poem rests almost entirely upon its famous quatrain describing the river Thames:—

> "O could I flow like thee, and make thy stream
> My great example, as it is my theme!
> Though deep yet clear, though gentle yet not dull,
> Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full."

VIEW OF LONDON.

From 'Cooper's Hill.'

Through untraced ways and airy paths I fly,
More boundless in my fancy than my eye,—
My eye, which swift as thought contracts the space
That lies between, and first salutes the place
Crowned with that sacred pile, so vast, so high,
That whether 't is a part of earth or sky
Uncertain seems, and may be thought a proud
Aspiring mountain or descending cloud,—
Paul's, the late theme of such a Muse whose flight
Has bravely reached and soared above thy height;
Now shalt thou stand, though sword or time or fire,
Or zeal more fierce than they, thy fall conspire,
Secure, while thee the best of poets sings,
Preserved from ruin by the best of kings.
Under his proud survey the city lies,
And like a mist beneath a hill doth rise,
Whose state and wealth, the business and the crowd,
Seems at this distance but a darker cloud,
And is to him who rightly things esteems
No other in effect but what it seems,
Where, with like haste, though several ways, they run,
Some to undo, and some to be undone;
While luxury and wealth, like war and peace,
Are each the other's ruin and increase;
As rivers lost in seas some secret vein
Thence reconveys, there to be lost again.
O happiness of sweet retired content!
To be at once secure and innocent!

SIR AUBREY DE VERE.

(1788—1846.)

Sir Aubrey de Vere was the eldest son of Sir Vere Hunt, who afterward took the name of De Vere. He was born at Curragh Chase in County Limerick, Aug. 28, 1788, received his education at Harrow, where he had for schoolfellows Byron and Sir Robert Peel, and when very young he married Mary, a sister of Lord Monteagle. He wrote little till he had reached the age of thirty. His first work was a dramatic poem entitled 'Julian the Apostate,' which appeared in 1822. He next published 'The Duke of Mercia,' an historical drama in verse; 'A Lamentation for Ireland,' and other poems; followed in 1842 by 'A Song of Faith, Devout Exercises and Sonnets,' which he dedicated to Wordsworth. We are told by his son that the "sonnet was with him to the last a favorite form of composition. This taste was fostered by the magnificent sonnets of Wordsworth, whose genius he had early hailed, and whose friendship he regarded as one of the chief honors of his later life." His last work was 'Mary Tudor,' published after his death in 1847, and written during the last year of his life in intervals of severe illness. Sir Aubrey died as he had lived, peacefully in the arms of his family at Curragh Chase, July 28, 1846.

"His 'Mary Tudor,'" says Mr. W. MacNeile Dixon in 'A Treasury of Irish Poetry,' "is worthy of comparison with the Histories of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. In the delineation of Queen Mary we possess a portrait the most arresting that the modern drama has to offer—a portrait at once human and royal, at once tragic and convincing." Love for his native land breathes through every line of his 'Lamentation for Ireland,' and his sonnets, such as 'The Shannon,' 'Lismore,' 'The Soldiers of Sarsfield,' and many others, are redolent of the same feeling. Wordsworth regarded his sonnets as among the most perfect of our age.

LADY JANE GREY.

From 'Mary Tudor.'

[A few moments before her execution, she takes her last farewell of her weeping mother.]

This bridal ring—the symbol of past joy?
What shall I give thee?—they have left me little—
What slight memorial through soft tears to gaze on?
I cannot part with it; upon this finger
It must go down into the grave. Perchance
After long years some curious hand may find it,
Bright, like our better hopes, amid the dust,
And piously, with a low sigh, replace it.

Here, take this veil, and wear it for my sake.
And take this winding-sheet to him, and this
Small handkerchief, so wetted with my tears,
To wipe the death-damp from his brow. This kiss—
And this—my last—print on his lips, and bid him
Think of me to the last, and wait my spirit.
Farewell, my mother! Farewell, dear, dear mother!
These terrible moments I must pass in prayer—
For the dying—for the dead! Farewell! farewell!

LIBERTY OF THE PRESS.

Some laws there are too sacred for the hand
Of man to approach: recorded in the blood
Of patriots, before which, as the Rood
Of faith, devotional we take our stand;
Time-hallowed laws! Magnificently planned
When Freedom was the nurse of public good,
And Power paternal: laws that have withstood
All storms, unshaken bulwarks of the land!
Free will, frank speech, an undissembling mind,
Without which Freedom dies and laws are vain,
On such we found our rights, to such we cling;
In them shall power his surest safeguard find.
Tread them not down in passion or disdain;
Make a man a reptile, he will turn and sting.

THE SHANNON.

River of billows, to whose mighty heart
The tide-wave rushes of the Atlantic Sea;
River of quiet depths, by cultured lea,
Romantic wood or city's crowded mart;
River of old poetic founts, which start
From their lone mountain-cradles, wild and free,
Nursed with the fawns, lulled by the woodlark's glee,
And cushat's hymeneal song apart;
River of chieftains, whose baronial halls,
Like veteran warders, watch each wave-worn steep,
Portumna's towers, Bunratty's royal walls,
Carrick's stern rock, the Geraldine's gray keep—
River of dark mementoes! must I close
My lips with Limerick's wrong, with Aughrim's woes?

AUBREY T. DE VERE.

(1814—1902.)

Aubrey Thomas de Vere, the third son of Sir Aubrey de Vere, was born in 1814 at the paternal mansion, Curragh Chase, County Limerick, and he was educated at Trinity College. He composed both in prose and in verse, and the list of his works is a long one. In 1842 appeared 'The Waldenses, or the Fall of Rora,' a lyrical tale; in 1843, 'The Search after Proserpine, Recollections of Greece, and other Poems'; in 1856, 'Poems, Miscellaneous and Sacred'; in 1857, 'May Carols'; in 1861, 'The Sisters, Inisfail, and other Poems'; in 1864, 'The Infant Bridal, and other Poems'; in 1869, 'Irish Odes, and other Poems'; in 1872, 'The Legends of St. Patrick'; in 1874, 'Alexander the Great,' a dramatic poem; and in 1879, 'Legends of the Saxon Saints.' Besides the above-mentioned drama he has written 'St. Thomas of Canterbury,' 'The Foray of Queen Mæve' (1882); 'Legends and Records of the Church and the Empire' (1887); 'St. Peter's Chains' (1888); 'Mediæval Records and Sonnets.'

His prose works are 'English Misrule and Irish Misdeeds' (1848); 'Picturesque Sketches of Greece and Turkey' (1850); 'The Church Settlement of Ireland, or Hibernia Pacanda' (1866); 'Ireland's Church Property and the Right Use of It' (1867); 'Pleas for Secularization' (1867); 'Essays, chiefly on Poetry' (1887); 'Essays, chiefly Literary and Ethical' (1889); and 'Recollections' (1897). A volume of correspondence entitled 'Proteus and Amadeus,' in which the chief religious and philosophical questions in controversy at the time were reviewed, published in 1878, was edited by Mr. De Vere.

His 'Inisfail' is the one of his volumes of poetry which perhaps possesses the greatest interest for Irish readers. The idea is very original; it is to convey in a series of poems a picture of the chief events in certain great cycles of Irish history. "Its aim," wrote the poet himself, "is to embody the *essence* of a nation's history. Contemporary historic poems," he went on, "touch us with a magical hand; but they often pass by the most important events, and linger beside the most trivial." Accordingly he illustrated each epoch by some representative poem and event. At one time he celebrates a great victory in the joyous swing of the ballad; at another an elegy depicts the darkness of a nation's defeat. A great religious epoch is celebrated in stately rhyme; and at another moment the poet has resort to a lighter measure when individual love plays an important part in fashioning the history of the future. In this way the history of Ireland is presented in a series of tableaux.

The volume published under the title of 'The Infant Bridal' also contains many exquisite gems from his various works. His prose style combines the two qualities of simplicity and cultured grace. Aubrey de Vere, who has been well called "the wearer of Words-

worth's mantle," died at Curragh Chase, Adare, County Limerick, to the great loss of poetry, in January, 1902.

"Simplicity," says Mr. W. MacNeile Dixon in 'A Treasury of Irish Poetry,' "with full-heartedness—whether in joy or grief—a childlike transparency of soul, a courageous spirituality, these Celtic qualities Mr. De Vere's poetry preserves for us; and because it preserves them his memory and his work are safe. He will be enrolled as a worthy successor to the bards of long ago, from Oiseen or

> "That Taliessin once who made the rivers dance,
> And in his rapture raised the mountains from their trance."

HOW TO GOVERN IRELAND.

From 'English Misrule and Irish Misdeeds.'

I do not affirm, or imply, that England possesses less of moral truth than other nations which make it less their boast. I state simply that it does not bear that proportion which it ought to her verbal truth, and therefore that she has nothing to boast of in this particular. Does a truthful nation, when called on to act, allow the gates of new and serviceable knowledge to be blocked up by a litter of wilful and sottish prejudices? Is it a truthful act to judge where you have no materials, and to condemn where you pause not to judge? You often depict with minuteness and consistency the character of an Irish peasant or proprietor. As long as a class of men seems to you stamped with one common image, conclude that you see it but from a distance, and as a mask. On closer inspection you would trace the diversities of individuality. You know no more of the Irish peasant or proprietor than the former knows of you, and you as little care to know them.

I do not call the Irish the finest peasantry in the world, although, if their characters were equal to their dispositions, they might, perhaps, justly be so termed; but I have no reason to believe that they are inferior, in aught but happiness and a sphere for goodness, to the same class in England. The Irish peasant, sir, is rich in virtues, which you know not of because you know only the worst class of Irish, and only hear of the rest when they are found wanting under the severest temptations. Amongst his virtues are many which, perhaps, no familiarity would enable you to recognize. I speak of the Irish peasant as a man and as a Christian, not as a citizen merely. There is a differ-

ence between public and individual virtues: to the latter class belong many which, by their own nature, remain exempt from applause or material reward; and among the former there are commonly accounted several vices. Self-confidence, ruthlessness, and greediness—these are not virtues; but notwithstanding, when associated with a manliness as willing to suffer as to inflict pain, and an industry if not disinterested yet dutiful, these defects may help to swell the prosperity of a nation, as long as she swims with the tide. Many of the crowning virtues of personal character may be possessed where several fundamental virtues of civil society are wanting.

The Irish peasant has a patience under real sufferings quite as signal as his impatience under imaginary grievances; and in spite of a complexional conceit not uncommon, he has a moral humility that does not help him to make his way. He possesses a reverence that will not be repulsed; a gratitude that sometimes excites our remorse; a refinement of sensibility, and even of tact, which reminds you that many who toil for bread are the descendants of those who once sat in high places; aspirations that fly above the mark of national greatness; a faith and charity not common in the modern world; an acknowledged exemption from sensual habits, both those that pass by that name, and those that invent fine names for themselves; and an extraordinary fidelity to the ties of household and kindred, the more remarkable from being united with a versatile intellect, a temperament mercurial as well as ardent, and an ever salient imagination. These virtues are not inconsistent with grave faults, but they are virtues of the first order. I will only add, that if England has wit enough to make these virtues her friends, she will have conciliated the affections of a people the least self-loving in the world, and the services of a people amongst whom, in the midst of much light folly, there is enough of indolent ability to direct the whole councils of England, and of three or four kingdoms beside—provided only that Ireland be not of the number.

I have already recommended you to study the Irish if you would learn how to govern Ireland; and though I cannot undertake to be your master, yet I would seriously advise you not to allow yourself to dwell only on the worst

side of the national character. If you laugh at an Irish peasant's helplessness, remember that he is as willing to help a neighbor as to ask aid; and that he has a remarkable faculty for doing all business not his own. If you think him deficient in steadiness under average circumstances, remember that he possesses extraordinary resource and powers of adaption. If you think him easily deluded, remember that the same quick and fine temperament which makes him catch every infection or humor in the air renders him equally accessible to all good influences; of which the recent temperance movement is the most remarkable example exhibited by any modern nation.

You accuse the Irish peasant of want of gravity: one reason of this characteristic is, that with him imagination and fancy are faculties not working by themselves, but diffused through the whole being; and remember that, if they favor enthusiasm, so on the other hand they protect from fanaticism. If you speak of his occasional depression and weakness, you should know that Irish strength does not consist in robustness, but in elasticity. If you complain of his want of ambition, remember that this often proceeds from the genuine independence of a mind and temperament which possesses too many resources in themselves to be dependent on outward position; and do not forget that much of the boasted progress of England results from no more exalted a cause than from an uncomfortable habit of body, not easy when at rest. If you think him deficient in a sound judgment, ask whether his mental faculties may not be eminently of a subtle and metaphysical character, and whether such are not generally disconnected from a perfect practical judgment.

You are amused because he commits blunders: ask whether he may not possibly think wrong twice as often as the English peasant, and yet think right five times as often, since he thinks ten times as much, and has a reason for everything that he does. You call him idle: ask whether he does not possess a facility and readiness not usually united with painstaking qualities; and remember that, when fairly tried, he by no means wants industry, though he is deficient in energy. You think him addicted to fancy rather than realities:—poverty is a great feeder of enthusiasm. You object to his levity:—competence is

a sustainer of respectability; and many a man is steadied by the weight of the cash in his pocket. You call him wrong-headed: ask whether the state of things around him, the bequest of past misgovernment, is not so wrong as to puzzle even the solid sense of many an English statesman, not inexperienced in affairs; and whether the good intentions and the actions of those who would benefit the Irish peasant are not sometimes, even now, so strangely at cross purposes as to make the quiet acceptance of the boon no easy task. You think him slow to follow your sensible precepts: remember that the Irish are imitative, and that the imitative have no great predilection for the didactic vein: and do not forget that for a considerable time your example was less edifying than your present precepts. You affirm that no one requires discipline so much; remember that none repays it so well; and that, as to the converse need, there is no one who requires so little aid to second his intellectual development. The respect of his neighbor, you say, is what he hardly seeks: remember how often he wins his love, and even admiration, without seeking it. You think that he hangs loosely by his opinions: ask whether he is not devoted to his attachments. He seems to you inconsistent in action: reflect whether extreme versatility of mind and consistency of conduct are qualities often united in one man. You complain of the disposition of the Irish to collect in mobs: ask whether, if you can once gain the ear of an Irish mob, it is not far more accessible to reason than an English one.

I have addressed myself to Irish mobs under various circumstances in the last two years, and encountered none that was not amenable. Ask also whether in most countries the lower orders have not enough to do, as well as enough to eat in the day, and consequently a disposition to sleep at night. If half your English population had only to walk about and form opinions, how do you think you would get on? You say that the Irish have no love of fair play, and that three men of one faction will fall on one man of another: ask those who reflect as well as observe, whether this proceeds wholly from want of fair play or from other causes beside. Ask whether in Ireland the common sentiment of race, kindred, or clan, does not prevail with an intensity not elsewhere united with a perfect appreciation

of responsibilities and immunities; and whether an Irish beggar will not give you as hearty a blessing in return for a halfpenny bestowed on another of his order as on himself. Sympathy includes a servile element, and servile sympathy will always lead to injustice;—thus I have heard a hundred members of Parliament (and of party) drown in one cry, like that of a well-managed pack, the voice of some member whom they disapproved, and whom probably they considered less as a man than as a limb of a hated enemy. Sympathy, however, often ministers to justice also, as you find on asking an Irish gentlemen whether he has not often been astonished at that refinement of fair play with which an Irish peasant makes allowances for the difficulties of some great neighbor, whose aid is his only hope.

THE SUN GOD.

I saw the Master of the Sun. He stood
  High in his luminous car, himself more bright—
  An Archer of immeasurable might;
On his left shoulder hung his quivered load,
Spurned by his steeds the eastern mountain glowed,
  Forward his eager eye and brow of light
He bent; and, while both hands that arch embowed,
  Shaft after shaft pursued the flying Night.
No wings profaned that godlike form; around
  His neck high held an ever-moving crowd
Of locks hung glistening; while such perfect sound
Fell from his bowstring that th' ethereal dome
  Thrilled as a dewdrop; and each passing cloud
Expanded, whitening like the ocean foam.

THE LITTLE BLACK ROSE.

The Little Black Rose[1] shall be red at last;
  What made it black but the March wind dry,
And the tear of the widow that fell on it fast?
  It shall redden the hills when June is nigh!

[1] Mystical names of Ireland frequently occur in Gaelic poetry.

The Silk of the Kine shall rest at last;
What drove her forth but the dragon fly?
In the golden vale she shall feed full fast,
With her mild gold horn and her slow dark eye.

The wounded wood-dove lies dead at last!
The pine long-bleeding, it shall not die!
This song is secret. Mine ear it passed
In a wind o'er the plains at Athenry.

DIRGE OF RORY O'MORE.

A. D. 1642.

Up the sea-saddened valley, at evening's decline,
A heifer walks lowing—"the Silk of the Kine;"
From the deep to the mountains she roams, and again
From the mountain's green urn to the purple-rimmed main.

What seek'st thou, sad mother? Thine own is not thine!
He dropped from the headland—he sank in the brine!
'T was a dream! but in dreams at thy foot did he follow
Through the meadow-sweet on by the marish and mallow!

Was he thine? Have they slain him? Thou seek'st him, not knowing
Thyself, too, art theirs—thy sweet breath and sad lowing!
Thy gold horn is theirs, thy dark eye and thy silk,
And that which torments thee, thy milk, is their milk!

'T was no dream, Mother Land! 'T was no dream, Innisfail!
Hope dreams, but grief dreams not—the grief of the Gael!
From Leix and Ikerrin to Donegal's shore
Rolls the dirge of thy last and thy bravest—O'More!

SONG.

I.

When I was young, I said to Sorrow:
"Come and I will play with thee."
He is near me now all day,
And at night returns to say:
"I will come again to-morrow—
I will come and stay with thee."

II.

Through the woods we walk together;
His soft footsteps rustle nigh me;
To shield an unregarded head
He hath built a winter shed;
And all night in rainy weather
I hear his gentle breathings by me,

SORROW.

Count each affliction, whether light or grave,
God's messenger sent down to thee; do thou
With courtesy receive him; rise and bow;
And, ere his shadow pass thy threshold, crave
Permission first his heavenly feet to lave;
Then lay before him all thou hast: allow
No cloud of passion to usurp thy brow,
Or mortal tumult to obliterate
The soul's marmoreal calmness; grief should be—
Like joy—majestic, equable, sedate,
Confirming, cleansing, raising, making free;
Strong to consume small troubles; to commend
Great thoughts, grave thoughts, thoughts lasting to the end.

THE WEDDING OF THE CLANS.

I go to knit two clans together,
Our clan and this clan unseen of yore.
Our clan fears naught; but I go, oh, whither?
This day I go from my mother's door.

Thou, redbreast, singest the old song over,
Though many a time hast thou sung it before;
They never sent thee to some strange new lover
To sing a new song by my mother's door.

I stepped from my little room down by the ladder—
The ladder that never so shook before;
I was sad last night, to-day I am sadder,
Because I go from my mother's door.

The last snow melts upon bush and bramble,
The gold bars shine on the forest's floor;
Shake not, thou leaf; it is I must tremble,
Because I go from my mother's door.

From a Spanish sailor a dagger I bought me,
I trailed a rosebud our gray bawn o'er;
The creed and the letters our old bard taught me;
My days were sweet by my mother's door.

My little white goat, that with raised feet huggest
The oak stock, thy horns in the ivy frore;
Could I wrestle like thee—how the wreaths thou tuggest!—
I never would move from my mother's door.

Oh, weep no longer, my nurse and mother;
My foster-sister, weep not so sore;
You cannot come with me, Ir, my brother—
Alone I go from my mother's door.

Farewell, my wolf-hound, that slew MacOwing,
As he caught me and far through the thickets bore,
My heifer Alb in the green vale lowing,
My cygnet's nest upon Loma's shore.

He has killed ten Chiefs, this Chief that plights me,
His hand is like that of the giant Balor;
But I fear his kiss, and his beard affrights me,
And the great stone dragon above his door.

Had I daughters nine, with me they should tarry;
They should sing old songs; they should dance at my door.
They should grind at the quern, no need to marry!
Oh, when shall this marriage day be o'er?

Had I buried, like Moirín, three fates already,
I might say, Three husbands, then why not four?
But my hand is cold, and my foot unsteady,
Because I never was married before!

FLOWERS I WOULD BRING.

Flowers I would bring if flowers could make thee fairer,
And music, if the Muse were dear to thee;
(For loving these would make thee love the bearer)
But the sweetest songs forget their melody,

And loveliest flowers would but conceal the wearer:—
A rose I marked, and might have plucked; but she
Blushed as she bent; imploring me to spare her,
Nor spoil her beauty by such rivalry.
Alas! and with what gifts shall I pursue thee,
What offerings bring, what treasures lay before thee;
When earth with all her floral train doth woo thee,
And all old poets and old songs adore thee;
And love to thee is naught; from passionate mood
Secured by joy's complacent plenitude!

SONG.

Seek not the tree of silkiest bark
And balmiest bud,
To carve her name while yet 't is dark
Upon the wood!
The world is full of noble tasks
And wreaths hard won:
Each work demands strong hearts, strong hands,
Till day is done.

Sing not that violet-veined skin,
That cheek's pale roses,
The lily of that form wherein
Her soul reposes!
Forth to the fight, true man! true knight!
The clash of arms
Shall more prevail than whispered tale,
To win her charms.

The warrior for the True, the Right,
Fights in Love's name;
The love that lures thee from that fight
Lures thee to shame:
That love which lifts the heart, yet leaves
The spirit free,—
That love, or none, is fit for one
Man-shaped like thee.

THE LONG DYING.

The dying tree no pang sustains;
  But, by degrees relinquishing
Companionship of beams and rains,
  Forgets the balmy breath of spring.

From off th' enringèd trunk that keeps
  His annual count of ages gone,
Th' embrace of summer slowly slips;—
  Still stands the giant in the sun.

His myriad lips, that sucked of old
  The dewy breasts of heaven, are dry;
His roots remit the crag and mould;
  Yet painless is his latest sigh.

He falls; the forests round him roar;—
  Ere long on quiet bank and copse
Untrembling moonbeams rest; once more
  The startled babe his head down drops.

But ah for one who never drew
  From age to age a painless breath!
And ah the old wrong ever new!
  And ah the many-centuried death!

MICHAEL DOHENY.

(1805—1863.)

MICHAEL DOHENY was born at Brookhill, County Tipperary, in 1805. With very little schooling he went to London and studied law, supporting himself as a Parliamentary reporter. He afterward settled in Cashel as a barrister and became prominent as a local and national politician. He became connected with the Young Ireland party in the forties and was a frequent contributor to *The Nation* over the signature of "Eiranach."

After the failure of the insurrection of 1848 a reward of £300 ($1,500) was on his head for some time. He at last succeeded in evading the police and escaped to New York in 1849, where he became a lawyer and joined John Mahoney in founding Fenianism. He afterward fought in the Civil War. He is best known by a small prose work, 'The Felon's Track,' published after his death, and a few beautiful poems. He died April 1, 1863.

A CUSHLA GAL MO CHREE.[1]

The long, long wished-for hour has come,
  Yet come, *astor*, in vain;
And left thee but the wailing hum
  Of sorrow and of pain;
My light of life, my only love!
  Thy portion, sure, must be
Man's scorn below, God's wrath above—
  A cuisle geal mo chroidhe!

I 've given for thee my early prime,
  And manhood's teeming years;
I 've blessed thee in my merriest time,
  And shed with thee my tears;
And, mother, though thou cast away
  The child who 'd die for thee,
My fondest wishes still should pray
  For *cuisle geal mo chroidhe!*

For thee I 've tracked the mountain's sides,
  And slept within the brake,
More lonely than the swan that glides
  On Lua's fairy lake.

[1] *A cushla gal mo chree*, bright vein of my heart.

The rich have spurned me from their door,
  Because I 'd make thee free;
Yet still I love thee more and more,
  A cuisle geal mo chroidhe!

I 've run the outlaw's wild career,
  And borne his load of ill;
His rocky couch—his dreamy fear—
  With fixed, sustaining will;
And should his last dark chance befall,
  Even that shall welcome be;
In death I 'd love thee best of all,
  A cuisle geal mo chroidhe!

'T was told of thee the world around,
  'T was hoped for thee by all,
That with one gallant sunward bound
  Thou'dst burst long ages' thrall;
Thy faith was [illegible]ed, alas! and those
  Who periled all for thee
Were cursed and branded as thy foes,
  A cuisle geal mo chroidhe!

What fate is thine, unhappy Isle,
  When even the trusted few
Would pay thee back with hate and guile,
  When most they should be true!
'T was not my strength or spirit quailed,
  Or those who'd die for thee—
Who loved thee truly have not failed,
  A cuisle geal mo chroidhe!

EDWARD DOWDEN.

(1843 ——)

Edward Dowden was born in Cork, May 3, 1843, where he received his early education. He entered Trinity College in 1859. In 1867 he became professor of English literature. The scholarship of his literary work has won him many honors. In 1888 he was chosen President of the English Goethe Society, to succeed Professor Müller. The following year he was appointed first Taylorian lecturer in the Taylor Institute, Oxford. The Royal Irish Academy has bestowed the Cunningham gold medal upon him, and he has also received the honorary degree LL.D. of the Universities of Edinburgh and Princeton.

Professor Dowden has been a frequent contributor of critical essays to all the high-class magazines—the *Contemporary*, *Fortnightly*, *Westminster*, *Fraser's*, and *Cornhill*. His first book was published in 1875—'Shakespeare, his Mind and Art, a Critical Study.' This is a very remarkable contribution to the literature on the great English dramatist, and has already taken rank among the standard works on the subject. It is now in its fourth edition, and has been translated into German and Russian. A volume of 'Poems' appeared in 1876, and has passed into a second edition. Of his poetry, Mr. W. MacNeile Dixon says in 'A Treasury of Irish Poetry': "He recalls to us Marvell's fine simplicity, his unfailing sense for the beautiful, his pervading spirituality, his touch of resolute aloofness from the haste and fever of life, his glad and serious temper, his unaffected charm of phrase and movement."

'Studies in Literature' (1875) contained a number of suggestive criticisms on the chief literary masters of our time—the most remarkable perhaps being that on George Eliot. Mr. Dowden has, besides, contributed a Shakespeare Primer to the 'Literature Primers' edited by the well-known historian, Mr. J. R. Green, and he was chosen to contribute 'Southey' to the series of 'English Men of Letters,' under the guidance of Mr. John Morley. In addition to the books above mentioned he has written 'The Life of Shelley,' 'Transcripts and Studies,' 'New Studies in Literature,' 'The French Revolution and English Literature,' 'A History of French Literature.' He has edited Shakespeare's 'Sonnets,' Southey's 'Correspondence with Caroline Bowles,' 'The Passionate Pilgrim,' 'The Correspondence of Henry Taylor,' and a collection of lyrical ballads.

THE INTERPRETATION OF LITERATURE.

From 'Transcripts and Studies.'

The happiest moment in a critic's hours of study is when, seemingly by some divination, but really as the re-

sult of patient observation and thought, he lights upon the central motive of a great work. Then, of a sudden, order begins to form itself from the crowd and chaos of his impressions and ideas. There is a moving hither and thither, a grouping or co-ordinating of all his recent experiences, which goes on of its own accord; and every instant his vision becomes clearer, and new meanings disclose themselves in what had been lifeless and unilluminated. It seems as if he could even stand by the artist's side and co-operate with him in the process of creating. With such a sense of joy upon him, the critic will think it no hard task to follow the artist to the sources from whence he drew his material,—it may be some dull chapter in an ancient chronicle, or some gross tale of passion by an Italian novelist,—and he will stand by and watch with exquisite pleasure the artist handling that crude material, and refashioning and refining it, and breathing into it the breath of a higher life. Even the minutest difference of text between an author's earlier and later draft, or a first and second edition, has now become a point not for dull commentatorship, but a point of life, at which he may touch with his finger the pulse of the creator in his fervor of creation.

From each single work of a great author we advance to his total work, and thence to the man himself,—to the heart and brain from which all this manifold world of wisdom and wit and passion and beauty has proceeded. Here again, before we address ourselves to the interpretation of the author's mind, we patiently submit ourselves to a vast series of impressions. And in accordance with Bacon's maxim that a prudent interrogation is the half of knowledge, it is right to provide ourselves with a number of well-considered questions which we may address to our author. Let us cross-examine him as students of mental and moral science, and find replies in his written words. Are his senses vigorous and fine? Does he see color as well as form? Does he delight in all that appeals to the sense of hearing—the voices of nature, and the melody and harmonies of the art of man?

Thus Wordsworth, exquisitely organized for enjoying and interpreting all natural and, if we may so say, homeless and primitive sounds, had but little feeling for the delights

of music. Can he enrich his poetry by gifts from the sense of smell, as did Keats; or is his nose like Wordsworth's, an idle promontory projecting into a desert air? Has he like Browning a vigorous pleasure in all strenuous muscular movements; or does he like Shelley live rapturously in the finest nervous thrills? How does he experience and interpret the feeling of sex, and in what parts of his entire nature does that feeling find its elevating connections and associations? What are his special intellectual powers? Is his intellect combative or contemplative? What are the laws which chiefly preside over the associations of his ideas? What are the emotions which he feels most strongly? and how do his emotions coalesce with one another? Wonder, terror, awe, love, grief, hope, despondency, the benevolent affections, admiration, the religious sentiment, the moral sentiment, the emotion of power, irascible emotion, ideal emotion—how do these make themselves felt in and through his writings? What is his feeling for the beautiful, the sublime, the ludicrous? Is he of weak or vigorous will? In the conflict of motives, which class of motives with him is likely to predominate? Is he framed to believe or framed to doubt? Is he prudent, just, temperate, or the reverse of these? These and such-like questions are not to be crudely and formally proposed, but are to be used with tact; nor should the critic press for hard and definite answers, but know how skillfully to glean its meaning from an evasion. He is a dull cross-examiner who will invariably follow the scheme which he has thought out and prepared beforehand, and who cannot vary his questions to surprise or beguile the truth from an unwilling witness. But the tact which comes from natural gift and from experience may be well supported by something of method,—method well hidden away from the surface and from sight.

This may be termed the psychological method of study. But we may also follow a more objective method. Taking the chief themes with which literature and art are conversant—God, external nature, humanity—we may inquire how our author has dealt with each of these. What is his theology, or his philosophy of the universe? By which we mean no abstract creed or doctrine, but the tides and currents of feeling and of faith, as well as the tendencies and

conclusions of the intellect. Under what aspect has this goodly frame of things, in whose midst we are, revealed itself to him? How has he regarded and interpreted the life of man?

Under each of these great themes a multitude of subordinate topics are included. And alike in this and in what we have termed the psychological method of study, we shall gain double results if we examine a writer's works in the order of their chronology, and thus become acquainted with the growth and development of his powers, and the widening and deepening of his relations with man, with external nature, and with that Supreme Power, unknown yet well known, of which nature and man are the manifestation. As to the study of an artist's technical qualities, this, by virtue of the fact that he is an artist, is of capital importance; and it may often be associated with the study of that which his technique is employed to express and render—the characteristics of his mind, and of the vision which he has attained of the external universe, of humanity, and of God. Of all our study, the last end and aim should be to ascertain how a great writer or artist has served the life of man; to ascertain this, to bring home to ourselves as large a portion as may be of the gain wherewith he has enriched human life, and to render access to that store of wisdom, passion, and power, easier and surer for others.

ENGLAND IN SHAKESPEARE'S YOUTH.

In the closing years of the sixteenth century the life of England ran high. The revival of learning had enriched the national mind with a store of new ideas and images; the reformation of religion had been accomplished, and its fruits were now secure; three conspiracies against the Queen's life had recently been foiled, and her rival, the Queen of Scots, had perished on the scaffold; the huge attempt of Spain against the independence of England had been defeated by the gallantry of English seamen, aided by the winds of heaven. English adventurers were exploring untraveled lands and distant oceans; English citizens were growing in wealth and importance; the far-

mers made the soil give up twice its former yield; the nobility, however fierce their private feuds and rivalries might be, gathered around the Queen as their center.

It was felt that England was a power in the continent of Europe. Men were in a temper to think human life, with its action and its passions, a very important and interesting thing. They did not turn away from this world, and despise it in comparison with a heavenly country, as did many of the finest souls in the Middle Ages; they did not, like the writers of the age of Queen Anne, care only for "the town"; it was man they cared for, and the whole of manhood—its good and evil, its greatness and grotesqueness, its laughter and its tears.

When men cared thus about human life, their imagination craved living pictures and visions of it. They liked to represent to themselves men and women in all passionate and mirthful aspects and circumstances of life. Sculpture which the Greeks so loved would not have satisfied them, for it is too simple and too calm; music would not have been sufficient, for it is too purely an expression of feelings, and says too little about actions and events. The art which suited the temper of their imagination was the drama. In the drama they saw men and women, alive in action, in suffering, changing forever from mood to mood, from attitude to attitude; they saw these men and women solitary, conversing with their own hearts—in pairs and in groups, acting one upon another; in multitudes, swayed hither and thither by their leaders.

THE HUMOR OF SHAKESPEARE.

From 'Shakespeare : a Critical Study of His Mind and Art.'

A study of Shakespeare which fails to take account of Shakespeare's humor must remain essentially incomplete. The character and spiritual history of a man who is endowed with a capacity for humorous appreciation of the world must differ throughout, and in every particular, from that of the man whose moral nature has never rippled over with genial laughter. At whatever final issue

Shakespeare arrived after long spiritual travail as to the attainment of his life, that precise issue, rather than another, was arrived at in part by virtue of the fact of Shakespeare's humor. In the composition of forces which determined the orbit traversed by the mind of the poet, this must be allowed for as a force among others, in importance not the least, and efficient at all times even when little apparent.

A man whose visage "holds one stern intent" from day to day, and whose joy becomes at times almost a supernatural rapture, may descend through circles of hell to the narrowest and the lowest; he may mount from sphere to sphere of Paradise until he stands within the light of the Divine Majesty; but he will hardly succeed in presenting us with an adequate image of life as it is on this earth of ours, in its oceanic amplitude and variety. A few men of genius there have been, who with vision penetrative as lightning have gazed as it were *through* life, at some eternal significances of which life is the symbol. Intent upon its sacred meaning, they have had no eye to note the forms of the grotesque hieroglyph of human existence. Such men are not framed for laughter. To this little group the creator of Falstaff, of Bottom, and of Touchstone does not belong.

Shakespeare, who saw life more widely and wisely than any other of the seers, could laugh. That is a comfortable fact to bear in mind; a fact which serves to rescue us from the domination of intense and narrow natures, who claim authority by virtue of their grasp of one-half of the realities of our existence and their denial of the rest. Shakespeare could laugh. But we must go on to ask, "What did he laugh at? and what was the manner of his laughter?" There are as many modes of laughter as there are facets of the common soul of humanity, to reflect the humorous appearances of the world. Hogarth, in one of his pieces of coarse yet subtile engraving, has presented a group of occupants of the pit of a theater, sketched during the performance of some broad comedy or farce. What proceeds upon the stage is invisible and undiscoverable, save as we catch its reflection on the faces of the spectators, in the same way that we infer a sunset from the evening flame upon windows that front the west.

Each laughing face in Hogarth's print exhibits a different mode or a different stage of the risible paroxysm. There is the habitual enjoyer of the broad comic, abandoned to his mirth, which is open and unashamed; mirth which he is evidently a match for, and able to sustain. By his side is a companion female portrait—a woman with head thrown back to ease the violence of the guffaw; all her loose redundant flesh is tickled into an orgasm of merriment; she is fairly overcome. On the other side sits the spectator who has passed the climax of his laughter; he wipes the tears from his eyes, and is on the way to regain an insecure and temporary composure. Below appears a girl of eighteen or twenty, whose vacancy of intellect is captured and occupied by the innocuous folly still in progress; she gazes on expectantly, assured that a new blossom of the wonder of absurdity is about to display itself. Her father, a man who does not often surrender himself to an indecent convulsion, leans his face upon his hand and with the other steadies himself by grasping one of the iron spikes that inclose the orchestra. In the right corner sits the humorist, whose eyes, around which the wrinkles gather, are half closed, while he already goes over the jest a second time in his imagination. At the opposite side an elderly woman is seen, past the period when animal violences are possible, laughing because she knows there is something to laugh at, though she is too dull-witted to know precisely what. One spectator, as we guess from his introverted air, is laughing to think what somebody else would think of this. Finally, the thin-lipped, perk-nosed person of refinement looks aside, and by his critical indifference condemns the broad, injudicious mirth of the company.

All these laughers of Hogarth are very commonplace, and some are very vulgar persons; one trivial, ludicrous spectacle is the occasion of their mirth. When from such laughter as this we turn to the laughter of men of genius, who gaze at the total play of the world's life; and when we listen to this, as with the ages it goes on gathering and swelling, our sense of hearing is enveloped and almost annihilated by the chorus of mock and jest, of antic and buffoonery, of tender mirth and indignant satire, of monstrous burlesque and sly absurdity, of desperate mis-

anthropic derision and genial affectionate caressing of human imperfection and human folly. We hear from behind the mask the enormous laughter of Aristophanes, ascending peal above peal until it passes into jubilant ecstasy, or from the uproar springs some exquisite lyric strain. We hear laughter of passionate indignation from Juvenal, the indignation of "the ancient and free soul of the dead republics."

And there is Rabelais, with his huge buffoonery, and the earnest eyes intent on freedom, which look out at us in the midst of the zany's tumblings and indecencies. And Cervantes, with his refined Castilian air and deep melancholy mirth, at odds with the enthusiasm which is dearest to his soul. And Molière, with his laughter of unerring good sense, undeluded by fashion or vanity or folly or hypocrisy, and brightly mocking these into modesty. And Milton, with his fierce objurgatory laughter,—Elijah-like insult against the enemies of freedom and of England. And Voltaire, with his quick intellectual scorn and eager malice of the brain. And there is the urbane and amiable play of Addison's invention, not capable of large achievement, but stirring the corners of the mouth with a humane smile,—gracious gayety for the breakfast-tables of England. And Fielding's careless mastery of the whole broad common field of mirth. And Sterne's exquisite curiosity of oddness, his subtile extravagances and humors prepense. And there is the tragic laughter of Swift, which announces the extinction of reason, and loss beyond recovery of human faith and charity and hope. How in this chorus of laughters, joyous and terrible, is the laughter of Shakespeare distinguishable?

In the first place, the humor of Shakespeare, like his total genius, is many-sided. He does not pledge himself as dramatist to any one view of human life. If we open a novel by Charles Dickens, we feel assured beforehand that we are condemned to an exuberance of philanthropy; we know how the writer will insist that we must all be good friends, all be men and brothers, intoxicated with the delight of one another's presence; we expect him to hold out the right hand of fellowship to man, woman, and child; we are prepared for the bacchanalia of benevolence. The lesson we have to learn from this teacher is, that with the

exception of a few inevitable and incredible monsters of cruelty, every man naturally engendered of the offspring of Adam is of his own nature inclined to every amiable virtue. Shakespeare abounds in kindly mirth: he receives an exquisite pleasure from the alert wit and bright good sense of a Rosalind; he can dandle a fool as tenderly as any nurse qualified to take a baby from the birth can deal with her charge. But Shakespeare is not pledged to deep-dyed ultra-amiability. With Jacques, he can rail at the world while remaining curiously aloof from all deep concern about its interests, this way or that. With Timon he can turn upon the world with a rage no less than that of Swift, and discover in man and woman a creature as abominable as the Yahoo. In other words, the humor of Shakespeare, like his total genius, is dramatic.

Then again, although Shakespeare laughs incomparably, mere laughter wearies him. The only play of Shakespeare's, out of nearly forty, which is farcical,—'The Comedy of Errors,'—was written in the poet's earliest period of authorship, and was formed upon the suggestion of a preceding piece. It has been observed with truth by Gervinus that the farcical incidents of this play have been connected by Shakespeare with a tragic background, which is probably his own invention. With beauty, or with pathos, or with thought, Shakespeare can mingle his mirth; and then he is happy, and knows how to deal with play of wit or humorous characterization; but an entirely comic subject somewhat disconcerts the poet. On this ground, if no other were forthcoming, it might be suspected that 'The Taming of the Shrew' was not altogether the work of Shakespeare's hand. The secondary intrigues and minor incidents were of little interest to the poet. But in the buoyant force of Petruchio's character, in his subduing tempest of high spirits, and in the person of the foiled revoltress against the law of sex, who carries into her wifely loyalty the same energy which she had shown in her virgin *sauvagerie*, there were elements of human character in which the imagination of the poet took delight.

Unless it be its own excess, however, Shakespeare's laughter seems to fear nothing. It does not, when it has once arrived at its full development, fear enthusiasm, or passion, or tragic intensity; nor do these fear it. The tra-

ditions of the English drama had favored the juxtaposition of the serious and comic: but it was reserved for Shakespeare to make each a part of the other; to interpenetrate tragedy with comedy, and comedy with tragic earnestness.

SHAKESPEARE'S PORTRAITURE OF WOMEN.

From ' Transcripts and Studies.'

Of all the daughters of his imagination, which did Shakespeare love the best? Perhaps we shall not err if we say one of the latest born of them all,—our English Imogen. And what most clearly shows us how Shakespeare loved Imogen is this—he has given her faults, and has made them exquisite, so that we love her better for their sake. No one has so quick and keen a sensibility to whatever pains and to whatever gladdens as she. To her a word is a blow; and as she is quick in her sensibility, so she is quick in her perceptions, piercing at once through the Queen's false show of friendship; quick in her contempt for what is unworthy, as for all professions of love from the clown-prince, Cloten; quick in her resentment, as when she discovers the unjust suspicions of Posthumus. Wronged she is indeed by her husband, but in her haste she too grows unjust; yet he is dearer to us for the sake of this injustice, proceeding as it does from the sensitiveness of her love. It is she, to whom a word is a blow, who actually receives a buffet from her husband's hand; but for Imogen it is a blessed stroke, since it is the evidence of his loyalty and zeal on her behalf. In a moment he is forgiven, and her arms are round his neck.

Shakespeare made so many perfect women unhappy that he owes us some *amende.* And he has made that *amende* by letting us see one perfect woman supremely happy. Shall our last glance at Shakespeare's plays show us Florizel at the rustic merry-making, receiving blossoms from the hands of Perdita? or Ferdinand and Miranda playing chess in Prospero's cave, and winning one a king and one a queen, while the happy fathers gaze in from

the entrance of the cave? We can see a more delightful sight than these—Imogen with her arms around the neck of Posthumus, while she puts an edge upon her joy by the playful challenge and mock reproach—

> "Why did you throw your wedded lady from you?
> Think that you are upon the rock, and now
> Throw me again;

and he responds—

> "Hang there like a fruit, my soul,
> Till the tree die."

We shall find in all Shakespeare no more blissful creatures than these two.

ABOARD THE "SEA-SWALLOW."

The gloom of the sea-fronting cliffs
  Lay on the water, violet-dark;
The pennon drooped, the sail fell in,
  And slowly moved our bark.

A golden day; the summer dreamed
  In heaven and on the whispering sea,
Within our hearts the summer dreamed;
  The hours had ceased to be.

Then rose the girls with bonnets loosed,
  And shining tresses lightly blown,
Alice and Adela, and sang
  A song of Mendelssohn.

Oh! sweet and sad and wildly clear,
  Through summer air it sinks and swells,
Wild with a measureless desire
  And sad with all farewells.

OASIS.

Let them go by—the heats, the doubts, the strife;
  I can sit here and care not for them now,
Dreaming beside the glimmering wave of life
  Once more—I know not how.

There is a murmur in my heart; I hear
  Faint—oh! so faint—some air I used to sing;
It stirs my sense; and odors dim and dear
  The meadow-breezes bring.

Just this way did the quiet twilights fade
  Over the fields and happy homes of men,
While one bird sang as now, piercing the shade,
  Long since—I know not when.

LEONARDO'S "MONNA LISA."[1]

Make thyself known, Sibyl, or let despair
Of knowing thee be absolute: I wait
Hour-long and waste a soul. What word of fate
Hides 'twixt the lips which smile and still forbear?
Secret perfection! Mystery too fair!
Tangle the sense no more, lest I should hate
The delicate tyranny, the inviolate
Poise of thy folded hands, the fallen hair.
Nay, nay,—I wrong thee with rough words; still be
Serene, victorious, inaccessible;
Still smile but speak not; lightest irony
Lurk ever 'neath thy eyelids' shadow; still
O'ertop our knowledge; Sphinx of Italy,
Allure us and reject us at thy will!

[1] This famous painting, sometimes called *La Gioconda*, was bought by Francis I. for four thousand gold florins, and is now one of the glories of the Louvre. In *Madonna Lisa* the artist seems to have found a sitter whose features possessed in a singular degree the intellectual charm in which he delighted, and in whose smile was realized that inward, haunting, mysterious expression which had been his ideal. It is said that he worked at her portrait during some portion of four successive years, causing music to be played during the sittings, that the rapt expression might not fade from off her countenance.

BARTHOLOMEW DOWLING.

(1823—1863.)

Bartholomew Dowling was born in Listowel, County Kerry, in 1823. He was taken to Canada by his parents when a boy and was partly educated there. He returned to Ireland on the death of his father and became clerk to the treasurer of the Corporation of Limerick.

In 1857 he came to America and engaged in mining, farming, and journalism. He was editor of *The San Francisco Monitor* when he died in 1863. He contributed to *The Nation* over the signature of "The Southern." He was a good linguist and a facile writer. He is best known by his lyric 'The Brigade at Fontenoy.'

THE BRIGADE AT FONTENOY.

(May 11, 1745.)

By our camp-fires rose a murmur,
  At the dawning of the day,
And the tread of many footsteps
  Spoke the advent of the fray;
And, as we took our places,
  Few and stern were our words,
While some were tightening horse-girths
  And some were girding swords.

The trumpet blast has sounded
  Our footmen to array—
The willing steed has bounded,
  Impatient for the fray—
The green flag is unfolded,
  While rose the cry of joy—
"Heaven speed dear Ireland's banner
  To-day at Fontenoy!"

We looked upon that banner,
  And the memory arose.
Of our homes and perished kindred
  Where the Lee or Shannon flows;
We looked upon that banner,
  And we swore to God on high
To smite to-day the Saxon's might—
  To conquer or to die.

Loud swells the charging trumpet—
'T is a voice from our own land—
God of battles! God of vengeance!
Guide to-day the patriot's brand!
There are stains to wash away,
There are memories to destroy,
In the best blood of the Briton
To-day at Fontenoy.

Plunge deep the fiery rowels
In a thousand reeking flanks—
Down, chivalry of Ireland,
Down on the British ranks!
Now shall their serried columns
Beneath our sabers reel—
Through their ranks, then, with the war-horse
Through their bosoms with the steel.

With one shout for good King Louis
And the fair land of the vine,
Like the wrathful Alpine tempest
We swept upon their line—
Then ran along the battle-field
Triumphant our hurrah,
And we smote them down, still cheering,
"Erin, slangthagal go bragh!" [1]

As prized as is the blessing
From an agèd father's lip—
As welcome as the haven
To the tempest-driven ship—
As dear as to the lover
The smile of gentle maid—
Is this day of long-sought vengeance
To the swords of the Brigade.

See their shattered forces flying,
A broken, routed line—
See, England, what brave laurels
For your brow to-day we twine.
Oh, thrice blest the hour that witnessed
The Briton turn to flee
From the chivalry of Erin,
And France's *fleur-de-lis.*

[1] *Erin . . . bragh*, Erin, your bright health forever.

As we lay beside our camp fires,
  When the sun had passed away,
And thought upon our brethren
  That had perished in the fray—
We prayed to God to grant us,
  And then we 'd die with joy,
One day upon our own dear land
  Like this of Fontenoy.

RICHARD DOWLING.

(1846—1898.)

Richard Dowling was born in Clonmel, June 3, 1846. He was educated in Clonmel, Waterford, and Limerick. He was intended for the legal profession, but drifted into journalism, joining the staff of the Dublin *Nation*. He then edited a comic periodical—*Zozimus*—to which he contributed a number of humorous essays; and afterward he was the chief spirit in another entitled *Ireland's Eye*. In 1874 he went to London and became a contributor to *The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News*. Among other sketches, he published in that journal 'Mr. Andrew O'Rourke's Ramblings.' He started and edited *Yorick*, a comic paper which had a brief existence of six months, but it was not till 1879 that Dowling may be said to have had his first great success. In that year Messrs. Tinsley Brothers published 'The Mystery of Killard.' This work was written in 1875–76, but the author sought then in vain for a publisher. The central idea of the work—the abnormal nature of a deaf-mute, which leads him to hate his own child because the child can hear and speak—is one of the most original in literature, and there is an atmosphere of weirdness about the whole story which deeply impresses the imagination.

Mr. Dowling was the author of many novels, plays, poems, etc., but there is perhaps nothing by which he is better remembered than by the book of essays, 'On Babies and Ladders,' which is full of quaint humor and fancy.

A GUIDE TO IGNORANCE.

From 'Ignorant Essays.'

As a boy I was averse from study; and since I have grown to manhood I have acquired so little substantive information that I could write down in a bold hand on one page of this book every single fact, outside facts of personal experience, of which I am possessed.

I know that the Norman invasion occurred in 1066, and the Great Fire in 1666. I know that gunpowder is composed of saltpeter, sulphur, and charcoal, and sausages of minced meat and bread under the name of Tommy. I am aware Milton and Shakespeare were poets, and that needle-grinders are short lived. I know that the primest brands of three-shilling champagnes are made in London. I can give the Latin for seven words, and the French for four.

I can repeat the multiplication table (with the pence) up to six times. I know the mere names of a number of people and things; but, as far as clear and definite information goes, I don't believe I could double the above brief list. I am, I think, therefore, warranted in concluding that few men can have a more close or exhaustive personal acquaintance with ignorance. If you want learning at second hand you must go to the learned: if you want ignorance at first hand you cannot possibly do better than come to me.

In the first place let us consider the "Injury of Knowledge." How much better off the king would be if he had no knowledge! Suppose his mental ken had never been directed to any period before the dawn of his own memory, he would have no disquieting thoughts of the trouble into which Charles I. or Richard II. drifted. He would be filled with no envy of the good old King John, who, from four or five ounces of iron in the form of thumb-screws, and a few hundredweight of rich Jew, filled up the royal pockets as often as they showed any signs of growing empty. And, above all, he would be spared the misery of committing dates to memory. How it must limit the happiness of a constitutional sovereign to know anything about the constitution! Why should he be burdened with the consciousness of rights and prerogatives?

Would he not be much happier if he might smoke his cigar in his garden without the fear of the Speaker or the Lord Chancellor before his eyes? The Commons want their Speaker, the Lords want their Lord Chancellor—let them have them. The king wants neither. Why should he be troubled with any knowledge of either? Although he is a king is he not a man and a brother also? Why should he be worried out of his life with reasons for all he does? The king feels he can do no wrong. That ought to be enough for him. Most men believe the same thing of themselves, but few others share the faith. The king can do no wrong, then in mercy's name let the man alone. Suppose it is a part of my duty to look out of the oriel window at dawn, noon, and sunset, why should I be bored with cause, reason, and precedent for this? Let me look out of window if it is my duty to do so; but, before and after looking out of the window, let me enjoy my life.

Take the statesman. How knowledge must hamper him! He is absolutely precluded from acting with decision by the consciousness of the difficulties which lay in the path of his predecessors. He has to make up his subject, to get facts and figures from his subordinates and others. He has to arrange the party maneuvers before he launches his scheme, by which time all the energy is gone out of him, and he has not half as much faith in his bill as if he had never looked at the *pros* and *cons*. "Never mind maneuvering, but go at them," said Nelson. The moment you begin to maneuver you confess your doubtfulness of success, unless you can take your adversary at a disadvantage; but if you fly headlong at his throat, you terrify him by the display of your confidence and valor.

The words of Nelson apply still more closely to the general. His knowledge that fifty years ago the British army was worsted on this field, unnerves, paralyzes him. If he did not know that shells are explosive and bullets deadly, he would make his dispositions with twice the confidence, and his temerity would fill the foe with panic. His simple duty is to defeat the enemy, and knowing anything beyond this only tends to distract his mind and weaken his arm. In the middle of one of his Indian battles, and when he thought the conflict had been decided in favor of British arms, a messenger rode hastily up to the general in command, who was wiping his reeking forehead on his coat-sleeve; "A large fresh force of the enemy has appeared in such a place; what is to be done?" Gough rubbed his forehead with the other sleeve, and shouted out, "Beat 'em!" Obviously no better command could have been given. What the English nation wanted the English army to do with the enemy was to "beat 'em." In the pictures of the Victoria Cross there is one of a young dandy officer with an eyeglass in his eye and a sword in his hand, among the thick of the foe. He knows he is in that place to kill some one. He is quite ignorant of the fact that the enemy is there to kill him, and he is taking his time and looking through his eyeglass to try to find some enticing man through whom to run his sword. One of Wellington's most fervent prayers was, "Oh, spare me my dandy officers!" Now dandies are never very full of knowledge, and yet the greatest Duke thought more of them than of your

learning-begrimed sappers or your science-bespattered gunners.

If an advocate at the bar knew one quarter of the law of the land, he could never get on. In the first place, he would know more than the judges, and this would prejudice the bench against him. With regard to a barrister, the best position for him to assume, if he is addressing a jury, is, "Gentlemen, the indisputable facts of the case, as stated to you by the witnesses, are so-and-so. In presence of so distinguished a lawyer as occupies the bench in this court, I do not feel myself qualified to tell you what the law is; that will be the easy duty of his lordship." Even in Chancery cases, the barrister would best insure success by merely citing the precedent cases, in an offhand way, "Does not your lordship think the case of Burke *v.* Hare meets the exact conditions of the one under consideration?" The indices are all the pleader need look at. The judge will surely strain a point for one who does not bore him with extracts and arguments, but leaves all to himself, and lets the work of the court run smoothly and just as the president wishes.

Knowledge is an absolute hindrance to the doctor of medicine. Supposing he is a man of average intelligence (some doctors are), he is able to diagnose, let me say, fever. You or I could diagnose fever pretty well—quick pulse, dry skin, thirst, and so on. But as the doctor leans over the patient, he is paralyzed by the complication of his knowledge. Such a theory is against feeding up, such a theory against slops, such a theory against bleeding, such a theory in favor of phlebotomy; there are the wet and the dry, the hot and the cold methods; and while the doctor is deliberating, vacillating, or speculating, the patient has ample opportunity of dying, or nature of stepping in and curing the man, and thus foiling the doctor. Is there not much more sense and candor in the method adopted by the Irish hunting dispensary doctor, who, before starting with the hounds, locked up all drugs, except the Glauber's salts, a stone or two of which he left in charge of his servant, with instructions it was to be meted out impartially to all comers, each patient receiving an honest fistful as a dose? It is a remarkable fact that within this century homeopathy has gained a firm hold on an im-

portant section of the community, and yet, notwithstanding the growth of what the allopathists or regular profession regard as ignorant quackery, the span of human life has had six years added to it in eighty years. Still homeopathy is a practical confession of ignorance; for it says, in effect, "We don't know exactly what Nature is trying to do, but let us give her a little help, and trust in luck." Whereas allopathy pretended to know everything and to fight Nature. Here, in the result of years added to man's life by the development of the ignorant system, we see once more the superiority of ignorance over knowledge.

How full of danger to the unwedded men is knowledge owned by the widow! She has knowledge of the married state, in which she was far removed from all the troubles and responsibilities of life. She had her pin-money, her bills paid, stalls taken for her at the opera, agreeable company around her board, no occasion to face money difficulties. Now all that is changed. There is no elasticity in her revenue, no margin for the gratification of her whims; she has to pay her own bills, secure her own stalls; she cannot very well entertain company often, and all the unpleasantnesses of business matters press her sorely. Her knowledge tells her that, if she could secure a second husband, all would be pleasant again. It may be said that here knowledge is in favor of the widow. Yes; but it is against the "Community." Remember, the "Community" is always a male.

There is hardly any class or member of the community that does not suffer drawback or injury from knowledge. As I am giving only a crude outline of a design, I leave a great deal to the imagination of the reader. He will easily perceive how much happier and more free would be the man of business, the girl, the boy, the scientist, the controversialist, and, above all, the literary man, if each knew little or nothing, instead of having pressed upon the attention from youth accumulated experiences, traditions, discoveries, and reasonings of many centuries.

To the "Delights of Ignorance," I should devote the consideration of man devoid of knowledge under various circumstances and in various positions.

By the sea who does not love to lie "propt on beds of amaranth and moly, how sweet (while warm airs lull,

blowing lowly), with half-dropt eyelids still, beneath a heaven dark and holy, to watch the long bright river drawing slowly his waters from the purple hill—to hear the dewy echoes calling from cave to cave through the thick-twined vine—to watch the emerald-colored waters falling through many a woven acanthus wreath divine! Only to see and hear the far-off sparkling brine, only to hear were sweet, stretched out beneath the pine." Just so! Is not that much better than bothering about gravitation and that wretched old clinker the moon, and the tides, and how sea-water is made up of oxygen and hydrogen and chloride of sodium and bromide of something else, and fifty other things not one of which has a tolerable smell when you meet it in a laboratory? Isn't it better than thinking of the number of lighthouses built on the coast of Albion, and the tonnage which yearly is reported and cleared at the custom-houses of London, Liverpool, and that prosperous seaport of Bohemia! Isn't it much better than improving the occasion by reading a hand-book on hydraulics or hydrostatics? Who on the seashore wants to know anything? There will always, down to the last syllable of recorded time, be finer things unknown about the sea than can be said about all other matters in the world. Trying to know anything about the sea is like shooting into the air an arrow attached to a pennyworth of string with a view to sounding space. If we threw all the knowledge we have into the ocean the Admiralty standards of high-water mark would not have to be altered one-millionth part of a line.

What a blessing ignorance would be in an inn! Who would not dispense with a knowledge of all the miseries that follow in the wake of the vat when one is thirsty, and has before him amber sunset-colored ale, and in his hand a capacious, long, cool-meaning churchwarden? Who would at such a moment cumber his mind with the unit of specific gravity used by excisemen in testing beer? Who would at such a moment care to calculate the toll exacted by the Chancellor of the Exchequer before each cool gulp may thrill with amazing joy the parched gullet?

Who, when upon a journey, would care to know the precise pressure required to blow the boiler of the engine to pieces, or the number of people killed in collisions during

the corresponding quarter of last year? Should we not be better in sickness for not knowing the exact percentage of deaths in cases of our class? In adversity should we not be infinitely happier were we in ignorance of the chance we ran of gaining a good position or of cutting our throats? Should we not enjoy our prosperity all the more if we were not, morning and evening, exercised by the fluctuations of the share-list, fluctuations in all likelihood destined never to increase or diminish our fortunes one penny? And oh, for ignorance in sleep! For sleep without dream, or nightmare, or memory! For sleep such as falls upon the body when the soul is done with it and away!

ON DUBLIN CASTLE.

From 'Zozimus.'

Dublin Castle is in the city of Dublin, and stands on the south side of the River Liffey. It is called a castle because it has a great many windows and a portico to the principal entrance. It you weren't told it was Dublin Castle you wouldn't think it was Dublin Castle at all. When I saw it first I took it for a militia-barrack or a poorhouse for gaugers. When a man showed me where the Lord Lieutenant lived when he 's at home I began to think that all Lord Lieutenants must be very low-sized men, not in the least particular about their lodgings. The Castle, as it is generally called, is built on Cork-hill. Many ignorant people, such as members of Parliament and lords, think that Cork-hill is in the city of that name. Those who have learned geography and the use of the globes know that Cork-hill has for many centuries been in the city of Dublin. The Castle surrounds a square called the Upper Castle Yard, in the center of which there is a beautiful tub for holding flags. There is also a policeman in the Upper Castle Yard, but he is not worth looking at, although his face is generally clean, and he wears a silver Albert chain. There are soldiers walking up and down at the gate to keep themselves warm. They always carry their guns, because, if they put them out of their hands,

Fenians or newspaper boys or the policemen might run away with them. This makes the soldiers short-tempered and chew tobacco. There is a statue of Justice over the gateway. This statue fell out of the sky during a thunder storm, to where it stands, and only that it is red hot the Government would get men to take it down, for it has no business there, and looking at it only makes the people who live in the Castle uncomfortable.

You can go from the Upper Castle Yard to the Lower Castle Yard under an arched gateway. There are policemen in the Lower Yard, but they don't wear Albert chains or pare their nails. The Lower Castle Yard is not a yard in the least, but makes me always think of a street with a broken back. There are a few towers in it. These towers are very strong. A man once told me that if you fired a horse-pistol at one of them all day you would not be able to make a hole in it! A great number of small boys play marbles and ball here. The Lord Lieutenant loves to see innocent children amusing themselves, and he often sends them out presents of nuts and clay pipes to blow soap-bubbles. When there isn't a cattle show, or a militia regiment to be inspected, or a knight to be made, he himself often comes out in disguise and blows soap-bubbles. It is always remarked that the Lord Lieutenant's soap-bubbles are the largest and of the most beautiful colors. A man once told me that it is because the Lord Lieutenant puts a great deal of soft soap into the water which he uses.

There is nothing connected with the Castle about which there are so many wrong notions as about the Castle Hack. Some are under the belief that it is a man; others think it to be an attorney; and there are those who go so far as to assert that it is a member of Parliament. Of all the people who indulge in such extravagances, I venture to say, not one has seen, or even had the curiosity to inquire particularly about it. Now, I have seen the Hack, and learned all that is to be known concerning it, and am, therefore, well qualified to give correct information and a faithful description of it. I gave a decent man at the Castle half-a-crown, and he showed it to me and supplied me with all the particulars I needed. The Castle Hack is a poor, lean, wretched old horse. He is spavined and broken-winded, and his bones are sharply visible through his faded and

withered hide. He is wholly unequal to the performance of any honest work in the fields, and he is one of the meanest and most wretched objects which can offend the sight of a humane and worthy man. Of all the noble attributes possessed by his species, none remain to him; and of all the useful qualities of his fellows, he retains but one, that of abject servility to the rein, for he has neither the generosity nor the pride, the strength nor the swiftness, which makes his race fit to be the companions of men. There is ever in his eye the expression of hunger for the corn-bins of the Castle, and dread lest he should be worried to death by those of his own race, in their rage at seeing so obscene a creature wearing and dishonoring their form. His employment is in keeping with his appearance. It is he who fetches meat for the Castle kennel, and brings the soiled linen of the Castle to the laundry to be cleaned. Although he is docile to his driver, he is spurned and despised. It is not his to swell the pageant, but to feed darkly at the Castle manger, to fear the light, and to crawl and shudder in the noisome ways. Poor brute, if he could only have one month's grazing on a hill-side in the sunlight he might pluck up some spirit, and lose at once his taste for Castle oats, and his indifference to the nature of the work which he performed.

The oldest part of the Castle now standing is the Back Stairs. The entrance to this celebrated staircase is in the Castle Garden. After going up a few steps a passage is reached which leads by a kind of bridge, over the Lower Castle Yard, into the Castle. The steps of the stairs are iron; for so many people go up and down that if they were made of any softer substance they would have been worn away long ago. The people who go up this stairs carry bags full of things and wear their hats very low over their faces. They generally have turnips, and gum-arabic, and steel pens, and penny packages of stationery in their bags. A man once told me that they sometimes bring the heads of people and sell them at the Castle; he also said that they often sell their country. Who could believe this? I had heard so many stories about this Back Stairs that I made up my mind to go and see it for myself. Before setting out I resolved to humor the people in the Castle, whatever they might say to me. I got a bag, filled it with artichokes,

and, having pulled my hat low over my eyes, went up. When I got to the top I met a man who asked me "if I came about that affair." I said, "Yes," and he led me into a small room, where another man was eating the end of a large quill, and reading a large blue paper with writing on it, and having a large stamp in the corner. I sat down. "Did you come about that affair?" said he. "Yes," I answered. "Well," said he, "did you see him?" "I did," I answered. "What did he say?" he asked. "I don't know," said I, feeling just as if he would order me to be shot on the spot. "Good," he said; "I see you have been reading the Tichborne case and have learned caution from it. What have you in the bag?" "Artichokes." "How many?" "Twenty-five." "Were there really so many?" "Yes." "And 'choke him' were the words? Were they?" "Yes." "On the night of the 15th?" "Yes." "How much do you want for the artichokes?" "One hundred pounds." "Say two." "Two." "Gold or notes?" "Gold." "Very good! There you are," said he, handing me two small bags of sovereigns; "your information is most important. I shall forward it to the chief to-night. Good afternoon." And off I went with my two hundred sovereigns.

The Castle is the best place in the world for selling artichokes and lies. I would go with another bag of each now only the artichokes are out of season. Can you understand what information I gave?—I can't. I hope it wasn't against a Royal Residence or asphalting the streets of the city.

EDMUND DOWNEY.

(1856 ——)

Edmund Downey, the "author-publisher," was born in Waterford in 1856, and is the son of a shipowner and broker. He was educated at the Catholic University School and St. John's College in that city. He went to London in 1878, and was for a time in the office of Tinsley, the publisher. He afterward became a partner in the firm of Ward & Downey, from which he retired in 1890, and in 1894 he established the publishing business of Downey & Co.

He is the author of the well-known stories signed "F. M. Allen," 'Through Green Glasses,' etc. These humorous Irish stories are perhaps the better known, but they are hardly superior to his sea-stories. 'Anchor-Watch Yarns' and kindred tales by Mr. Downey place him in the front rank of writers of sea-stories. His 'Merchant of Killogue' is in more serious vein. It is a patiently wrought-out picture of a big central figure and of the surrounding life of an Irish country town. Among his other books are 'Green as Grass,' 1892; 'Round Tower of Babel,' 1892; 'The Land Smeller,' 1893; 'Ballybeg Junction,' 1894; 'Little Green Man,' 1895; 'Pinches of Salt,' 1895; 'The Ugly Man,' 1896.

FROM PORTLAW TO PARADISE.

Wance upon a time, an' a very good time it was too, there was a dacent little man, named Paddy Power, that lived in the parish of Portlaw.

At the time I spayke of, an' indeed for a long spell before it, most of Paddy's neighbors had wandhered from the thrue fold, an' the sheep that didn't stray wor, not to put too fine a point on it, a black lot. But Paddy had always conthrived to keep his last end in view, an' he stuck to the ould faith like a poor man's plasther.

Well, in the coorse of time poor Paddy felt his days wor well-nigh numbered, so he tuk to the bed an' sent for the priest; an' thin he settled himself down to aise his conscience an' to clear the road in the other world by manes of a good confession.

He reeled off his sins, mortial an' vanyial, to the priest by the yard, an' begor he felt mighty sorrowful intirely whin he thought what a bad boy he 'd been, an' what a hape of quare things he 'd done in his time—though, as I 've said before, he was a dacent little man in his way, only, you see, bein' so close to the other side of Jordan, he tuk

an onaisy view of all his sayin's and doin's. Poor Paddy—small blame to him—was very aiger to get a comfortable corner in glory in his ould age, for he 'd a hard sthruggle enough of it here below.

Well, whin he 'd towld all his sins to Father McGrath, an' whin Father McGrath had given him a few hard rubs by way of consolation, he bent his head to get the absolution, an' lo an' behold you! before the priest could get through the words that would open the gates of glory to poor Paddy, the life wint out of the man's body.

It seems 't was a busy mornin' in heaven, an' as soon as Father McGrath began to say the first words of the absolution, down they claps Paddy Power's name on the due-book. However, we 'll come to that part of the story by-an'-by.

Anyhow, up goes Paddy, an' before be knew where he was he found himself standin' outside the gates of Paradise. Of coorse, he partly guessed there 'ud be throuble, but he thought he 'd put a bowld face on, so he gives a hard double-knock at the door, an' a holy saint shoves back the slide an' looks out at him through an iron gratin'.

"God save all here!" says Paddy.

"God save you kindly!" says the saint.

"Maybe I 'm too airly?" says Paddy, dhreadin' all the time that 't is the cowld showlder he 'd get.

"'T is naither airly nor late here," says the saint, "pervidin' you 're on the way-bill. What 's yer name?" says he.

"Paddy Power," says the little man from Portlaw.

"There 's so many of that name due here," says the saint, "that I must ax you for further particulars."

"You 're quite welcome, your reverence," says Paddy.

"What 's your occupation?" says the saint.

"Well," says Paddy, "I can turn my hand to anything in raison."

"A kind of Jack-of-all-thrades?" says the saint.

"Not exactly that," says Paddy, thinkin' the saint was thryin' to make fun of him. "In fact," says he, "I 'm a general dayler."

"An' what do you generally dale in?" axes the saint.

"All 's fish that comes to my net," says Paddy, thinkin', of coorse, 't would put Saint Pether in good humor to be reminded of ould times.

"An' is it a fisherman you are, thin?" axes the saint.

"Well, no," says Paddy, "though I've done a little hucksthering' in fish in my time; but I was partial to scrap-iron, as a rule."

"To tell you the thruth," says the saint, "I'm not over fond of general daylin', but of coorse my private feelin's don't intherfere wud my duties here. I'm on the gates agen my will for the matther of that; but that's naither here nor there so far as yourself is consarned, Paddy," says he.

"It must be a hard dhrain on the constitution at times," says Paddy, "to be on the door from mornin' till night."

"'T is," says the saint, "of a busy day—but I must go an' have a look at the books. Paddy Power is your name?" says he.

"Yis," says Paddy; "an', though 't is meself that says it, I'm not ashamed of it."

"An' where are you from?" axes the saint.

"From the parish of Portlaw," says Paddy.

"I never heard tell of it," says the saint, bitin' his thumb.

"Sure it couldn't be expected you would, sir," says Paddy, "for it lies at the back of God-speed."

"Well, stand there, Paddy *avic,*" says the holy saint, "an' I'll have a good look at the books."

"God bless you!" says Paddy. "Wan 'ud think 't was born in Munsther you wor, Saint Pether, you have such an iligant accent in spaykin'."

Faix, Paddy was beginnin' to dhread that his name wouldn't be found on the books at all on account of his not havin' complate absolution, so he thought 't was the best of his play to say a soft word to the keeper of the kays.

The saint tuk a hasty glance at the enthry-book, but whin Paddy called him Saint Pether he lifted his head an' put his face to the wicket again, an' there was a cunnin' twinkle in his eye.

"An' so you thinks 't is Saint Pether I am?" says he.

"Of coorse, your reverence," says Paddy; "an' 't is a rock of sense I'm towld you are."

Well, wud that the saint began to laugh very hearty, an' says he—

"Now it's a quare thing that every wan of ye that

comes from below thinks Saint Pether is on the gates constant. Do you raley think, Paddy," says he, "that Saint Pether has nothing else to do, nor no way to pass the time except by standin' here in the cowld from year's end to year's end, openin' the gates of Paradise?"

"Begor," says Paddy, "that never sthruck me before, sure enough. Of coorse he must have some sort of divarsion to pass the time. An' might I ax your reverence," says he, "what your own name is? an' I hopes you 'll pardon my ignorance."

"Don't mintion that," says the saint; "but I 'd rather not tell you my name, just yet at any rate, for a raison of my own."

"Plaize yourself an' you 'll plaize me, sir," says Paddy.

"'T is a civil-spoken little man you are," says the saint.

Findin' the saint was such a nice agreeable man an' such an iligant discoorser, Paddy thought he 'd venture on a few remarks just to dodge the time until some other poor sowl 'ud turn up an' give him the chance to slip into Paradise unbeknownst—for he knew that wance he got in by hook or by crook they could never have the heart to turn him out of it again. So says he—

"Might I ax what Saint Pether is doin' just now?"

"He 's at a hurlin' match," says the deputy.

"Oh, murdher!" says Paddy, "couldn't I get a peep at the match while you're examinin' the books?"

"I 'm afeard not," says the saint, shakin' his head. "Besides," says he, "I think the fun is nearly over by this time."

"Is there often a hurlin' match here?" axes Paddy.

"Wance a year," says the saint. "You see," says he, pointin' over his showldher wud his thumb, "they have all nationalities in here, and they plays the game of aich nation on aich pathron saint's day, if you undherstand me."

"I do," says Paddy. "An' sure enough 't was Saint Pathrick's Day in the mornin' whin I started from Portlaw, an' the last thing I did—of coorse before tellin' my sins—was to dhrink my Pathrick's pot."

"More power to you!" says the saint.

"I suppose Saint Pathrick is the umpire to-day?" says Paddy.

"No," says the saint. "Aich of us, you see, takes our turn at the gates on our own festival days."

"Holy Moses!" shouts Paddy. "Thin 't is to Saint Pathrick himself I 've been talkin' all this while back. Oh, murdher alive, did I ever think I 'd live to see this day!"

Begor, the poor *angashore*[1] of a man was fairly knocked off his head to discover he was discoorsin' so fameeliarly wud the great Saint Pathrick, an' the great saint himself was proud to see what a dale the little man from Portlaw thought of him; but he didn't let on to Paddy how plaized he was. "Ah!" says he, "sure we 're all on an aiquality here. You 'll be a great saint yourself, maybe, wan of these days."

"The heavens forbid," says Paddy. "that I 'd dhrame of ever being on an aiquality wud your reverence! Begor, 't is a joyful man I 'd be to be allowed to spake a few words to you wance in a blue moon. Aiquality, *inagh!*"[2] says he. "Sure what aiquality could there be between the great apostle of Ould Ireland and Paddy Power, general dayler, from Portlaw?"

"I wish there was more of 'em your way of thinkin', Paddy," says Saint Pathrick, sighin' deeply.

"An' do you mane to tell me," puts Paddy, "that any craythur inside there 'ud dar to put himself an an aiqual footin' wud yourself?"

"I do, thin," says Saint Pathrick; "an' worse than that," says he, "there 's some of 'em thinks 't is very small potatoes I am, in their own mind. I gives you me word, Paddy, that it takes me all my time occasionally to keep my timper wud Saint George an' Saint Andhrew."

"Bad luck to 'em both!" said Paddy, intherruptin' him.

"Whisht!" says Saint Pathrick. "I partly admires your sintiments, but I must tell you there 's no rale ill-will allowed inside here. You 'll feel complately changed wance you gets at the right side of the gate."

"The divil a change could make me keep quiet," says Paddy, "if I heard the biggest saint in Paradise say a hard word agen you, or even dar' to put himself on a par wud you!"

"Oh, Paddy!" says Saint Pathrick, "you mustn't allow your timper to get the betther of you. 'T is hard, I know,

[1] *Angashore*, pitiful figure. [2] *Inagh*, forsooth.

avic, to sthruggle at times agen your feelin's, but the laiste said the soonest mended."

"An' will I meet Saint George and Saint Andhrew whin I get inside?"

"You will," says Saint Pathrick; "but you mustn't disgrace our counthry by makin' a row wud aither of 'em."

"I 'll do my best," says Paddy, "as 't is yourself that axes me. An' is there any more of 'em that thrates you wud contimpt?"

"Well, not many," says Saint Pathrick. "An' indeed," says he, "'t is only an odd day we meets at all; an' I can tell you I 'm not a bad hand at takin' my own part—but there 's wan fellow," says he, "that breaks my *giddawn*[1] intirely."

"An' who is he? the bla'guard!" says Paddy.

"He 's an uncanonized craychur named Brakespeare," says Saint Pathrick.

"A wondher you 'd be seen talkin' to the likes of him!" says Paddy; "an' who is he at all?"

"Did you never hear tell of him?" says Saint Pathrick.

"Never," says Paddy.

"Well," says Saint Pathrick, "he made the worst bull——"

"Thin," says Paddy, intherruptin' him in hot haste, "he 's wan of ourselves—more shame for him! Oh, wait till I gets a grip of him by the scruff of the neck!"

"Whisht! I tell you!" says Saint Pathrick. "Perhaps 't is committin' a vaynial sin you are now, an' if that wor to come to Saint Pether's ears, maybe he 'd clap twinty years of Limbo on to you—for he 's a hard man sometimes, especially if he hears of any one losin' his timper, or getting impatient at the gates. An' moreover," says Saint Pathrick, "himself an' this Brakespeare are as thick as thieves, for they both sat in the same chair below. I had a hot argument wud Nick yesterday."

"Ould Nick, is it?" says Paddy.

"No," says Saint Pathrick, laughin'. "Nick Brakespeare, I mane—the same indeveedual I was tellin' you about."

"I beg your reverence's pardon," says Paddy, "an' I

[1] *Giddawn*, kidney; fig. back.

hopes you 'll excuse my ignorance. But you wor goin' to give me an account of this hot argument you had wud the bla'guard whin I put in my spoke."

Begor, Saint Pathrick dhrew in his horns thin, an' fearin' Paddy might think they wor in the habit of squabblin' in heaven, he says, "Of coorse, I meant only a frindly discussion."

"An' what was the frindly discussion about?" axes Paddy.

"About this bull of his," says Pathrick.

"The mischief choke himself an' his cattle!" says Paddy.

"Begor," says Saint Pathrick, "'t was choked the poor man was, sure enough."

"More power to the man that choked him!" says Paddy. "I hopes ye canonized him."

"'T wasn't a man at all," says Saint Pathrick.

"A faymale, perhaps?" says Paddy.

"Fie, fie, Paddy," says Saint Pathrick. "Come, guess again."

"Ah, I 'm a poor hand at guessin'," says Paddy.

"Well, 't was a blue-bottle," says St. Pathrick.

"An' was it thryin' to swallow the bottle an' all he was?" says Paddy. "He must have been 'a hard case.'"

Begor, Saint Pathrick burst out laughin' an' says he, "You 'll make your mark here, Paddy, I have no doubt."

"I 'll make my mark on them that slights your reverence, believe me," says Paddy.

"Hush!" says Saint Pathrick, puttin' his finger on his lips an' lookin' very solemn an' business-like. "Here comes Saint Pether," he whispers, rattlin' the kays to show he was mindin' his duties. "He looks in good-humor too; so it 's in luck you are."

"I hope so, at any rate," says Paddy; "for the clouds is very damp, an' I 'm throubled greatly wud the rheumatics."

"Well, Pathrick," says Saint Pether, comin' up to the gates—Paddy Power could just get a sighth of the pair inside through the bars of the wicket—"how goes the enemy? Have you had a hard day of it, my son?"

"A very hard mornin'," says Saint Pathrick. "They wor flockin' here as thick as flies at cock-crow—I mane,"

says he, gettin' very red in the face, for he was in dhread he was afther puttin' his fut in it wud Saint Pether, "I mane just at daybreak."

"It 's sthrange," says Saint Pether, in a dhramey kind of a way, "but I 've noticed meself that there 's often a great rush of people in the airly mornin': often I don't know whether it 's on my head or my heels I do be standin' wud the noise they kicks up outside, elbowin' wan another, an' bawlin' at me as if it was hard of hearin' I was."

"How did the match go?" says Saint Pathrick, aiger to divart Saint Pether's mind from his throubles.

"Grand!" says Saint Pether, brightenin' up. "Hurlin' is a great game. It takes all the stiffness out of my ould joints. But who 's that outside?" catchin' sighth of Paddy Power.

"A poor fellow from Ireland," says Saint Pathrick.

"I dunno how we 're to find room for all these Irishmen," says Saint Pether, scratchin' his head. "'T was only last week I gev ordhers to have a new wing added to the Irish mansion, an' begor I 'm towld to-day that 't is chock full already. But of coorse we must find room for the poor sowls. Did this chap come *viâ* Purgathory?" say he.

"No," says Saint Pathrick. "They sint him up direct."

"Who is he?" says Saint Pether.

"His name is Paddy Power," says St. Pathrick. "He seems a dacent sort of craychur."

"Where 's he from?" axes Saint Pether.

"The parish of Portlaw," says Saint Pathrick.

"Portlaw!" says Saint Pether. "Well, that 's sthrange," says he, rubbin' his chin. "You know I never forgets a name, but to my sartin knowledge I never heard of Portlaw before. Has he a clane record?"

"There 's a thrifle wrong about it," says Saint Pathrick. "He 's down on the way-bill, but there are some charges agen him not quite rubbed out."

"In that case," says Saint Pether, "we 'd best be on the safe side, an' sind him to Limbo for a spell."

Begor, when Paddy Power heard this he nearly lost his seven sinses wud the fright, so he puts his face close up to the wicket, an' he cries out in a pitiful voice—

"O blessed Saint Pether, don't be too hard on me. Sure

even below, where the law is sthrict enough agen a poor sthrugglin' boy, they always allows him the benefit of the doubt, an' I gives you my word, yer reverence, 't was only by an accident the slate wasn't rubbed clane. I know for sartin that Father McGrath said some of the words of the absolution before the life wint out of my body. Don't dhrive a helpless ould man to purgathory, I beseeches you. Saint Pathrick will go bail for my good behavior, I 'll be bound; an' 't is many the prayer I said to your own self below!"

Faix, Saint Pether was touched wud the implorin' way Paddy spoke, an' turnin' to Saint Pathrick he says, "'T is a quare case, sure enough. I don't know that I ever remimber the like before, an' my memory is of the best. I think we 'd do right to have a consultation over the affair before we decides wan way or the other."

"Ah, give the poor *angashore* a chance," says Saint Pathrick. "'T is hard to scald him for an accident. Besides," says he, brightenin' up as a thought sthruck him, "you say you never had a man before from the parish of Portlaw, an' I remimber you towld me wance that you 'd like to have a represintative here from every parish in the world."

"Thrue enough," says Saint Pether; "an' maybe I 'd never have another chance from Portlaw."

"Maybe not," says Saint Pathrick, humorin' him.

So Saint Pether takes a piece of injy-rubber from his waistcoat-pocket, an' goin' over to the enthry-book he rubs out the charges agen Paddy Power.

"I 'll take it on meself," says he, "to docthor the books for this wance, only don't let the cat out of the bag on me, Pathrick, my son."

"Never fear," says Saint Pathrick. "Depind your life on me."

"Well, it 's done, anyhow," says Saint Pether, puttin' the injy-rubber back into his pocket; "an' if you hands me over the kays, Pat," says he, "I 'll relaise you for the day, so that you can show your frind over the grounds."

"'T is a grand man you are!" says Saint Pathrick. "My blessin' on you, *avic!*"

"Come in, Paddy Power," says Saint Pether, openin' the gate; "an' remimber always that you wouldn't be here

for maybe nine hundred an' ninety-nine year or more only that you 're the only offer we ever had from the Parish of Portlaw."

KING JOHN AND THE MAYOR.

I suppose it 's well known that King John made two visits to the city of Watherford. The first time he came he was only a slip of a boy of about nineteen year, an' his father, who had a hard job rearin' him (for 't is the unmannerdly young cub he was) thought he 'd kill two birds wud wan stone by gettin' rid of the prince for a short spell in the first place, an' by gettin' the boy to make himself frindly wud the Irish chiefs in the second place.

But nothin' would suit young Masther John except divarsion an' bla'guardin'. The moment he put his fut on Irish soil he began to poke fun at the ould chieftains' beards. 'T was jealous the young jackanapes was of the fine hairy faces of the crowd that met him on the quay of Watherford, for divil a hair he could grow on the upper part of his lip, though he was near dhraggin' the English coort into bankruptcy wud the quantities of bears' grease an' other barbers' thricks he thried day afther day to coax out even a few morsels of a mustache.

Anyhow he made naither a good beginnin' nor a good endin' on his first thrip to Ireland. He ate so much fresh salmon that a rash broke out on him, an' nearly dhrove him to despair, for he was fond of the faymales, an' a man wud a bad rash even if he 's a prince of the blood isn't the soort of craychur to make much headway wud the girls.

He got over the rash, however, in due coorse; an' built an hospital in mimory of his recovery; an' to this day it stands there at the fut of John's Hill, an' is called the "Leper Hospital."

As soon as he got well rid of the rash, he began to make ructions in the counthry, kickin' out the rale ould anshant owners of the soil, an' makin' presents of what didn't belong to him to his own follyers. Begor even owld Henery, the father, got unaisy at the son's plan of campaign, so back he calls Prince John an' puts a Misther Decoorcy in his place.

Well, time passed on, an' when his call came, ould Henery the Second wint to Limbo; an' afther a spell, the son John got a howld of the throne. He had always a hankerin' for the Watherford salmon, even afther the rash it broke out on him, so as soon as he could make things snug in the English coort, away he sails again for Ireland.

This time of coorse he was a full king, an' as he was several years ouldher, the Watherford people naturally expected his manners would have improved; so they made up their minds to forget the thricks an' bla'guardin' of the nineteen year ould prince, an' to give King John a hearty welcome.

When the Mayor an' Corporation heard the news that the royal barge was comin' up the river, they put on their grand robes and started down the quay. They wint outside the walls a bit until they came to a piece of slob land near the mouth of a sthrame, an' there they stud up to their ankles in slush until the king's ship hove in sighth. Thin they waved a flag of welcome to his Majesty, who was standin' on deck, an' bawled out to him to dhrop anchor abreast of them. So the captain—a red-whiskered Welshman who chawed more tobaccy than was wholesome for him—puts the ship's head in for the shore, an' dhropped anchor as soon as he got close to the slob where the Mayor and Corporation wor standin'.

"How are we to get ashore, boys?" says King John, makin' a fog-horn of his fists.

"Aisy, *avic*," says the Mayor. "It 's a sthrong ebb tide now, an' if you 'll go below into your cabin the ship will dhry while your clanein' your face an' hands an' fixin' the crown on your poll."

"All right," says King John. "Come aboord as soon as the tide laives her."

"I will," says the Mayor.

Wud that King John went down to the cabin, an' in about half an hour the ship began to ground an' very soon afther the Mayor, not heedin' the sighth of a fut or two of wather between him an' the king's craft, made a start to go down to her.

"Howld on there, where ye are," says he to the Corporation. "If ye was all to come aboord maybe 't is heel over

the little vessel would, for she looks a crank piece of goods."

"All right," says the Corporation. "We 'll wait here till you return, and safe journey to your worship!"

Well, whin the Mayor got on deck of coorse his boots were dhrippin' wud mud an' wather.

"Is there a door-mat aboord?" says he to the skipper.

"Divil a wan," says the skipper. "Do you think 't is in a lady's chamber you are?"

"You 're an unmannerdly lot," says the Mayor, stampin' on the decks an' givin' a kick out wud his left leg to shake some of the wather out of his boot.

Just at that moment up comes King John from the cabin, an' a few spatthers of mud went into his royal eye.

Before the Mayor could open his mouth to ax pardon the King bawls out at him, "What the mischief do you mane, you lubber? Will nothin' plaize you only knockin' the sighth out of my eyes an' dirtyin' my decks wud your muddy say-boots? 'T is more like a mud-lark than a Mayor you are."

The poor Mayor very nearly lost his timper intirely at the insultin' words of King John, for 't was none of his fault that he dirtied the decks, but he managed to conthrol himself, an' says he, "I ax your majesty's pardon for bringing the mud aboord, but might I make so bowld as to inquire how I could be expected to have clane boots afther thrampin' through the slush out there? An' as for knockin' the sight out of your eyes," says he, "I give you me word I never seen you comin' up the cabin stairs or I wouldn't have lashed out wud my leg."

"Give me none of your lip," says the King. "I 'd cut your ugly sconce off if I thought there was a thought of thraison in your mind."

"Thraison!" says the Mayor, mighty indignant, for 't is a proud soort of a man he was in his way. "I don't know the maynin' of the word."

"I 'll soon tache you the maynin' of it, you spalpeen," says the King; "an' if you don't go down on your bended knees an' beg my pardon this minute, an' give me your note of hand for five hundred pound I 'll dhraw your teeth first for you, an' thin I 'll thry you for thraison, wud

meself for judge and jury, as soon as I sets fut in the city."

The mischief only knows what would have happened thin only for a chum of the King's who came up from the cabin at that minute.

"Your Majesty," says the young lord, "I think, with all due respects to you, you 're too hard agen the Mayor. Sure the poor man did his best. He came aboord at the risk of gettin' a heavy cowld in his head, in ordher to give you an airly welcome, an' how could he mane thraison when he ran such a risk to sarve you?"

"Maybe you 're right," says King John, who owed the young lord a big lump of money and was partial to him for other raisons too. "Maybe you 're right; an' I know," says he, "that my timper is none of the best; and moreover the say-sickness isn't out of my stomach yet, bad luck to it! All right," says he, turnin' to the Mayor, an' spittin' on his fist. "Put it there," says King John, howldin' out his hand.

So the Mayor spit in his own fist, an' the pair shuk hands quite cordial.

All would have gone well then but for the iligant beard an' whiskers the Mayor wore. The sighth of them fairly tormented King John, an' the bla'guard broke out in him again as he looked at his worship an' saw him sthrokin' the fine silky hairs which (savin' your presence) nearly shut out the view of the honest man's stomach.

"I 'll take me oath 't is a wig," says the King to himself; "an' faith if the wig isn't stuck mighty fast to his chin the tug I 'll give it will soon laive it in fragments on the deck."

So the King goes over to the Mayor an' purtended to be admirin' the beautiful goold chain his worship carried round his neck, an' while a cat would be lickin' her ear he gives the beard such an onmerciful dhrag that he tore a fistful of it clane out of the dacent man's chin.

The Mayor set up a screech—an' small blame to him—that you 'd hear from this to Mullinavat, an' begor the crowd ashore thought 't was bein' murdhered he was; so King John, fearin' the Corporation might thry to sink himself an' the ship if they knew he was afther damagin' their mayor, thought 't was the best of his play to knuckle

undher at wance. He begs the Mayor's pardon in a mortial funk, an' says he to him, "We 'd best be gettin' ashore immajertly the both of us."

The poor Mayor of coorse couldn't afford to show timper agen a king, so brushin' the scaldin' tears off his cheek he made up his mind to pocket his pride; but at the same time says he to himself, "I 'll tache this unmannerdly cub a lesson before he 's many hours ouldher."

"All right, your majesty," says he, aloud, to the King, "I quite agrees wud you that 't is betther the pair of us should go ashore at wance; but come here," says he, takin' King John to the bulwarks of the ship an' pointin' over the side. "Now I ax you," says he, "how are you to get ashore wud at laiste a fut of wather inside the little vessel still, an' fifty yards, more or less, of dirty soft mud forenenst you?"

Begor, the King seemed puzzled at this; but he knew there was no time to be lost, for the crowd ashore was beginnin' to grow bigger, and it was aisy to see that throuble was brewin', for a few of the quay boys were peltin' an odd pavin'-stone at the ship. "I lave it to you, Misther Mayor," says he; "but whatever you do, don't keep me standin' here in the cowld, for I have a wake chest, an' my inside is complately out of ordher afther the voyage."

"Begor!" says the Mayor, dodgin' a box of a pavin stone that came aboord that minute, "I dunno what 's best to be done. You 'd get your death if you wor to thramp it ashore in them patent leather boots of yours. I 'll tell you what I 'll propose," says he.

"That 's what I 'm waitin' for you to do," says the King, intherruptin' him; "an' if you don't be quick about it, maybe 't is hit wud a stone I 'll be, an' in that case," says he, "'t will be me duty as a king to bombard the city wud cannon-balls. D' ye mind me now?" says he, beginnin' to show timper agen.

"I do," says the Mayor. "Sure, if you didn't take the words out of my mouth, I was goin' to say that I 'd carry you safe ashore on my own two showldhers."

"Very well," says King John; "but if you wish for paice an' quietness you 'd betther stir your stumps quick, for I tell you I won't stand here to be made a cockshot of by these Watherford bla'guards."

"Come on, thin," says the Mayor.

So wud that the sailors fixed what they calls a cradle, an' a few frinds of the King lifted him up on the showlders of the Mayor, an' down the pair wor lowered into the little wash of wather inside the ship.

"Howld a tight grip of me now," says the Mayor, makin' a start; "for 't is an onsartin sort of a journey. There 's a dale of shiftin' sands about here, an' if I wor to make a false step or lose my bearin's, maybe they 'd never hear of your majesty again in England; p'raps 't is swallowed up in the mud the pair of us 'ud be, an' I have a heavy family dependin' on me."

"I 'll keep a sturdy grip," says the King; "an' for your own sake, an' the sake of your heavy family, I 'd recommend you to pick your steps as if 't was threadin' on eggs you wor."

"Never fear," says the mayor. "Is the crown fixed firm on your head?"

"'T is," says King John.

"The raison I axed you," says the Mayor, "is that I thought 't was a thrifle too big for you. I noticed it wobblin' about on your head afther you came up from the cabin."

"Well, to tell you the thruth, an' 't isn't often I do the like," says the King, "I didn't laive my measure for that crown; but I 've rowled a sthrip of newspaper inside the rim of it, an' it doesn't fit at all bad now," says he, shakin' his head, an' fixin' an eye-glass into his eye.

"Did you buy it ready-made? pardon me for axin'," says the Mayor.

"No," says King John; "but it belonged to my big brother, Richard."

"I 've heard tell of him," says the Mayor. "The 'Lion Heart' they called him, wasn't it?"

"It was," says King John; "but between yerself and meself"—for he was mighty jealous of his brother, an' indeed, he hadn't a good word to throw to a dog—"'t was a 'thrick' lion he tore the heart out of."

"Is that so?" says the Mayor.

"'T is," says King John. "You see," says he, "himself an' Blondin wor great chums intirely, an' Blondin bein' a circus man—"

"I know," intherrupted the Mayor. "He crossed over the Falls of Niagry on a rope, didn't he?"

"He did," says King John. "'T is round his neck I 'd like to have had the rope, for 't is an onaisey time of it he gave meself be rescuin' my brother. I made sure they 'd cooked his goose in that Austrian castle, but nothin' would suit his chum Blondin, if you plaize, except whistlin' some of his ould circus tunes outside the walls, until the King of Austria let him in. Well, Blondin brought in a thrick lion wud him that he used to be showin' off at the fairs. 'Look here,' says he to the King of Austria, 'that man you 're keepin' down in the cellar is a match for a lion.' 'Prove it,' says the King of Austria. 'I will,' says Blondin. 'Well, take the muzzle off yer baste,' says the King of Austria, 'an' let the pair of 'em have a fair stand-up fight; an' if King Richard bates the lion I 'll give him his liberty.' 'Done!' says Blondin; so wud that he brings the lion down into the cellar, an' of coorse my brother knew 't was only an ould painted jackass without a tooth in his head, so he makes wan grab at the unfortunate animal an' tore the heart clane out of him."

"Oh, murdher!" says the Mayor. "An' that 's why they call him the 'Lion Heart,' is it?"

"It is," says King John.

"An' what 's that they calls yerself?" says the Mayor, who knew well that King John didn't like to be reminded of the nickname he was known undher in the English Coorts, an' wanted to take a rise out of him on the quiet.

"I 'll tell you what, my bucko," says King John, for he felt the Mayor all of a thremble undher him, an' he knew it was smotherin' a laugh in his sleeve he was, "I 'll tell you what, my bucko," says he, "you 'd betther give me none of your sauce. Only for the onnathural way I 'm placed now, perched up here like a canary-bird, I 'd soon let you know who you wor thryin' to poke your fun at. D' ye mind me now?"

"Begonnies!" says the Mayor, "'t is no fun, I can tell you, to be endeavorin' to get safe ashore wud such a precious load on me showlders. If yer Majesty thinks 't is for a lark I 'm carryin' you, let me tell you that you 're intirely mistaken. Oh murdher!" says he, dhroppin' on wan knee, "but 't is into a boghole we are!"

Of coorse he knew there wasn't a boghole wudin a mile of him, but he wanted to divart the King's mind from what he was afther sayin' about his nickname, for 't is in dhread he was that maybe he was carryin' the joke too far.

"Boghole!" bawls the King, nearly jumpin' out of his skin wud the fright. "Let me down, you scoundhrel," says he. "I see now that 't is a thraisonable plot you have agen me afther all. I wondhered why it was you worn't makin' a sthraight coorse for the firm shore."

An' sure enough the Mayor had gone a dale out of his road just in ordher to have a rise out of King John, to pay him off for havin' given his beard the tug.

The pair of 'em wor now standin' close to the mouth of the Pill, an' the mud all round was as soft as butthermilk, an' the poor Mayor was more than half-way up to his knees in it; but he knew every inch of the ground, an' wasn't in the laiste danger of dhread of himself. Of coorse, if King John fell from his showlders there 'ud be an end of him, for he 'd rowl down into the wathers of the Pill before the Mayor could have time to get a grip of him.

"Go straight for the shore this minute, I command you," says the King.

The Mayor saw that his Majesty was in a fair rage, so he made up his mind not to play any more thricks on him but to make a short cut through the mud to the Corporation.

"Howld your grip now," says he, givin' the King a sudden hoist to straighten him on his back; an' before the words wor well out of his mouth off tumbles King John's crown an' down it rowls into the Pill.

"Oh murdher!" says the mayor, forgettin' himself complately, an' going to dhrop the King into the mud. "'T is lost the crown is! There 's twenty fut of wather there if there 's an inch, an' there isn't a diver on the face of the earth would take a headher into it, the wathers are that filthy!"

"What are you doin', you ruffian?" screams the King, catchin' a grip of the Mayor's whisker wud wan hand an' of the goold chain wud the other. "Dhrop me at the peril of your life, you onnathural monsther," says he.

"An' what about the crown?" says the Mayor, thryin' to take the King's fist out of his whiskers.

"Let it go to Jericho!" says King John.

"'T wouldn't be the first time 't was there, anyhow," says the Mayor, who was fond of his joke.

"'T is a quare man you are," says King John, thryin' to smother a laugh; "but go on, you bla'guard," says he, "an' put me on dhry land at wance, an' no more of your thricks."

"Never fear!" says the Mayor; "an' I hopes we 're none the worst frinds afther all 's said an' done."

"None the worse," says King John, "only we 'll be betther frinds as soon as you land me in a hard spot."

So the Mayor put his best fut forward an' in a few minutes himself an' the King were shakin' hands wud the Corporation.

"You 'll catch your death of cowld," says the Mayor to King John, "if you stand there much longer wudout your crown. Have you any objection," says he, "to wearin' my hat for a spell until they have time to forge a new figurehead for you?"

"Not the laiste objection in life," says King John, fixin' the Mayor's hat on his head. "But 't is dhry work, shakin' hands, boys," says he, addhressin' the crowd assembled on the quay; "so the sooner we shapes our coorse for the nearest *shebeen* the betther I 'll like it, at any rate."

"Bravo!" says the Corporation, startin' a procession wud King John at the head of 'em an' a fife an' dhrum band from Ballybricken follyin' up in the rear.

Well, to cut a long story short, King John whin he was laivin' Watherford made a present of his borrowed *caubeen* to the Corporation; an' if you doubts my word you can go down to the Town Hall any day an' ax to see King John's hat, an' the Mayor's secrethary will show you the self-same wan that King John got the loan of from the ould anshent Mayor—an' a very dilapidated speciment of head gear it is too.

That 's the true story of how King John lost his crown in the wash of the Pill, as the little sthrame is called; an' sure 't is known as John's Pill to this day.

RALEIGH IN MUNSTER.

Many generations ago there appeared at the English Coort a young fellow by the name of Walther Rolly. He was a darin' soger an' a darin' navigathor, but wud all his navigatin' an' sogerin' he could never keep his mind off the money. Day an' night he was always dhramein' of goold; an' nothing was too hot or too heavy for him so long as there was goold at the bottom of the job. Wan minute he 'd go an' discover a new counthry out in the bowels of the unknown says, an' another minute he 'd start an' knock the daylights out of the French army or the Spanish Armady. O! he was a darin' man altogether an' no mistake; but the money, as I 've towld you, was always in his mind.

Of coorse he didn't do his thravelin' an' sogerin' for nothing, but he found 't wasn't aisy at all to make a big fortune, the Coort had so many pickin's out of everything. Aich an' every man in the Coort was bustin' wud jealousy of young Walther, an' of coorse they all used their endayvors to cut Rolly's share down to the lowest penny whinever he brought a cargo of diamonds into port, or nabbed a threasure-ship from the King of Spain.

Well, wan day Rolly was walkin' along the sthreets of London, turnin' over some new plan for shovelin' in the coin, whin what does he see but Eleezabeth, the Queen of all England, pickin' her steps across the road!

'T was a muddy day, an' crossin'-sweepers, I 'm towld, worn't invinted in that time, so Rolly, seein' her Majesty's shoes wor rather slendher in the soles, an' that the mud was stickin' to 'em like wax, rushes over to her, whips off his cloak, an' axes her to make a door-mat of it. Eleezabeth just looked at him for wan minute, an' sure enough she recognized him.

"Rolly!" says she, wipin' her boots on the cloak.

"The same, your Majesty, at your sarvice," says he, kneelin' down on wan knee as if to pick up his cloak, but ralely wud the intintion of remindin' Eleezabeth that now was her chance to make a knight of him aisy.

Her Majesty looks at him out undher the corners of her eyes, an' it sthruck her more than ever what a handsome young chap this Rolly was, an' begor, says she to herself,

"he seems a rale Coort gintleman, an' maybe I 'm doin' wrong in bein' so bitther agen the men"—for you must know Queen Eleezabeth was teetotally opposed to mathrimony. All the single kings in Europe, an' all the princes an' lords at her own Coort 'ud be only too aiger to lade her to the althar, but she wouldn't look at wan of 'em at any price. However, this young Rolly tuk her fancy all of a suddint, an' she ups wud her umbrella an' there an' then she hits him a whack of it on the showldher, an' says she, "Rise up, Sir Walther Rolly—an' call a covered car for me!"

So Rolly did as he was towld an' he didn't forget to pick up his cloak aither. "Send that to the wash," says Queen Eleezabeth; "an' I 'll see that you gets a new cloak out of the royal wardrobe, for 't was a very gintlemanly act to spread it undher the soles of my feet."

"All right, your Majesty," says Rolly, openin' the door of the covered car, an' helpin' her into it.

"Come up to the Coort," says she, "afther taytime, an' I 'll have a talk wud you about a job that I think 'ud suit you complately."

"I will," says Rolly, "wud the greatest of pleasure; an' 't is much obliged to you I am for makin' a knight of me."

"Don't mintion it," says she. An' then the car druv off towards the Palace.

The same evenin' Rolly dhresses himself in his Sunday clothes, an' fixes rings all over his fingers, an' puts into his scarf a beautiful new pin he 'd snatched out of a Spanish prince's shirt, an' afther oilin' his hair, and spillin' a dhrop of scent on his han'kerchief, he starts off for the Palace an' was shown up to the Queen's apartments.

"Well, Sir Walther," says Queen Eleezabeth, "I 've been makin' enquiries about you, an' I 'm towld you 're on the look-out for a job. Is that so?"

"It is," says he.

"What sort of a job 'ud you like?" says she.

"Anything that 'll pay," says he.

"Did you ever hear tell of Ireland in your thravels?" axes the Queen.

"I did, thin; but at the present moment I couldn't give you the bearin's of it, though if you axed where any part

of Afrikay or Amerikay was, I could tell you right off the exact lie of it by the compass."

"Sthrange," says she, "you never ventured to Ireland!"

"I 'm towld there 's no money there," says he.

"Well, there isn't many goold mines in it," says the Queen, wud a laugh; "for we 've been squeezin' 'em purty dhry since my ancesthor, ould Henery the Second, grabbed the counthry. But wud all that," says she, "there 's dodges of makin' money there if you only goes the right way about it."

"I hear 't is an onsettled sort of a place," says Rolly.

"'T is," says the Queen; "an' that 's what I 'm dhrivin' at just now. You 're not particular what you do?" says she.

"No, thin," says he. "I 'm a purty hard case by this, an' if it 's murdher you mane, I 'm the boy for flourishin' the swoord."

"Well," says the Queen, "I didn't exactly mane that whin I axed you the questhion. Are you too proud to go into thrade!"

"'Deed, thin, I 'm not," says Rolly; "an' if it 's the bacon thrade you mane," says he, "which I 've heard tell is the main stay of Ireland, I 'm not at all averse to goin' into the pig line, on a royal license."

"No," says the Queen. "That 's too paceful a thrade for me."

"An' what is it you 're dhrivin' at?" axes Rolly, seein' that her Majesty was seemin'ly afeard to come out straight off wud her plan. "I towld you nothing was out of my line so long as I could see money at the end of it."

"Very well," says the Queen. "I 'll put my plans before you. I 'm advised that very little 'ud rise a rebellion agen me in Munsther, so if you likes to go over an' stir up the craychurs there, you 'd have no throuble in slaughterin' 'em."

"An' I suppose," says Rolly, intherruptin' her Majesty, "you 'd give me so much a head for the job—but where does the thrade come in?"

"You 're runnin' away wud the story," says she. "You see this is how it is. I 've lately come to the conclusion that it 's dangerous to go on slaughterin' the Irish wudout buryin' 'em aftherwards. A pestilence is like enough

to break out, an' maybe a strong westherly win' 'ud carry that same over into this counthry; so my idaya is to put all the corpses into coffins, an' bury 'em dacently. Now this is what I 'm goin' to offer you, so pay attention, Rolly," says the Queen.

"I 'm doin' that," says he, dhrawin' his eyebrows very hard together.

"Go over to Munsther," says she, "an' I 'll make you a prisent of forty thousand acres of land."

"What 's on the land?" axes Rolly.

"Tember," says she. "Fine hardy threes, I 'm towld. Now if you starts the Irish into a lively rebellion in your disthrict, you can set up a facthory an' do the undhertakin' wholesale, for I wouldn't ax a knight to do it by retail."

"I see," says he, grinnin'. "A nod is as good as a wink to a blind horse, ma'am. An' so it 's an undhertaker you wants to make of me?"

"It is," says she: "a Gentleman-Undhertaker."

"An' how much will you allow me?" axes Rolly.

"Two pound a coffin," says she; "an' the bigger the bill is, the betther I 'll like it."

"When 'll I start?" says he.

"As soon as I can get the ordher made out for the forty thousand acres," answers the Queen.

"You 're sure there 's plenty of tember on the estate?" says he.

"Sartin," says she. "I can show you the survey of it before you signs the conthract wud me."

"'T wouldn't pay, you know," says he, "if the wood wasn't handy."

"I know that," says she. "And now I 'll be dismissin' you, for it 's growin' late, an' I have a character to lose."

"I hope you 'll never lose it on my account," says Rolly, who had a nate way of turnin' his words. An' wud that he makes a low bow an' walks out of the room as graceful as a dancin'-masther.

The next day, afther signin' his conthract an' gettin' the ordher for the forty thousand acres of land, off starts Sir Walther for Ireland wud a hundred sogers to help him out in the job he had in hand. He landed afther a good voyage in the harbor of Cork, an' at wance he put matthers in thrain.

Afther buildin' a bit of a fort as a kind of a back-door to the ocean, he tuk a jauntin' car an' thraveled down to Youghal, where he thought he 'd make his headquarters an' start the facthory. He had some throuble in the beginnin' findin' journeymen undhertakers, but of coorse he spun a yarn to 'em about the good he 'd do the counthry by inthroducin' home-manufacture; an' at last he got a sufficient number of hands together, an' thin the work began in airnest. He felled the threes in all directions, an' he got up a saw-mill; an' soon Rolly had the whole town of Youghal busy, wan way or another, at the coffin thrade.

Whin all was in full swing he dhrives back to his fort, an' gives his insthructions to his men.

"I 'm goin'," says he, "to take command of all the throops in Cork barracks, an' as soon as they 're ready, then I 'll order 'em out of the city an' get 'em to scour the Province of Munsther clane. There 's a dale of varmint in the shape of natives gothered together in parts of the counthry, an' we 'll massacray 'em so far as we can. Now to all ye that I brought wud me I have this advice to give: don't put yerselves into danger. Let the other throops have the first go-in at the inemy, an' when they 're done wud 'em, let ye finish 'em off complately, for of coorse there 'll be a dale of 'em only half kilt. We 're partly on a paceful mission here, an' thrade is what we 're lookin' for, not glory. The hundhred of ye must get up a conthrivance for cartin' the corpses to the facthory in Youghal, where we 'll put 'em into good conthract coffins an' give 'em a dacent buryin'. I was towld yestherday," says he, "that at a neighborin' fort there was a crowd of Tallyans, an' I intinds to have the first thry at the furriners, by way of practice."

Well, in the coorse of a week Rolly got things into shape, an' out he marches, with the fightin' throops in the front an' the thradin' throops in the rear, agen this fort the Tallyans wor howldin.' The poor craychurs of furriners, men, women, an' childer, whin they saw the great army bearin' down on 'em, sent a flag of thruce up to the mast-head of the fort an' axed for a *parlez-vous,* but dickens a *parlez-vous* Rolly would give 'em, an' while you 'd be lookin' about you, he had the whole place sthrewn wud corpses; an' when the front army got tired of massacrayin'

the furriners, his own hundhred men went in, just as he had towld 'em, and finished off the wounded.

Six hundhred corpses they gothered up that day an' carted into Youghal; an' Rolly was in high feather as he stood at the facthory gate tallyin' the coffins as they wor carried out an' heaved into a neighborin' thrench.

"I 'll make a clane five hundhred pound on that job," says he. "If I can keep up this game, I 'll soon be able to write home."

An' sure enough, keep it up he did, an' the facthory was in full swing for a long spell; an' then he bethought him that Queen Eleezabeth 'ud like to hear how he was gettin' on, so, bein' a great hand at the pen, he sat down wan day an' sent her off a long letther, which to the best of my memory was written this way:—

"May it plaize your Majesty, Queen Eleezabeth.

"I write these few lines, hopin' they will find you in good health, as this laives me at prisent.

"I 'm gettin' on grand here. I suppose the head-clerk of your Coort has towld you that I 'm billin' him for a thousand coffins a week on the average. I 'm sorry to say there isn't as much profit on the job as I expected, an' I 'm sadly afeard my foreman is chaytin' me on the putty account, but if I only catches him playin' thricks on me, you may depind I 'll include him in the coffin bill purty quick. He 's a native of these parts, an' 't isn't clear to me he isn't risin' a rebellion among the facthory hands agen me.

"This is a mighty poor counthry. I 've prodded it in all parts for goold an' diamonds, but there isn't as much as a scuttle of coal to be found anywhere in it.

"I met a man the other day that lives over beyant here, by the name of Spinser. He tells me yerself an' himself knows aich other, an' often I rides over to his place in the cool of the evenin', an' we haves a talk over the gay doin's at the London Coort. He 's writin' a long ballad now, an' between ourselves he nearly dhrives me crazy at times dhronin' long rigmaroles of his own writin' into my ears; but I 'm goin' to have my revinge agen him wan of these fine days by bringin' over a ballad I 'm writin' meself, an' maybe when he 's had a few hours of it he 'll come to his sinses.

"An' now I 'll be sayin' good by, so no more at prisent from your faithful Undhertaker,

"SIR WALTHER ROLLY.

"P. S.—If things goes on as they promise, I 'll have to start a gas-ingine here purty soon."

ELLEN MARY PATRICK DOWNING.

(1828—1869.)

Ellen Downing, known as "Mary of *The Nation*," was born in Cork, March 19, 1828. She first wrote over her initials, and afterward signed her verses "Mary." She contributed also to *The United Irishman* and to *The Cork Magazine*. She "formed an attachment," writes Mr. A. M. Sullivan, "to one of the 'Young Ireland' writers. In Forty-eight he became a fugitive. Alas! in foreign climes he learned to forget home vows. Mary sank under the blow. She put by the lyre, and in utter seclusion from the world lingered for a while; but ere long the spring flowers blossomed on her grave." She died in a convent, where she had taken the name of Sister Mary Alphonsus, in 1869.

Her poems are simple and graceful, and many of them full of devout feeling.

Only two collections of them have been published: 'Voices of the Heart' and 'Poems for Children.'

MY OWEN.

Proud of you, fond of you, clinging so near to you,
Light is my heart now I know I am dear to you!
Glad is my voice now, so free it may sing to you
All the wild love that is burning within for you!
Tell me once more, tell it over and over,
The tale of that eve that first saw you my lover.
    Now I need never blush
    At my heart's hottest gush;
The wife of my Owen her heart may discover.

Proud of you, fond of you, having all right in you!
Quitting all else through my love and delight in you!
Glad is my heart, since 't is beating so nigh to you!
Light is my step, for it always may fly to you!
Clasped in your arms, where no sorrow can reach to me,
Reading your eyes till new love they shall teach to me,
    Though wild and weak till now,
    By that blessed marriage vow,
More than the wisest know your heart shall preach to me.

TALK BY THE BLACKWATER.

Faint are the breezes, and pure is the tide,
Soft is the sunshine, and you by my side;

'T is just such an evening to dream of in sleep;
'T is just such a joy to remember and weep;
Never before since you called me your own
Were you, I, and nature so proudly alone—
  Cushlamachree, 't is blessèd to be
    All the long summer eve talking to thee.

Dear are the green banks we wander upon;
Dear is our own river, glancing along;
Dearer the trust that as tranquil will be
The tides of the future for you and for me;
Dearest the thought, that, come weal or come woe,
Through storm or through sunshine together they 'll flow—
  Cushlamachree, 't is blessèd to be
    All the long summer eve thinking of thee.

Yon bark o'er the waters, how swiftly it glides!
My thoughts cannot guess to what haven it rides;
As little I know what the future brings near;
But our bark is the same, and I harbor no fear;
Whatever our fortunes, our hearts will be true;
Wherever the stream flows 't will bear me with you—
  Cushlamachree, 't is blessèd to be
    Summer and winter time clinging to thee.

JAMES WARREN DOYLE.

(1786—1834.)

Dr. Doyle, "the incomparable J. K. L.," as Matthew Arnold called him, was born in 1786 in the town of New Ross, County Wexford. His father died when he was quite young, leaving his mother in poverty. When he was eleven years old he watched from behind a hedge the battle of New Ross. In 1800, he was placed under the care of the Rev. John Crane, an Augustine monk. With him he spent two years, and in 1805 entered the convent of Granstown, near Carnsore Point in Wexford, where in 1806 he took the vows. He afterward studied for two years in the University of Coimbra in Portugal.

While there he was called upon to take part in the Peninsular war, and, being acquainted with the Portuguese language, was employed by Sir Arthur Wellesley as confidential agent and to communicate with the Portuguese government. In this capacity Doyle acquitted himself well, and after the defeat of the French the Portuguese government recognized his diplomatic talent and received him with honor at court. Brilliant prospects were also held out to induce him to embrace a political career, but he remained firm to his original purpose of devoting himself to the ministry.

He returned to Ireland in 1808, and was ordained a priest. After about three years in his convent his learning and ability became known, and he was appointed in 1813 professor of rhetoric and afterward of theology in Carlow College. An anecdote is related in connection with his appointment. He was introduced to Dean Staunton, the President. "What can you teach?" inquired the Dean. "Anything," replied Doyle, "from A B C to the 'Third Book of Canon Law.'" The President did not altogether like the confidence of the answer, and he rejoined: "Pray, young man, can you teach and practice humility?" "I trust I have at least the humility to feel," answered Doyle, "that the more I read the more I see how ignorant I have been, and how little can at best be known." The President was so struck with the reply that he mused, "You 'll do."

In 1819 he was nominated to the bishopric of Kildare and Leighlin. The election was confirmed at Rome, and, although he was a very young man to be a bishop, his force of character and personal attention to his various parishes soon brought about a wonderful reformation of the abuses that existed in many of them.

Over the signature of "J. K. L." (James of Kildare and Leighlin) he wrote eloquent letters in defense of his Church, aided in the circulation of the Bible, and advocated strongly the union of the Churches of Rome and England, in preference to the Repeal, which was then being agitated for. His letters on this subject caused a great sensation at the time, coming, as they did, from a Roman Catholic bishop. He was also a great advocate for a united system

of education very similar to the Irish national system of education of the present day. In 1822 he opposed the veto ; and in 1824 his statesmanlike abilities and deep knowledge of Irish affairs as shown in his political writings was so widely recognized that he was summoned to attend before a committee of the Lords and Commons to be examined relative to the state of affairs in Ireland. At this time the Duke of Wellington was asked by some one if they were examining Doyle. He replied, "No, but Doyle is examining us."

His evidence, given during several days, was so much appreciated, and excited so much gratitude among his countrymen, that on his return a residence about a mile from Carlow was purchased and presented to him as a token of their esteem. In 1825 he wrote twelve letters on the state of Ireland, followed by a letter addressed to Lord Liverpool on Catholic claims. For years he continued the eloquent champion of these claims, and proved they might be defended both logically and reasonably, an entirely new revelation for the majority of Englishmen and Protestants.

His consistent self-denial and anxious labor of mind and body told heavily upon him ; and when he died, June 16, 1834, aged only forty-eight years, his appearance was more that of an old man than of one in the prime of life. His remains were interred in the central aisle of the Cathedral of Carlow, which he had built, and the funeral was attended by more than twenty thousand people. His last literary work was a preface to Butler's 'Lives of the Saints.'

'The Life, Times, and Correspondence of Dr. Doyle,' by Mr. Fitzpatrick, is an admirable and discriminating biography and a graphic picture of the times in which the eloquent prelate lived.

THE TRUE FRIENDS OF THE POOR AND THE AFFLICTED.

A PICTURE OF SUFFERING IRELAND.

From 'Letters on the State of Ireland.'

I am laboring as the advocate of the poor, of the unprotected, and of the distressed. I can ask with Cicero how could I fail to be interested in the general agitation of religious and political, civil and ecclesiastical interests; or how could I be insensible to the generous impulse of our nature? St. Paul himself exclaims: "*Quis infirmatur et ego non infirmor, quis scandilizatur et ego non uror.*" In every nation a clergyman is separated from society only that he may labor the more efficiently for his fellow-men, and his duty of administering to their temporal wants is not less pressing than that of devoting him-

self to their spiritual concerns. The one ought to be done by him, and the other ought not to be neglected.

There are times and circumstances when he is justified, nay, when he is obliged, to mix with his fellow-countrymen, and to suspend his clerical functions whilst he discharges those of a member of society. I myself have once been placed in such circumstances, and devoted many a laborious hour to the service of a people engaged in the defense of their rights and liberties. The clerical profession exalts and strengthens the natural obligation we are all under of laboring for our country's welfare; and the priests and prophets of the old law have not only announced and administered the decrees of Heaven, but have aided by their counsel and their conduct the society to which Providence attached them. In the Christian dispensation priests and bishops have greatly contributed to the civilization and improvement of mankind; they have restrained ambition, they have checked turbulence, they have enlightened the councils of kings, and infused their own wisdom into laws and public institutions. Arts and sciences are their debtors; history and jurisprudence have been cultivated by them. They have been the teachers of mankind, and have alone been able to check the insolence of power, or plead before it the cause of the oppressed.

The clergy of the Catholic Church have been accused of many faults; but in no nation or at no time—not even by the writers of the reign of Henry the Eighth—have they been charged with betraying this sacred trust, or embezzling the property of the poor. In Ireland, above all, where their possessions were immense, their hearts were never corrupted by riches; and, whether during the incursions of the Danes, or the civil wars, or foreign invasions, which desolated the country, it was the clergy who repaired the ravages that were committed, rebuilt cities and churches, restored the fallen seats of literature, gave solemnity to the divine worship, and opened numberless asylums for the poor. Whilst Ireland, though a prey to many evils, was blessed with such a clergy, her poor required no extraordinary aid; the heavenly virtue of charity was seen to walk unmolested over the ruins of towns and cities, to collect the wanderer, to shelter the houseless, to support the infirm, to clothe the naked, and to minister to every

species of human distress; but "*fuit Ilium et ingens gloria Dardanidum!*"

When the ancient religion was expelled from her possessions, and another inducted in her place, the church and the hospital and the cabin of the destitute became alike deserted, or fell into utter ruin. This change, with the others which accompanied or followed after it, in Ireland threw back all our social and religious institutions into what is generally called a state of nature—a state, such as Hobbes describes it, in which men are always arming or engaged in war. Clergymen, so-called, still appeared amongst their fellow-men, but they were no longer "of the seed of those by whom salvation had been wrought in Israel"; they did not consider it a portion of their duty to be employed in works of mercy, or to devote the property which had passed into their hands to those sacred purposes for which it was originally destined. They were like the generality of mankind, solely intent on individual gain, or the support or aggrandizement of their families, but totally regardless of those sublime virtues or exalted charities which the Gospel recommends. They found themselves vested with a title to the property of the poor; they did not stop to inquire whether they held it in trust; there was no friend to humanity who would impeach them for abuse, and they appropriated all, everything to which they could extend their rapacious grasp. The churches were suffered to decay, and the spacious cloister or towering dome through which the voice of prayer once resounded became for a while the resort of owls and bats, till time razed their foundations and mixed up their ruins with the dust. The poor were cast out into the wilderness, and left, like Ishmael, to die; whilst Ireland, like the afflicted mother of the rejected child, cast her last sad looks towards them, and then left them to perish. These men "ate the milk, and clothed themselves with the wool, and killed that which was fat; but the flock they did not feed, the weak they did not strengthen, and that which was sick they did not heal, neither did they seek for that which was lost; but they ruled over them with rigor and with a high hand." They could not be blamed; they had a title and a calling different from their predecessors; and the state,

from which they derived their commission, could not infuse into them virtues which can only emanate from Christ.

The evidence already given to Parliament shows that the average wages of a laboring man in Ireland (and a great mass of the poor are laborers) is worth scarcely THREEPENCE A DAY! Threepence[1] a day for such as obtain employment, whilst in a family where one or two persons are employed there may be four, perhaps six, others dependent on these two for their support! Good God! an entire family to be lodged, clothed, fed, on THREEPENCE A DAY! Less than the average price of a single stone of potatoes; equal only to the value of a single quart of oatmeal! What further illustration can be required? Why refer to the nakedness, to the hunger of individuals? Why speak of parishes receiving extreme unction before they expired of hunger? Why be surprised at men feeding on manure; of contending with the cattle about the weeds; of being lodged in huts and sleeping on the clay; of being destitute of energy, of education, of the virtues or qualities of the children of men? Is it not clear, is it not evident, that the great mass of the poor are in a state of habitual famine, the prey of every mental and bodily disease? Why are we surprised at the specters who haunt our dwellings, whose tales of distress rend our hearts—at the distracted air and incoherent language of the wretched father who starts from the presence of his famished wife and children, and gives vent abroad in disjointed sounds to the agony of his soul?

How often have I met and labored to console such a father! How often have I endeavored to justify to him the ways of Providence, and check the blasphemy against Heaven which was already seated on his tongue! How often have I seen the visage of youth, which should be red with vigor, pale and emaciated, and the man who had scarcely seen his fortieth year withered like the autumn leaf, and his face furrowed with the wrinkles of old age! How often has the virgin, pure and spotless as the snow of heaven, detailed to me the miseries of her family, her own destitution, and sought through the ministry of Christ for some supernatural support whereby to resist the allurements of the seducer and to preserve untainted the dearest

[1] About five cents.

virtue of her soul! But above all, how often have I viewed with my eyes, in the person of the wife and of the widow, of the aged and the orphan, the aggregate of all the misery which it was possible for human nature to sustain! And how often have these persons disappeared from my eyes, returned to their wretched abode, and closed in the cold embrace of death their lives and their misfortunes! What light can be shed on the distresses of the Irish poor by statements of facts when their notoriety and extent are known throughout the earth?

But Ireland, always unhappy, always oppressed, is reviled when she complains, is persecuted when she struggles; her evils are suffered to corrode her, and her wrongs are never to be redressed! We look to her pastures, and they teem with milk and fatness; to her fields, and they are covered with bread; to her flocks, and they are as numerous as the bees which encircle the hive; to her ports, they are safe and spacious; to her rivers, they are deep and navigable; to her inhabitants, they are industrious, brave, and intelligent as any people on earth; to her position on the globe, and she seems to be intended as the emporium of wealth, as the mart of universal commerce; and yet, . . . but no, we will not state the causes, they are obvious to the sight and to the touch; it is enough that the mass of her children are the most wretched of any civilized people on the globe.

WILLIAM DRENNAN.

(1754—1820.)

Dr. Drennan, who first gave Ireland the name of "The Emerald Isle," was born in Belfast in 1754. He studied medicine in the University of Edinburgh; took his degree of M.D. in 1778, practiced for some years in Belfast and Newry, and removed to Dublin in 1789. He became one of the ablest writers in favor of the United Irishmen movement, and his 'Letters of Orellana' had much to do in getting Ulster to join the League.

In 1794 he and Mr. Rowan were put on trial for issuing the famous Address of the United Irishmen to the Volunteers of Ireland. Curran defended Rowan, who however was fined in £500 ($2,500) and sentenced to two years' imprisonment, while Drennan, who was the real writer of the paper, had the good fortune to be acquitted. He afterward removed to Belfast, where he commenced *The Belfast Magazine*. In 1815 he issued a little volume entitled 'Glendalough, and other Poems,' which is now very rare. He died in February, 1820.

Mr. D. J. O'Donoghue, in 'A Treasury of Irish Poetry,' considers his verses "perhaps rhetoric rather than poetry, but the rhetoric is always strong and sincere." They are certainly vigorous and graceful; and his hymns possess much of beauty. Moore is said to have esteemed 'When Erin First Rose' the most perfect of modern songs. His 'Wake of William Orr' electrified the nation on its appearance, and did more hurt to the Government than the loss of a battle. Mr. O'Donoghue considers it his best piece.

ERIN.

When Erin first rose from the dark swelling flood
God blessed the green Island, and saw it was good;
The em'rald of Europe, it sparkled and shone—
In the ring of the world the most precious stone.
In her sun, in her soil, in her station thrice blest,
With her back towards Britain, her face to the West,
Erin stands proudly insular on her steep shore,
And strikes her high harp 'mid the ocean's deep roar.

But when its soft tones seem to mourn and to weep,
The dark chain of silence is thrown o'er the deep;
At the thought of the past the tears gush from her eyes
And the pulse of her heart makes her white bosom rise.
Oh! sons of green Erin, lament o'er the time
When religion was war and our country a crime;
When man in God's image inverted His plan,
And moulded his God in the image of man;

When the int'rest of State wrought the general woe,
The stranger a friend and the native a foe;
While the mother rejoiced o'er her children oppressed
And clasped the invader more close to her breast;
When with Pale for the body and Pale for the soul,
Church and State joined in compact to conquer the whole,
And, as Shannon was stained with Milesian blood,
Eyed each other askance and pronounced it was good.

By the groans that ascend from your forefathers' grave
For their country thus left to the brute and the slave,
Drive the demon of Bigotry home to his den,
And where Britain made brutes now let Erin make men.
Let my sons, like the leaves of the shamrock, unite—
A partition of sects from one footstalk of right;
Give each his full share of the earth and the sky,
Nor fatten the slave where the serpent would die.

Alas! for poor Erin that some are still seen
Who would dye the grass red from their hatred to Green:
Yet, oh! when you 're up and they 're down, let them live,
Then yield them that mercy which they would not give.
Arm of Erin, be strong! but be gentle as brave!
And, uplifted to strike, be as ready to save!
Let no feeling of vengeance presume to defile
The cause or the men of the Emerald Isle.

The cause it is good, and the men they are true,
And the Green shall outlive both the Orange and Blue!
And the triumphs of Erin her daughters shall share
With the full swelling chest and the fair flowing hair.
Their bosom heaves high for the worthy and brave,
But no coward shall rest in that soft-swelling wave.
Men of Erin! awake, and make haste to be blest!
Rise, Arch of the Ocean and Queen of the West!

THE WAKE OF WILLIAM ORR.

There our murdered brother lies;
Wake him not with woman's cries;
Mourn the way that manhood ought—
Sit in silent trance of thought.

Write his merits on your mind;
Morals pure and manners kind;
In his head, as on a hill,
Virtue placed her citadel.

Why cut off in palmy youth?
Truth he spoke, and acted truth.
"Countrymen, UNITE," he cried,
And died for what our Saviour died.

God of peace and God of love!
Let it not Thy vengeance move—
Let it not Thy lightnings draw—
A nation guillotined by law.

Hapless Nation, rent and torn,
Thou wert early taught to mourn;
Warfare of six hundred years!
Epochs marked with blood and tears!

Hunted thro' thy native grounds,
Or flung *reward* to human hounds,
Each one pulled and tore his share,
Heedless of thy deep despair.

Hapless Nation! hapless Land!
Heap of uncementing sand!
Crumbled by a foreign weight:
And by worse, domestic hate.

God of mercy! God of peace!
Make this mad confusion cease;
O'er the mental chaos move,
Through it SPEAK the light of love.

Monstrous and unhappy sight!
Brothers' blood will not unite;
Holy oil and holy water
Mix, and fill the world with slaughter.

Who is she with aspect wild?
The widowed mother with her child—
Child new stirring in the womb!
Husband waiting for the tomb!

Angel of this sacred place,
Calm her soul and whisper peace—
Cord, or axe, or guillotine,
Make the sentence—not the sin.

Here we watch our brother's sleep:
Watch with us, but do not weep:
Watch with us thro' dead of night—
But expect the morning light.

Conquer fortune—persevere!—
Lo! it breaks, the morning clear!
The cheerful cock awakes the skies,
The day is come—arise!—arise!

WILLIAM DRENNAN, JR.

(1802—1873.)

Mr. Drennan, the son of Dr. Drennan, was born in Dublin in 1802 and was graduated from Trinity College in 1823. His famous ballad 'The Battle of Beal-an-atha-buidh' was published in *The Nation* in 1843 without a name, but it is included in the volume entitled 'Glendalloch and other Poems,' which was published in 1850.

THE BATTLE OF BEAL-AN-ATHA-BUIDH.[1]

1598.

By O'Neill close beleaguered, the spirits might droop
Of the Saxon—three hundred shut up in their coop,
Till Bagenal drew forth his Toledo, and swore,
On the sword of a soldier to succor Portmore.

His veteran troops, in the foreign wars tried—
Their features how bronzed, and how haughty their stride—
Stept steadily on; it was thrilling to see
That thunder-cloud brooding o'er BEAL-AN-ATHA-BUIDH.

The flash of their armor, inlaid with fine gold,—
Gleaming matchlocks and cannons that mutteringly rolled—
With the tramp and the clank of those stern cuirassiers,
Dyed in the blood of the Flemish and French cavaliers.

And are the mere Irish, with pikes and with darts—
With but glib-covered heads, and but rib-guarded hearts—
Half-naked, half-fed, with few muskets, no guns—
The battle to dare against England's stout sons?

Poor *Bonnochts*,[2] and wild Gallowglasses, and Kern—
Let them war with rude brambles, sharp furze, and dry fern;
Wirrastrue[3] for their wives—for their babies *ochanie*,[4]
If they wait for the Saxon at BEAL-AN-ATHA-BUIDH.

Yet O'Neill standeth firm—few and brief his commands—
"Ye have hearts in your bosoms, and pikes in your hands;

[1] *Beal-an-atha-buidh* literally means the Mouth of the Yellow Ford, and is pronounced *Beal-un-ath-buie*.
[2] *Bonnocht*, a billeted soldier.
[3] *Wirrastrue* (*A Mhuire as truagh*), Oh! Mary, what sorrow!
[4] *Ochanie—ochone*, woe.

Try how far ye can push them, my children, at once;
Fag-a-Bealach![1]—and down with horse, foot, and great guns.

They have gold and gay arms—they have biscuit and bread;
Now, sons of my soul, we 'll be found and be fed;"
And he clutched his claymore, and—"look yonder," laughed he,
"What a grand commissariat for BEAL-AN-ATHA-BUIDH."

Near the chief, a grim tyke, an O'Shanaghan stood,
His nostrils dilated seemed snuffing for blood;
Rough and ready to spring, like the wiry wolf-hound
Of Iernè, who, tossing his pike with a bound,

Cried, "My hand to the Sassenach! ne'er may I hurl
Another to earth if I call him a churl!
He finds me in clothing, in booty, in bread—
My Chief, won't O'Shanaghan give him a bed?"

"Land of Owen, aboo!" and the Irish rushed on—
The foe fired but one volley—their gunners are gone;
Before the bare bosoms the steel-coats have fled,
Or, despite casque or corslet, lie dying and dead.

And brave Harry Bagenal, he fell while he fought
With many gay gallants—they slept as men ought;
Their faces to Heaven—there were others, alack!
By pikes overtaken, and taken aback.

And my Irish got clothing, coin, colors, great store,
Arms, forage, and provender—plunder *go leor!*[2]
They munched the white manchets—they champed the brown chine,
Fuilleluah![3] for that day, how the natives did dine!

The Chieftain looked on, when O'Shanaghan rose,
And cried, "Hearken, O'Neill! I 've a health to propose—
'To our Sassenach hosts'" and all quaffed in huge glee.
With "*Cead mile failte go*[4] BEAL-AN-ATHA-BUIDH!"

[1] *Fag-a-Bealach*, clear the way.
[2] *Go leor*, in abundance.
[3] *Fuilleluah*, joyous exclamation.
[4] *Cead mile failte go*, a hundred thousand welcomes to.

WILLIAM HAMILTON DRUMMOND.

(1778—1865.)

William Hamilton Drummond was born at Larne, County Antrim, in 1778. He was educated at Belfast Academy under James Crombie. Later he entered Glasgow College to study for the ministry, but he was too poor to finish his course. He did, however, study by himself and entered the Church. He taught or preached throughout his life.

He was a member of the Royal Irish Academy and one of the first members of the Belfast Literary Society. He took a scholarly interest in Celtic literature. In mature life he became a polemic, and his writings are noted for sharpness and vivacity. Of these his essay on the 'Doctrine of the Trinity' is the best. He wrote much poetry, including the 'Battle of Trafalgar' and 'The Giant's Causeway,' also a work on ancient Irish minstrelsy. He died in 1865.

ODE WRITTEN ON LEAVING IRELAND.

From the Irish of Gerald Nugent.

What sorrow wrings my bleeding heart,
To flee from Innisfail!
Oh, anguish from her scenes to part,
Of mountain, wood, and vale!
Vales that the hum of bees resound,
And plains where generous steeds abound.

While wafted by the breeze's wing,
I see fair Fintan's shore recede,
More poignant griefs my bosom wring,
The farther eastward still I speed.
With Erin's love my bosom warms,
No soil but hers for me has charms.

A soil enriched with verdant bowers,
And groves with mellow fruits that teem;
A soil of fair and fragrant flowers,
Of verdant turf and crystal stream:
Rich plains of Ir, that bearded corn,
And balmy herbs, and shrubs adorn.

A land that boasts a pious race,
A land of heroes brave and bold;

Enriched with every female grace
  Are Banba's maids with locks of gold.
Of men, none with her sons compare;
No maidens with her daughters fair.

If Heaven, propitious to my vow,
  Grant the desire with which I burn,
Again the foamy deep to plow,
  And to my native shores return;
"Speed on," I 'll cry, "my galley fleet,
Nor e'er the crafty Saxon greet."

No perils of the stormy deep
  I dread—yet sorrow wounds my heart;
To leave thee, Leogaire's fort, I weep;
  From thee, sweet Delvin, must I part!
Oh! hard the task—oh! lot severe,
To flee from all my soul holds dear.

Farewell, ye kind and generous bards,
  Bound to my soul by friendship strong;
And ye Dundargvais' happy lands,
  Ye festive halls—ye sons of song;
Ye generous friends in Meath who dwell,
Beloved, adored, farewell! farewell!

LADY DUFFERIN.

(1807—1867.)

Helen Selina Sheridan was born in 1807. She was the eldest daughter of Thomas Sheridan, and granddaughter of Richard Brinsley Sheridan. She was brought up with her sisters, the Honorable Mrs. Norton (Lady Stirling-Maxwell) and the Duchess of Somerset, in the seclusion of Hampton Court, whither her mother had retired on the death of Mr. Sheridan.

Helen inherited the genius of the Sheridan family, and enjoyed the additional advantage of sharing with her sisters the careful training of a devoted mother, a lady distinguished by her good sense and intellectual ability. At the age of eighteen she married the Hon. Price Blackwood, afterward Lord Dufferin, and the following year (1826) became the mother of the late Earl of Dufferin, her only son.

The inheritor and transmitter of genius, the brilliant mother of a brilliant son, hers was one of the most enviable fates for the poet and artist. To hear her exquisitely artless songs on the lips of her own people was Lady Dufferin's happy lot. Her 'Irish Emigrant' is known the wide world over, and, being one of the earliest things learned by Irish school-children, it comes to share in later life the haunting quality which belongs to memories of those dim years when the impressions are only awakening.

The benevolent and kindly nature of Lady Dufferin, and her grace of manner, soon secured the esteem and affection of the people, who felt that she understood and sympathized with their joys and sorrows. Hence the popularity of her ballads and songs, which were not due to any desire for literary fame, but were the genuine outcome of a warm and sympathetic spirit. Of all her pieces 'The Irish Emigrant' is the universal favorite. Nothing could surpass its simple and touching pathos and fidelity to nature, particularly Irish nature, and on it alone Lady Dufferin's fame as a poet might safely rest. 'Terence's Farewell' and 'Katey's Letter,' both rich in humor, are also extremely popular. 'Sweet Kilkenny Town,' a reply to 'Katey's Letter,' set to music by the authoress, is not, perhaps, so widely known. No collection of her ballads and poems has been made, and many of them are doubtless lost, only the most popular having been preserved in various selections of Irish poetry.

She also produced an amusing and piquant prose work entitled 'The Honorable Impulsia Gushington.' It is a satire on high life in the nineteenth century. Although written in a light and humorous style, her ladyship tells us in the preface it "was intended to serve an earnest purpose in lightening the tedium and depression of long sickness in the person of a beloved friend."

In 1841 Lord Dufferin died, and her ladyship remained a widow for twenty-one years, when she married the Earl of Gifford, at the time nearly on his death-bed. Two months afterward she became for the second time a widow, and Dowager Countess of Gifford.

For some years previous to her death this amiable lady was afflicted with a painful illness, which she endured with fortitude and resignation. She expired June 13, 1867, leaving a memory dear to every Irish heart.

LAMENT OF THE IRISH EMIGRANT.

I 'm sittin' on the stile, Mary,
  Where we sat side by side,
On a bright May mornin', long ago,
  When first you were my bride:
The corn was springin' fresh and green,
  And the lark sang loud and high—
And the red was on your lip, Mary,
  And the lovelight in your eye.

The *place* is little changed, Mary;
  The day is bright as then;
The lark's loud song is in my ear,
  And the corn is green again;
But I miss the soft clasp of your hand,
  And your breath, warm on my cheek,
And I still keep list'nin' for the words
  You never more will speak.

'T is but a step down yonder lane,
  And the little church stands near—
The church where we were wed, Mary;
  I see the spire from here.
But the graveyard lies between, Mary,
  And my step might break your rest—
For I 've laid you, darling! down to sleep
  With your baby on your breast.

I 'm very lonely now, Mary,
  For the poor make no new friends:
But, oh! they love the better still,
  The few our Father sends!
And you were all *I* had, Mary—
  My blessin' and my pride!
There 's nothin' left to care for now,
  Since my poor Mary died.

Yours was the good, brave heart, Mary,
  That still kept hoping on
When the trust in God had left my soul,
  And my arm's young strength was gone;

There was comfort ever on your lip
And the kind look on your brow—
I bless you, Mary, for that same,
Though you cannot hear me now.

I thank you for the patient smile
When your heart was fit to break,
When the hunger-pain was gnawin' there,
And you hid it for *my* sake;
I bless you for the pleasant word
When your heart was sad and sore—
Oh! I 'm thankful you are gone, Mary,
Where grief can't reach you more!

I 'm biddin' you a long farewell,
My Mary—kind and true!
But I 'll not forget *you*, darling,
In the land I 'm goin' to:
They say there 's bread and work for all,
And the sun shines always there—
But I 'll not forget Old Ireland,
Were it fifty times as fair!

And often in those grand old woods
I 'll sit and shut my eyes,
And my heart will travel back again
To the place where Mary lies;
And I 'll think I see the little stile
Where we sat side by side,
And the springin' corn, and the bright May morn,
When first you were my bride.

TERENCE'S FAREWELL.

So, my Kathleen, you 're going to leave me
All alone by myself in this place,
But I 'm sure you will never deceive me—
Oh no, if there 's truth in that face.
Though England 's a beautiful city,
Full of illigant boys—oh, what then?
You would not forget your poor Terence;
You 'll come back to Ould Ireland again.

Och, those English, deceivers by nature,
  Though maybe you 'd think them sincere,
They 'll say you 're a sweet charming creature,
  But don't you believe them, my dear.
No, Kathleen, *agra!* don't be minding
  The flattering speeches they 'll make;
Just tell them a poor boy in Ireland
  Is breaking his heart for your sake.

It 's folly to keep you from going,
  Though, faith, it 's a mighty hard case—
For, Kathleen, you know, there 's no knowing
  When next I shall see your sweet face.
And when you come back to me, Kathleen—
  None the better will I be off then—
You 'll be spaking such beautiful English,
  Sure, I won't know my Kathleen again.

Eh, now, where 's the need of this hurry?
  Don't flutter me so in this way!
I 've forgot, 'twixt the grief and the flurry,
  Every word I was maning to say.
Now just wait a minute, I bid ye—
  Can I talk if you bother me so?—
Oh, Kathleen, my blessing go wid ye
  Ev'ry inch of the way that you go.

KATEY'S LETTER.

Och, girls dear, did you ever hear,
  I wrote my love a letter?
And altho' he cannot read,
  I thought 't was all the better.
For why should he be puzzled
  With hard spelling in the matter,
When the *maning* was so plain?
  That I loved him faithfully,
    And he knows it—oh, he knows it—
  Without one word from me.

I wrote it, and I folded it,
  And put a seal upon it,
'T was a seal almost as big
  As the crown of my best bonnet;

For I would not have the postmaster
  Make his remarks upon it,
As I 'd said *inside* the letter
  That I loved him faithfully,
    And he knows it—oh, he knows it—
  Without one word from me.

My heart was full, but when I wrote
  I dare not put it half in;
The neighbors know I love him,
  And they 're mighty fond of chaffing,
So I dare not write his name *outside,*
  For fear they would be laughing,
So I wrote "From little Kate to one
  Whom she loves faithfully,"
    And he knows it—oh, he knows it—
  Without one word from me.

Now, girls, would you believe it,
  That postman, *so consated,*
No answer will he bring me,
  So long as I have waited;
But maybe—there mayn't be one,
  For the reason that I stated—
That my love can neither read nor write,
  But loves me faithfully,
    And I know where'er my love is,
  That he is true to me.

LORD DUFFERIN.

(1826—1902.)

The Right Hon. Frederick Temple Blackwood, Earl of Dufferin, was son of the fourth Baron Dufferin, and was born in 1826. His mother was the granddaughter of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, and thus he was one more of the long list of the Sheridans who have proved that wit can run in families. He was educated at Eton and at Christ Church, Oxford, but did not take a degree. He was still a minor when, in 1841, he succeeded to his father's title.

His first literary production was a narrative of a visit he made to Ireland during 1846–47, under the title of 'Narrative of a Journey from Oxford to Skibbereen during the year of the Irish Famine.'

In February, 1855, he formed one of the numerous train which accompanied Lord John Russell to Vienna. In 1860 appeared the first work that drew particular attention to his name. In this book there is abundant evidence of those great gifts of humorous observation which were his delightful characteristic. He had in the previous year made a voyage in his yacht to Iceland, and an account of his stay in that island appeared in 'Letters from High Latitudes.' This book bubbles over with fun, and his description of an Icelandic dinner-party can be read by few, we think, without aching sides.

His first real entrance into official life was made in 1860, when he was sent to Syria as British Commissioner, for the purpose of inquiring into cruelties which had been practiced by Turkish officials on the Christian population. He pursued his investigations with relentless vigilance, and administered condign punishment to the most notable malefactors. The home authorities were thoroughly satisfied with his action, and he was made a Knight of the Bath. In 1864 he became for a while Under Secretary for India, and during the year 1866 he acted as Under Secretary for War.

In 1868 Lord Dufferin was made Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, an office with undefined duties, which constituted him, as he wittily described it, "maid of all work" to the Ministry. In 1872 he was appointed Governor-General of Canada. Never was there a more successful ruler. The Orangeman and the Roman Catholic, the Conservative and the Radical, alike bent under the influence of his clear judgment, his impartial action, his pleasant manners, and his bewitching tongue. The speeches which he made have been collected into volume form, and they can be read with a pleasure that one rarely experiences when perusing spoken addresses in print. Their chief characteristics are a lofty tone of feeling, bright wit, and, occasionally, eloquence of a high order. On his retirement from the Canadian governorship he was chosen by Lord Beaconsfield as British Ambassador at the Court of St. Petersburg. He was afterward Ambassador at the Ottoman Court, and in 1884 was appointed Governor-General of India. He was Ambassador to

Italy and to France. From 1891 to 1895 he was Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports and Constable of Dover Castle. In 1890 he was elected Lord Rector of St. Andrews University. He was made an Earl of the United Kingdom in 1871, was President of the Geographical Society, and an honorary LL.D. of Harvard University.

Besides the works above mentioned, Lord Dufferin wrote several books on the questions that chiefly disturb his native country. Their titles are 'Irish Emigration and the Tenure of Land in Ireland,' 'Mr. Mill's Plan for the Pacification of Ireland Examined,' and 'Contributions to an Inquiry into the State of Ireland.'

This most brilliant Irishman died, to the regret of all creeds and parties, in 1902.

ON IRISHMEN AS RULERS.

A speech delivered at Quebec, September 5, 1878.

Gentlemen,—I hardly know in what terms I am to reply to the address I have just listened to, so signal is the honor which you have conferred upon me. That a whole province, as large, as important, as flourishing as many a European kingdom, should erect into an embassy the mayors of its cities,—the delegates of its urban and rural municipalities,—and dispatch them on a journey of several hundred miles, to convey to a humble individual like myself an expression of the personal good-will of the constituencies they represent, is a circumstance unparalleled in the history of Canada, or of any other colony.

To stand as I now do in the presence of so many distinguished persons, who have put themselves to great personal inconvenience on my account, only adds to my embarrassment. And yet, gentlemen, I cannot pretend not to be delighted with such a genuine demonstration of regard on the part of the large-hearted inhabitants of the great province in whose name you have addressed me; for, quite apart from the personal gratification I experience, you are teaching all future administrators of our affairs a lesson which you may be sure they will gladly lay to heart, since it will show them with how rich a reward you are ready to pay whatever slight exertions it may be within their power to make on your behalf.

And when in the history of your Dominion could such a proof of your generosity be more opportunely shown? A few weeks ago the heart of every man and women in Can-

ada was profoundly moved by the intelligence, not only that the government of Great Britain was about to send out as England's representative to this country one of the most promising among the younger generation of our public men, but that the Queen herself was about to intrust to the keeping of the people of Canada her own daughter. If you desired any illustration of the respect, the affection, the confidence with which you are regarded by your fellow-subjects and by your sovereign at home, what greater proof could you require than this, or what more gratifying, more delicate, more touching recognition could have rewarded your never-failing love and devotion for the mother country and its ruler?

But though Parliament and the citizens of Canada may well be proud of the confidence thus reposed in them, believe me when I tell you that, quite apart from these especial considerations, you may well be congratulated on the happy choice which has been made in the person of Lord Lorne for the future Governor-General of Canada. It has been my good fortune to be connected all my life long with his family by ties of the closest personal friendship. Himself I have known, I may say, almost from his boyhood, and a more conscientious, high-minded, or better qualified viceroy could not have been selected. Brought up under exceptionally fortunate conditions, it is needless to say he has profited to the utmost by the advantages placed within his reach, many of which will have fitted him in an especial degree for his present post.

His public school and college education, his experience of the House of Commons, his large personal acquaintance with the representatives of all that is most distinguished in the intellectual world of the United States, his literary and artistic tastes, his foreign travel, will all combine to render him intelligently sympathetic with every phase and aspect of your national life. Above all, he comes of good Whig stock—that is to say, of a family whose prominence in history is founded upon the sacrifices they have made in the cause of constitutional liberty. When a couple of a man's ancestors have perished on the scaffold as martyrs in the cause of political and religious freedom, you may be sure there is little likelihood of their descendant seeking to encroach, when acting as the representative of the

Crown, upon the privileges of Parliament or the independence of the people.

As for your future princess, it would not become me to enlarge upon her merits—she will soon be amongst you, taking all hearts by storm by the grace, the suavity, the sweet simplicity of her manners, life, and conversation. Gentlemen, if ever there was a lady who in her earliest youth had formed a high ideal of what a noble life should be—if ever there was a human being who tried to make the most of the opportunities within her reach, and to create for herself, in spite of every possible trammel and impediment, a useful career and occasions of benefiting her fellow-creatures, it is the Princess Louise, whose unpretending exertions in a hundred different directions to be of service to her country and generation have already won for her an extraordinary amount of popularity at home.

When to this you add an artistic genius of the highest order, and innumerable other personal gifts and accomplishments, combined with manners so gentle, so unpretending, as to put every one who comes within reach of her influence at perfect ease, you cannot fail to understand that England is not merely sending you a royal princess of majestic lineage, but a good and noble woman, in whom the humblest settler or mechanic in Canada will find an intelligent and sympathetic friend. Indeed, gentlemen, I hardly know which pleases me most, the thought that the superintendence of your destinies is to be confided to persons so worthy of the trust, or that a dear friend of my own like Lord Lorne, and a personage for whom I entertain such respectful admiration as I do for the Princess Louise, should commence their future labors in the midst of a community so indulgent, so friendly, so ready to take the will for the deed, so generous in their recognition of any effort to serve them, as you have proved yourselves to be.

And yet, alas! gentlemen, pleasant and agreeable as is the prospect for you and them, we must acknowledge there is one drawback to the picture. Lord Lorne has, as I have said, a multitude of merits, but even spots will be discovered on the sun, and unfortunately an irreparable, and, as I may call it, a congenital defect attaches to this appointment. Lord Lorne is not an Irishman! It is not his fault —he did the best he could for himself—he came as near the

right thing as possible by being born a Celtic Highlander. There is no doubt the world is best administered by Irishmen. Things never went better with us either at home or abroad than when Lord Palmerston ruled Great Britain—Lord Mayo governed India—Lord Monck directed the destinies of Canada—and the Robinsons, the Kennedys, the Laffans, the Callaghans, the Gores, the Hennesys, administered the affairs of our Australian colonies and West Indian possessions. Have not even the French at last made the same discovery in the person of Marshal MacMahon? But still we must be generous, and it is right Scotchmen should have a turn. After all, Scotland only got her name because she was conquered by the Irish—and if the real truth were known, it is probable the house of Inverary owes most of its glory to an Irish origin. Nay, I will go a step further—I would even let the poor Englishman take an occasional turn at the helm—if for no better reason than to make him aware how much better we manage the business. But you have not come to that yet, and though you have been a little spoiled by having been given three Irish governor-generals in succession, I am sure you will find that your new viceroy's personal and acquired qualifications will more than counterbalance his ethnological disadvantages.

And now, gentlemen, I must bid you farewell. Never shall I forget the welcome you extended to me in every town and hamlet of Ontario when I first came amongst you. It was in traveling through your beautiful province I first learned to appreciate and understand the nature and character of your destinies. It was there I first learned to believe in Canada, and from that day to this my faith has never wavered. Nay, the further I extended my travels through the other provinces the more deeply my initial impressions were confirmed; but it was amongst you they were first engendered, and it is with your smiling happy hamlets my brightest reminiscences are intertwined. And what transaction could better illustrate the mighty changes your energies have wrought than the one in which we are at this moment engaged? Standing, as we do, upon this lofty platform, surrounded by those antique and historical fortifications, so closely connected with the infant fortunes of the colony, one cannot help contrasting the

present scene with others of an analogous character which have been frequently enacted upon the very spot. The early Governors of Canada have often received in Quebec deputies from the very districts from which each of you have come, but in those days the sites now occupied by your prosperous towns, the fields you till, the rose-clad bowers, and trim lawns where your children sport in peace, were then dense wildernesses of primeval forest, and those who came from thence on an errand here were merciless savages, seeking the presence of the viceroy either to threaten war and vengeance, or at best to proffer a treacherous and uncertain peace. How little could Montmagny, or Tracy, or Vaudreuil, or Frontenac, have ever imagined on such occasions that for the lank dusky forms of the Iroquois or Ottawa emissaries, would one day be substituted the beaming countenances and burly proportions of English-speaking mayors and aldermen and reeves. And now, gentlemen, again good-bye. I cannot tell you how deeply I regret that Lady Dufferin should not be present to share the gratification I have experienced by your visit. Tell your friends at home how deeply I have been moved by this last and signal proof of their good-will, that their kindness shall never be forgotten, and that as long as I live it will be one of the chief ambitions of my life to render them faithful and effectual service.

AN ICELANDIC DINNER.

From 'Letters from High Latitudes.'

Yesterday—no—the day before—in fact I forget the date of the day—I don't believe it had one—all I know is, I have not been in bed since,—we dined at the Governor's; —though dinner is too modest a term to apply to the entertainment.

The invitation was for four o'clock, and at half-past three we pulled ashore in the gig; I, innocent that I was, in a well-fitting white waistcoat.

The Government House, like all the others, is built of wood, on the top of a hillock; the only accession of dignity it can boast being a little bit of mangy kitchen-garden that

hangs down in front to the road, like a soiled apron. There was no lock, handle, bell, or knocker to the door, but immediately on our approach a servant presented himself, and ushered us into the room where Count Trampe was waiting to welcome us. After having been presented to his wife we proceeded to shake hands with the other guests, most of whom I already knew; and I was glad to find that, at all events in Iceland, people do not consider it necessary to pass the ten minutes which precede the announcement of dinner as if they had assembled to assist at the opening of their entertainer's will, instead of his oysters.

The company consisted of the chief dignitaries of the island, including the bishop, the chief-justice, etc., etc., some of them in uniform, and all with holiday faces. As soon as the door was opened Count Trampe tucked me under his arm—two other gentlemen did the same to my two companions—and we streamed into the dining-room. The table was very prettily arranged with flowers, plate, and a forest of glasses. Fitzgerald and I were placed on either side of our host, the other guests, in due order, beyond. On my left sat the rector, and opposite, next to Fitz, the chief physician of the island. Then began a series of transactions of which I have no distinct recollection; in fact, the events of the next five hours recur to me in as great disarray as reappear the vestiges of a country that has been disfigured by some deluge. . . .

I gather, then, from evidence—internal and otherwise—that the dinner was excellent, and that we were helped in Benjamite proportions; but as before the soup was finished I was already hard at work hob-nobbing with my two neighbors, it is not to be expected I should remember the bill of fare.

With the peculiar manners used in Scandinavian skoal-drinking I was already well acquainted. In the nice conduct of a wine-glass I knew that I excelled, and having an hereditary horror of heel-taps, I prepared with a firm heart to respond to the friendly provocations of my host. I only wish you could have seen how his kind face beamed with approval when I chinked my first bumper against his, and having emptied it at a draught, turned it towards him bottom upwards with the orthodox twist. Soon, however, things began to look more serious even than I had expected.

I knew well that to refuse a toast, or to half empty your glass, was considered churlish. I had come determined to accept my host's hospitality as cordially as it was offered. I was willing, at a pinch, to *payer de ma personne;* should he not be content with seeing me *at* his table, I was ready, if need were, to remain *under* it! but at the rate we were then going it seemed probable this consummation would take place before the second course: so, after having exchanged a dozen rounds of sherry and champagne with my two neighbors, I pretended not to observe that my glass had been refilled; and, like the sea-captain, who, slipping from between his two opponents, left them to blaze away at each other the long night through,—withdrew from the combat.

But it would not do; with untasted bumpers and dejected faces they politely waited until I should give the signal for a renewal of *host*ilities, as they well deserved to be called. Then there came over me a horrid, wicked feeling. What if I should endeavor to floor the Governor, and so literally turn the tables on him! It is true I had lived for five-and-twenty years without touching wine,—but was not I my great-grandfather's great-grandson, and an Irish peer to boot! Were there not traditions, too, on the other side of the house, of casks of claret brought up into the dining-room, the door locked, and the key thrown out of the window? With such antecedents to sustain me, I ought to be able to hold my own against the stanchest toper in Iceland! So, with a devil glittering in my left eye, I winked defiance right and left, and away we went at it again for another five-and-forty minutes. At last their fire slackened: I had partially quelled both the Governor and the rector, and still survived. It is true I did not feel comfortable; but it was in the neighborhood of my waistcoat, not my head, I suffered. "I am not well, but I will not out," I soliloquized, with Lepidus—"give me the wing," I would have added, had I dared. Still the neck of the banquet was broken—Fitzgerald's chair was not yet empty,—could we hold out perhaps a quarter of an hour longer our reputation was established; guess then my horror, when the Icelandic doctor, shouting his favorite dogma by way of battle cry, "Si trigintis guttis, morbum curare velis, erras," gave the signal for an unexpected on-

slaught, and the twenty guests poured down on me in succession. I really thought I should have run away from the house; but the true family blood, I suppose, began to show itself, and, with a calmness almost frightful, I received them one by one.

After this began the public toasts.

Although up to this time I had kept a certain portion of my wits about me, the subsequent hours of the entertainment became henceforth enveloped in a dreamy mystery. I can perfectly recall the look of the sheaf of glasses that stood before me, six in number; I could draw the pattern of each: I remember feeling a lazy wonder they should always be full, though I did nothing but empty them,—and at last solved the phenomenon by concluding I had become a kind of Danàid, whose punishment, not whose sentence, had been reversed: then suddenly I felt as if I were disembodied,—a distant spectator of my own performances, and of the feast at which my person remained seated. The voices of my host, of the rector, of the chief-justice, became thin and low, as though they reached me through a whispering tube; and when I rose to speak it was as to an audience in another sphere, and in a language of another state of being: yet, however unintelligible to myself, I must have been in some sort understood, for at the end of each sentence cheers, faint as the roar of waters on a far-off strand, floated towards me; and if I am to believe a report of the proceedings subsequently shown us, I must have become polyglot in my cups. According to that report it seems the Governor threw off (I wonder he did not do something else), with the queen's health in French, to which I responded in the same language. Then the rector, in English, proposed my health,—under the circumstances a cruel mockery,—but to which, ill as I was, I responded very gallantly by drinking to the *beaux yeux* of the Countess. Then somebody else drank success to Great Britain, and I see it was followed by really a very learned discourse by Lord D. in honor of the ancient Icelanders; during which he alluded to their discovery of America, and Columbus' visit. Then came a couple of speeches in Icelandic, after which the bishop, in a magnificent Latin oration of some twenty minutes, a second time proposes my health; to which, utterly at my wits' end, I had the au-

dacity to reply in the same language. As it is fit so great an effort of oratory should not perish, I send you some of its choicest specimens:—

"Viri illustres," I began, "insolitus ut sum ad publicum loquendum, ego propero respondere ad complimentum quod recte reverendus prelaticus mihi fecit, in proponendo meam salutem: et supplico vos credere quod multum gratificatus et flattificatus sum honore tam distincto.

"Bibere, viri illustres, res est, quæ in omnibus terris, 'domum venit ad hominum negotia et pectora:'[1] (1) requirit 'haustum longum, haustum fortem, et haustum omnes simul:' (2) ut canit poeta, 'unum tactum Naturæ totum orbem facit consanguineum,'(3) et hominis natura est—bibere(4).

"Viri illustres, alterum est sentimentum equaliter universale: terra communis super quam septentrionales et meridionales, eâdem enthusiasmâ convenire possunt: est necesse quod id nominarem? Ad pulchrum sexum devotio!

"'Amor regit palatium, castra, lucum.'(5) Dubito sub quo capite vestram jucundam civitatem numerare debeam. Palatium? non regem! castra? non milites! lucum? non ullam arborem habetis! Tamen Cupido vos dominat haud aliter quam alios,—et virginum Islandarum pulchritudo per omnes regiones cognita est.

"Bibamus salutem earum, et confusionem ad omnes bacularios: speramus quod eæ caræ et benedictæ creaturæ invenient tot maritos quot velint,—quòd geminos quottanis habeant, et quod earum filiæ, maternum exemplum sequentes, gentem Islandicam perpetuent in sæcula sæculorum."

The last words mechanically rolled out, in the same "ore rotundo" with which the poor old Dean of Christchurch used to finish his Gloria, etc., in the cathedral.

Then followed more speeches,—a great chinking of

[1] As the happiness of these quotations seemed to produce a very pleasing effect on my auditors, I subjoin a translation of them for the benefit of the unlearned:—

1. "Comes home to men's business and bosoms."—*Paterfamilias, Times.*
2. "A long pull, a strong pull, and a pull all together."—*Nelson at the Nile.*
3. "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin."—*Jeremy Bentham.*
4. Apothegm by the late Lord Mountcoffeehouse.
5. "Love rules the court, the camp, the grove."—*Venerable Bede.*

glasses,—a Babel of conversation,—a kind of dance round the table, where we successively gave each alternate hand, as in the last figure of the Lancers,—a hearty embrace from the Governor,—and finally—silence, daylight, and fresh air, as we stumbled forth into the street.

THOMAS DUFFET.

(Flourished about 1676.)

THOMAS DUFFET "flourished in the seventeenth century," according to Lemprière's Universal Biography. Beyond this little is known except that he was an Irishman who kept a milliner's shop in the New Exchange, London, and was a writer of burlesques and songs. As a song-writer he is now best remembered. His songs are delightful of their kind, an artificial kind to be sure, but his was an age of artificialities. Something of the delicate unreal grace,—as of a duchess playing at milkmaid with a Dresden-China petticoat all nosegays and true-lover knots,—which gave its most exquisite inspiration to Purcell and Arne, is to be found in the songs of the accomplished ex-man-milliner ; something, too, of the gay and cold sparkle of Pope is in his praises of Celia.

That Duffet's burlesques of Dryden and Shadwell and others were successful, even the editors of 'Biographia Dramatica' acknowledge, but they declare that for the favorable reception they found Mr. Duffet stood more indebted to the great names of those authors whose works he attempted to burlesque and ridicule than to any merit of his own." Of these burlesques six are at present known : 'The Amorous Old Woman' (doubtful), 'Spanish Rogue,' 'Empress of Morocco,' 'Mock Tempest,' 'Beauty's Triumph,' and 'Psyche Debauched.'

COME ALL YOU PALE LOVERS.

Come all you pale lovers that sigh and complain,
While your beautiful tyrants but laugh at your pain,
Come practice with me
To be happy and free,
In spite of inconstancy, pride, or disdain.
I see and I love, and the bliss I enjoy
No rival can lessen nor envy destroy.

My mistress so fair is, no language or art
Can describe her perfection in every part;
Her mien 's so genteel,
With such ease she can kill,
Each look with new passion she captures my heart.

Her smiles, the kind message of love from her eyes,
When she frowns 't is from others her flame to disguise.
Thus her scorn or her spite
I convert to delight,
As the bee gathers honey wherever he flies.

My vows she receives from her lover unknown,
And I fancy kind answers although I have none.
How blest should I be
If our hearts did agree,
Since already I find so much pleasure alone.
I see and I love, and the bliss I enjoy
No rival can lessen nor envy destroy.

SIR CHARLES GAVAN DUFFY.

(1816—1903.)

Charles Gavan Duffy was born in Monaghan in 1816. He was educated in that town, and he had, at an early age, to rely on his own energies. He was but a lad when he went to Dublin and obtained employment as sub-editor on *The Dublin Morning Register*. He returned soon afterward to his native north as the editor of a paper of considerable influence in Belfast. Once more he turned his face to the metropolis, and obtained an engagement on *The Mountain*, an O'Connell organ.

It was not till 1842, however, that his career could be said to have really begun. In that year he, in conjunction with Thomas Davis and John B. Dillon, founded *The Nation*. The memoirs we give of several Irishmen—orators, poets, and prose writers—will bring home to the reader a sense of the enormous significance of this event in the literary and political world of Ireland.

Duffy's new journal attracted to it all the young talent of the country, and there grew up a literature which challenges favorable comparison with that of any other period of Irish history. Duffy was soon brought face to face with the difficulties which lay in the path of a journalist of anti-governmental politics ; in 1844 he was tried with O'Connell, was defended by Whiteside, and was found guilty. The verdict was quashed on an appeal to the House of Lords.

Soon after this a breach took place between O'Connell and the Young Ireland party. Duffy was one of the founders of the Irish Confederation, which the more ardent section set up in opposition to O'Connell's pacific organization. When the troublous days of 1848 came, Duffy had to pass through the same trials as his companions; *The Nation* was suppressed; he himself was arrested, and only released after the Government four times attempted, and four times failed, to obtain a conviction.

And now he began life again, resuscitated *The Nation*, and preached the modified gospel of constitutional agitation. He also had a share in founding a Parliamentary party, having been elected for New Ross in 1852. The object of this party was to obtain legislative reforms, especially for the cultivators of the soil ; and one of its principles was to hold aloof from both the English parties. The defection of Justice Keogh and others drove several of the "Independent opposition" party, as it was called, to despair, and destroyed for the moment all confidence in Parliamentary agitation. Duffy, being one among those who had abandoned hope, left Ireland to seek brighter fortunes and more promising work in another land.

He soon found employment for his talents in Australia : he had left Ireland in 1856, and in 1857 was Minister of Public Works in Victoria. That office he held twice afterward, and in 1871 he attained to the still higher position of Prime Minister of the colony. Being defeated in Parliament, he demanded the right to dissolve ;

but Viscount Canterbury, for reasons which were at the time the subject of hot controversy, declined to accede to the request, and Duffy had to resign. He was offered knighthood, which he at first refused, but ultimately accepted in May, 1873. In 1876 he was elected Speaker of the Legislative Assembly. After his departure from Ireland he paid two visits of some duration to Europe, and on his retirement in 1880 he went to live at Nice, where he recorded in volumes as fascinating as instructive the history of the Irish movements with which he had been connected. He died in 1903.

Sir Charles Duffy was a writer of vigorous prose and an effective orator. His poems are few in number. Several of them are strong and slashing and warlike. There are others in sweeter vein; but all alike bear the stamp of the true poet. His publications are 'The Ballad Poetry of Ireland,' 1845 (fifty editions); 'Young Ireland,' 'A Fragment of Irish History,' 'Conversations with Carlyle,' 'The League of North and South,' 'The Life of Thomas Davis,' 'Bird's Eye View of Irish History,' 'My Life in Two Hemispheres.' He was President of the Irish Literary Society of London.

A DISPUTE WITH CARLYLE.

From 'Conversations with Carlyle.'

In all our intercourse for more than a generation I had only one quarrel with Carlyle, which occurred about this time, and I wish to record it, because, in my opinion, he behaved generously and even magnanimously. Commenting on some transaction of the day, I spoke with indignation of the treatment of Ireland by her stronger sister. Carlyle replied that if he must say the whole truth, it was his opinion that Ireland had brought all her misfortunes on herself. She had committed a great sin in refusing and resisting the Reformation. In England, and especially in Scotland, certain men who had grown altogether intolerant of the condition of the world arose and swore that this thing should not continue, though the earth and the devil united to uphold it; and their vehement protest was heard by the whole universe, and whatever had been done for human liberty from that time forth, in the English Commonwealth, in the French Revolution, and the like, was the product of this protest.

It was a great sin for nations to darken their eyes against light like this, and Ireland, which had persistently done so, was punished accordingly. It was hard to say how far England was blamable in trying by trenchant laws

to compel her into the right course, till in later times it was found the attempt was wholly useless, and then properly given up. He found, and any one might see who looked into the matter a little, that countries had prospered or fallen into helpless ruin in exact proportion as they had helped or resisted this message. The most peaceful, hopeful nations in the world just now were the descendants of the men who had said, "Away with all your trash; we will believe in none of it; we scorn your threats of damnation; on the whole we prefer going down to hell with a true story in our mouths to gaining heaven by any holy legerdemain." Ireland refused to believe and must take the consequences, one of which, he would venture to point out, was a population preternaturally ignorant and lazy.

I was very angry, and I replied vehemently that the upshot of his homily was that Ireland was rightly trampled upon, and plundered for three centuries, for not believing in the Thirty-nine Articles; but did he believe in a tittle of them himself? If he did believe them, what was the meaning of his exhortations to get rid of Hebrew old clothes, and put off Hebrew spectacles? If he did not believe them, it seemed to me that he might, on his own showing, be trampled upon, and robbed as properly as Ireland for rejecting what he called the manifest truth. Queen Elizabeth, or her father, or any of the Englishmen or Scotchmen who rose for the deliverance of the world, and so forth, would have made as short work of him as they did of popish recusants. Ireland was ignorant, he said, but did he take the trouble of considering that for three generations to seek education was an offense strictly prohibited and punished by law? Down to the time of the Reform Act, and the coming into power of the Reformers, the only education tendered to the Irish people was mixed with the soot of hypocrisy and profanation. When I was a boy, in search of education, there was not in a whole province, where the successors of these English and Scotch prophets had had their own way, a single school for Catholic boys above the condition of a Poor School.

My guardian had to determine whether I should do without education, or seek it in a Protestant school, where I was regarded as an intruder,—not an agreeable experiment in the province of Ulster, I could assure him. This was what

I, for my part, owed to these missionaries of light and civilization. The Irish people were lazy, he said, taking no account of the fact that the fruits of their labor were not protected by law, but left a prey to their landlords, who plundered them without shame or mercy. Peasants were not industrious, under such conditions, nor would philosophers be for that matter, I fancied. If the people of Ireland found the doctrines of the Reformation incredible three hundred years ago, why were they not as well entitled to reject them then as he was to reject them today? In my opinion they were better entitled. A nation which had been the school of the West, a people who had sent missionaries throughout Europe to win barbarous races to Christianity, who interpreted in its obvious sense God's promise to be always with his Church, suddenly heard that a king of unbridled and unlawful passions undertook to modify the laws of God for his own convenience, and that his ministers and courtiers were bribed into acquiescence by the plunder of monasteries and churches: what wonder that they declared that they would die rather than be partners in such a transaction. It might be worth remembering that the pretensions of Anne Boleyn's husband to found a new religion seemed as absurd and profane to these Irishmen as the similar pretensions of Joe Smith seemed to all of us at present. After all they had endured, the people of Ireland might compare with any in the world for the only virtues they were permitted to cultivate: piety, chastity, simplicity, hospitality to the stranger, fidelity to friends, and the magnanimity of self-sacrifice for truth and justice. When we were touring in Ireland together twenty years before, with the phenomena under our eyes, he himself declared that after a trial of three centuries there was more vitality in Catholicism than in this saving light to which the people had blinded their eyes.

Mrs. Carlyle and John Forster, who were present, looked at each other in consternation, as if a catastrophe were imminent; but Carlyle replied placidly, "That there was no great life, he apprehended, in either of these systems at present; men looked to something quite different to that for their guidance just now."

I could not refrain from returning to the subject. Countries which had refused to relinquish their faith were less

prosperous, he insisted, than those who placidly followed the royal Reformers in Germany and England. Perhaps they were; but worldly prosperity was the last test I expected to hear him apply to the merits of a people. If this was to be a test, the Jews left the Reformers a long way in the rear.

When nations were habitually peaceful and prosperous, he replied, it might be inferred that they dealt honestly with the rest of mankind, for this was the necessary basis of any prosperity that was not altogether ephemeral; and, as conduct was the fruit of conviction, it might be further inferred, with perfect safety, that they had had honest teaching, which was the manifest fact in the cases he specified.

I was much heated, and I took myself off as soon as I could discreetly do so. The same evening I met Carlyle at dinner at John Forster's; I sat beside him and had a pleasant talk, and neither then nor at any future time did he resent my brusque criticism by the slightest sign of displeasure. This is a fact, I think, which a generous reader will recognize to be altogether incompatible with the recent estimate of Carlyle as a man of impatient temper and arrogant, overbearing self-will.

THE MUSTER OF THE NORTH.

"We deny and have always denied the alleged massacre of 1641. But that the people rose under their chiefs, seized the English towns and expelled the English settlers, and in doing so committed many excesses, is undeniable—as is equally their desperate provocation. The ballad here printed is not meant as an apology for these excesses, which we condemn and lament, but as a true representation of the feelings of the insurgents in the first madness of success."—*Author's note.*

Joy! joy! the day is come at last, the day of hope and pride—
And see! our crackling bonfires light old Bann's rejoicing tide,
And gladsome bell and bugle-horn from Newry's captured towers,
Hark! how they tell the Saxon swine this land is ours—is OURS!

Glory to God! my eyes have seen the ransomed fields of Down,
My ears have drunk the joyful news, "Stout Phelim hath his own."

Oh! may they see and hear no more!—oh! may they rot to clay!—
When they forget to triumph in the conquest of to-day.

Now, now we 'll teach the shameless Scot to purge his thievish maw;
Now, now the court may fall to pray, for Justice is the Law;
Now shall the Undertaker[1] square, for once, his loose accounts—
We 'll strike, brave boys, a fair result, from all his false amounts.

Come, trample down their robber rule, and smite its venal spawn,
Their foreign laws, their foreign Church, their ermine and their lawn,
With all the specious fry of fraud that robbed us of our own;
And plant our ancient laws again beneath our lineal throne.

Our standard flies o'er fifty towers, o'er twice ten thousand men;
Down have we plucked the pirate Red, never to rise again;
The Green alone shall stream above our native field and flood—
The spotless Green, save where its folds are gemmed with Saxon blood!

Pity![2] no, no, you dare not, priest—not you, our Father, dare
Preach to us now that godless creed—the murderer's blood to spare;
To spare his blood, while tombless still our slaughtered kin implore
"Graves and revenge" from Gobbin cliffs and Carrick's bloody shore![3]

Pity! could we "forget, forgive," if we were clods of clay,
Our martyred priests, our banished chiefs, our race in dark decay,

[1] The Scotch and English adventurers planted in Ulster by James I. were called "Undertakers."

[2] Leland, the Protestant historian, states that the Catholic priests "labored zealously to moderate the excesses of war," and frequently protected the English by concealing them in their places of worship and even under their altars.

[3] The scene of the massacre of the unoffending inhabitants of Island Magee by the garrison of Carrickfergus.

And, worse than all—you know it, priest—the daughters of our land—
With wrongs we blushed to name until the sword was in our hand?

Pity! well, if you needs must whine, let pity have its way—
Pity for all our comrades true, far from our side to-day:
The prison-bound who rot in chains, the faithful dead who poured
Their blood 'neath Temple's lawless axe or Parson's ruffian sword.

They smote us with the swearer's oath and with the murderer's knife;
We in the open field will fight fairly for land and life;
But, by the dead and all their wrongs, and by our hopes to-day,
One of us twain shall fight their last, or be it we or they.

They banned our faith, they banned our lives, they trod us into earth,
Until our very patience stirred their bitter hearts to mirth.
Even this great flame that wraps them now, not *we* but *they* have bred:
Yes, this is their own work; and now their work be on their head!

Nay, Father, tell us not of help from Leinster's Norman peers,
If we shall shape our holy cause to match their selfish fears—
Helpless and hopeless be their cause who brook a vain delay!
Our ship is launched, our flag 's afloat, whether they come or stay.

Let silken Howth and savage Slane still kiss their tyrant's rod,
And pale Dunsany still prefer his master to his God;
Little we 'd miss their fathers' sons, the Marchmen of the Pale,
If Irish hearts and Irish hands had Spanish blade and mail!

Then let them stay to bow and fawn, or fight with cunning words;
I fear no more their courtly arts than England's hireling swords;
Nathless their creed, they hate us still, as the despoiler hates;
Could they love us, and love their prey, our kinsmen's lost estates?

Our rude array 's a jagged rock to smash the spoiler's power—
Or, need we aid, His aid we have who doomed this gracious hour;
Of yore He led His Hebrew host to peace through strife and pain,
And us He leads the self-same path the self-same goal to gain.

Down from the sacred hills whereon a saint[1] communed with God,
Up from the vale where Bagenal's blood manured the reeking sod,
Out from the stately woods of Truagh M'Kenna's plundered home,
Like Malin's waves, as fierce and fast, our faithful clansmen come.

Then, brethren, *on!* O'Neill's dear shade would frown to see you pause—
Our banished Hugh, our martyred Hugh, is watching o'er your cause—
His generous error lost the land—he deemed the Norman true;
Oh, forward, friends, it must not lose the land again in you!

THE IRISH RAPPAREES.

A PEASANT BALLAD.

"When Limerick was surrendered and the bulk of the Irish army took service with Louis XIV., a multitude of the old soldiers of the Boyne, Aughrim, and Limerick, preferred remaining in the country at the risk of fighting for their daily bread; and with them some gentlemen, loath to part from their estates or their sweethearts. The English army and the English law drove them by degrees to the hills, where they were long a terror to the new and old settlers from England, and a secret pride and comfort to the trampled peasantry, who loved them even for their excesses. It was all they had left to take pride in."—*Author's note.*

Righ Shemus he has gone to France and left his crown behind:—
Ill-luck be theirs, both day and night, put runnin' in his mind!
Lord Lucan[2] followed after, with his slashers brave and true,

[1] St. Patrick, whose favorite retreat was Lecale, in the County Down.

[2] After the Treaty of Limerick, Patrick Sarsfield, Lord Lucan, sailed with the Brigade to France, and was killed while leading his countrymen to victory at the battle of Landen, in the Low Countries, July 29, 1693.

And now the doleful *keen* is raised—"What will poor Ireland do?
"What must poor Ireland do?
Our luck, they say, has gone to France. What *can* poor Ireland do?"

Oh, never fear for Ireland, for she has so'gers still,
For Remy's boys are in the wood, and Rory's on the hill;
And never had poor Ireland more loyal hearts than these—
May God be kind and good to them, the faithful Rapparees!
The fearless Rapparees!
The jewel waar ye, Rory, with your Irish Rapparees!

Oh, black 's your heart, Clan Oliver, and coulder than the clay!
Oh high 's your head, Clan Sassenach, since Sarsfield 's gone away!
It 's little love you bear to us for sake of long ago—
But howld your hand, for Ireland still can strike a deadly blow—
Can strike a mortal blow—
Och! *dar-a-Chriost!* 't is she that still could strike the deadly blow!

The master's bawn, the master's seat, a surly *bodach*[1] fills;
The master's son, an outlawed man, is riding on the hills;
But, God be praised, that round him throng, as thick as summer bees,
The swords that guarded Limerick walls—his faithful Rapparees!
His lovin' Rapparees!
Who daar say, "No" to Rory Oge, who heads the Rapparees!

Black Billy Grimes, of Latnamard, he racked us long and sore—
God rest the faithful hearts he broke; we 'll never see them more!
But I 'll go bail he 'll break no more while Truagh has gallows-trees,
For why? he met one lonesome night the awful Rapparees!
The angry Rapparees!
They never sin no more, my boys, who cross the Rapparees.

Now, Sassenach and Cromweller, take heed of what I say—
Keep down your black and angry looks that scorn us night and day;
For there 's a just and wrathful Judge that every action sees,

[1] *Bodach*, a severe, inhospitable man; a churl.

And He 'll make strong, to right our wrong, the faithful Rapparees!
The fearless Rapparees!
The men that rode at Sarsfield's side, the changeless Rapparees!

THE IRISH CHIEFS.

Oh! to have lived like an Irish Chief, when hearts were fresh and true,
And a manly thought, like a pealing bell, would quicken them through and through;
And the seed of a generous hope right soon to a fiery action grew,
And men would have scorned to talk and talk, and never a deed to do.
Oh! the iron grasp,
And the kindly clasp,
And the laugh so fond and gay;
And the roaring board,
And the ready sword,
Were the types of that vanished day.

Oh! to have lived as Brian lived, and to die as Brian died;
His land to win with the sword, and smile, as a warrior wins his bride.
To knit its force in a kingly host, and rule it with kingly pride,
And still in the girt of its guardian swords over victor fields to ride;
And when age was past,
And when death came fast,
To look with a softened eye
On a happy race
Who had loved his face,
And to die as a king should die.

Oh! to have lived dear Owen's life—to live for a solemn end,
To strive for the ruling strength and skill God's saints to the Chosen send;
And to come at length with that holy strength, the bondage of fraud to rend,
And pour the light of God's freedom in where Tyrants and Slaves were denned;
And to bear the brand
With an equal hand,
Like a soldier of Truth and Right,

And, oh! Saints, to die,
While our flag flew high,
Nor to look on its fall or flight.

Oh! to have lived as Grattan lived, in the glow of his manly years,
To thunder again those iron words that thrill like the clash of spears;
Once more to blend for a holy end, our peasants, and priests, and peers,
Till England raged, like a baffled fiend, at the tramp of our Volunteers.
And, oh! best of all,
Far rather to fall
(With a blesseder fate than he,)
On a conquering field,
Than one right to yield,
Of the Island so proud and free!

Yet scorn to cry on the days of old, when hearts were fresh and true,
If hearts be weak, oh! chiefly *then* the Missioned their work must do;
Nor wants our day its own fit way, the want is in *you* and *you;*
For these eyes have seen as kingly a King as ever dear Erin knew.
And with Brian's will,
And with Owen's skill,
And with glorious Grattan's love,
He had freed us soon—
But death darkened his noon,
And he sits with the saints above.

Oh! could you live as Davis lived—kind Heaven be his bed!
With an eye to guide, and a hand to rule, and a calm and kingly head,
And a heart from whence, like a Holy Well, the soul of his land was fed,
No need to cry on the days of old that your holiest hope be sped.
Then scorn to pray
For a by-past day—
The whine of the sightless dumb!
To the true and wise
Let a king arise,
And a holier day is come!

INNISHOWEN.

God bless the gray mountains of dark Donegal,
God bless Royal Aileach, the pride of them all;
For she sits evermore like a queen on her throne,
And smiles on the valley of Green Innishowen.
And fair are the valleys of Green Innishowen,
And hardy the fishers that call them their own—
A race that nor traitor nor coward have known
Enjoy the fair valleys of Green Innishowen.

Oh! simple and bold are the bosoms they bear,
Like the hills that with silence and nature they share;
For our God, who hath planted their home near his own,
Breathed His spirit abroad upon fair Innishowen.
Then praise to our Father for wild Innishowen,
Where fiercely for ever the surges are thrown—
Nor weather nor fortune a tempest hath blown
Could shake the strong bosoms of brave Innishowen.

See the bountiful Couldah [1] careering along—
A type of their manhood so stately and strong—
On the weary for ever its tide is bestown,
So they share with the stranger in fair Innishowen.
God guard the kind homesteads of fair Innishowen.
Which manhood and virtue have chos'n for their own;
Not long shall that nation in slavery groan,
That rears the tall peasants of fair Innishowen.

Like that oak of St. Bride which nor Devil nor Dane,
Nor Saxon nor Dutchman could rend from her fane,
They have clung by the creed and the cause of their own
Through the midnight of danger in true Innishowen.
Then shout for the glories of old Innishowen,
The stronghold that foemen have never o'erthrown—
The soul and the spirit, the blood and the bone,
That guard the green valleys of true Innishowen.

No purer of old was the tongue of the Gael,
When the charging *aboo* made the foreigner quail;
When it gladdens the stranger in welcome's soft tone.
In the home-loving cabins of kind Innishowen,
Oh! flourish, ye homesteads of kind Innishowen,
Where seeds of a people's redemption are sown;
Right soon shall the fruit of that sowing have grown,
To bless the kind homesteads of green Innishowen.

[1] *Couldah, Culdaff*, the chief river in the Innishowen mountains.

When they tell us the tale of a spell-stricken band,
All entranced, with their bridles and broadswords in hand,
Who await but the word to give Erin her own,
They can read you that riddle in proud Innishowen.
Hurra for the Spæmen [1] of proud Innishowen!—
Long live the wild Seers of stout Innishowen!—
May Mary, our mother, be deaf to their moan
Who love not the promise of proud Innishowen!

[1] *Spœmen*, an Ulster and Scotch term signifying a person gifted with "second sight"—a prophet.

EARL OF DUNRAVEN.

(1841 ——)

Windham Thomas Wyndham-Quin, the fourth Earl of Dunraven and Mount-Earl, was born in 1841, and succeeded to the title in 1871. He was educated at Oxford and went into the army. Before his father's death, while Viscount Adare, he devoted himself to literary pursuits, and gained a good deal of the experience afforded by the discharge of the varied and adventurous duties of special correspondent. In this capacity he served the London *Daily Telegraph* throughout the Abyssinian campaign and the Franco-Prussian war, and his letters contained some of the most graphic descriptions that appeared even in that journal of graphic writing during those exciting periods.

He made a tour through the then less frequented parts of the United States, and the result of his observations was given to the world in a book entitled 'The Great Divide,' a work which abounds in brilliant descriptions. He also wrote 'The Upper Yellowstone' (1874); 'The Irish Question' (1880); 'The Soudan: Its History, Geography, and Characteristics' (1884); and 'The Theory and Practice of Navigation' (1900). He is an ardent yachtsman and twice built a yacht to compete for the America Cup.

A CITY IN THE GREAT WEST.

From 'The Great Divide.'

Virginia City. Good Lord! What a name for the place! We had looked forward to it during the journey as to a sort of haven of rest, a lap of luxury; a Capua in which to forget our woes and weariness; an Elysium where we might be washed, clean-shirted, rubbed, shampooed, barbered, curled, cooled, and cocktailed. Not a bit of it! Not a sign of Capua about the place! There might have been laps, but there was no luxury. A street of straggling shanties, a bank, a blacksmith's shop, a few dry-goods stores, and bar-rooms, constitute the main attractions of the "city." A gentleman had informed me that Virginia *city* contained brown stone-front houses and paved streets, equal, he guessed, to any Eastern *town*. How that man did lie in his Wellingtons! The whole place was a delusion and a snare. One of the party was especially mortified, for he had been provided with a letter of introduction to some ladies, from whose society he anticipated great pleas-

ure; but when he came to inquire, he found, to his intense disgust, that they were in Virginia City, *Nevada,* "ten thousand miles away!" However, we soon became reconciled to our fate. We found the little inn very clean and comfortable; we dined on deer, antelope, and bear meat, a fact which raised hopes of hunting in our bosoms; and the people were exceedingly civil, kind, obliging, and anxious to assist strangers in any possible way, as, so far as my experience goes of America, and indeed of all countries, they invariably are as soon as you get off the regular lines of travel.

Virginia City is situated on Alder Gulch. It is surrounded by a dreary country, resembling the more desolate parts of Cumberland, and consisting of interminable waves of steep low hills, covered with short, withered grass. I went out for a walk on the afternoon of our arrival, and was most disagreeably impressed. I could not get to the top of anything, and consequently could obtain no extended view. I kept continually climbing to the summit of grassy hills, only to find other hills, grassier and higher, surrounding me on all sides. The wind swept howling down the combes, and whistled shrilly in the short wiry herbage; large masses of ragged-edged black clouds were piled up against a leaden sky; not a sign of man or beast was to be seen. It began to snow heavily, and I was glad to turn my back to the storm and scud for home.

Alder Gulch produced at one time some of the richest placer workings of the continent. It was discovered in 1863, and about thirty millions of dollars' worth of gold have been won from it. Of late years very little has been done, and at present the industrious Chinaman alone pursues the business of rewashing the old dirt heaps, and making money where any one else would starve. In truth, he is a great washerwoman is your Chinaman, equally successful with rotten quartz and dirty shirts. Alder Gulch is about twelve miles in length, and half a mile broad. It is closed at the head by a remarkable limestone ridge, the highest point of which is known as "Old Baldy Mountain," and it leads into the Jefferson Fork of the Missouri. Along the sides of the valley may be seen many patches of black basalt, and the bottom is covered entirely by drift, composed of material weather and water worn out of met-

amorphic rocks, the fragments varying in size from large bowlders to fine sand and gravel. In this drift the float gold is found.

In Montana the deposits of the precious metal generally occur in metamorphic rocks, belonging probably to the Huronian or Laurentian series. These are clearly stratified, not unfrequently intercalated with bands of clay or sand, and underlie the whole country, forming beds of great thickness, very massive and close-grained in their lower layers, but growing softer and looser in texture towards the surface. The superimposed formations, carboniferous limestones and others, appear to have been almost wholly removed by erosion.

In this part of Montana, indeed, the forces of erosion must have acted with great vigor for a long period of time. The general character of the country where placer mines exist may be said to be a series of deep gulches, frequently dry in the height of summer, but carrying foaming torrents after heavy rains and in snow-melting time, leading at right angles into a principal valley, and combining to form a little river, or, as it would be locally called, a creek.

This principal stream courses in a broad valley through the mountains for perhaps 60, 80, or 100 miles, and at every two or three miles of its progress receives the waters of a little tributary torrent, tearing through the strata in deep cañons for ten or twelve miles, and searching the very vitals of the hills. Down these gulches, cañons, and valleys are carried the yellow specks torn from their quartz and felspar cradles, hurried downward by the melting snow, and battered into powder by falling bowlders and grinding rocks, till they sink in beds of worthless sand and mud, there to lie in peace for ages amid the solitudes of primeval forest and eternal snow.

Some fine day there comes along a dirty, disheveled, tobacco-chewing fellow—"fossicker," as they would say in Australia, "prospector," as he would be called in the States. Impelled by a love of adventure, a passion for excitement, a hatred of "the town and its narrow ways," and of all and any of the steady wage-getting occupations of life, he braves summer's heat and winter's cold, thirst and starvation, hostile Indians and jealous whites; perhaps paddling a tiny birch-bark canoe over unmapped, unheard-

of lakes, away to the far and misty North, or driving before him over the plains and prairies of a more genial clime his donkey or Indian pony, laden with the few necessaries that supply all the wants of his precarious life—a little flour, some tea and sugar tied up in a rag, a battered frying-pan and tin cup, a shovel, axe, and rusty gun. Through untrodden wastes he wanders, self-dependent and alone, thinking of the great spree he had the last time he was in "settlements," and dreaming of what a good time he will enjoy when he gets back rich with the value of some lucky find, till chance directs him to the Gulch.

After a rapid but keen survey, he thinks it is a likely-looking place, capsizes the pack off his pony, leans lazily upon his shovel, spits, and finally concludes to take a sample of the dirt. Listlessly, but with what delicacy of manipulation he handles the shovel, spilling over its edges the water and lighter mud! See the look of interest that wakens up his emotionless face as the residue of sediment becomes less and less! Still more tenderly he moves the circling pan, stooping anxiously to scan the few remaining grains of fine sand.

A minute speck of yellow glitters in the sun; with another dexterous turn of the wrist, two or three more golden grains are exposed to view. He catches his breath; his eyes glisten; his heart beats. Hurrah! He has found the color! and "a d—d good color too." It is all over with your primeval forest now; not all the Indians this side of Halifax or the other place could keep men out of that gulch. In a short time claims are staked, tents erected, shanties built, and "Roaring Camp" is in full blast with all its rowdyism, its shooting, gambling, drinking, and blaspheming, and its under-current of charity, which never will be credited by those who value substance less than shadows, and think more of words than deeds.

CHARLOTTE O'CONOR ECCLES.

Miss O'Conor Eccles is the fourth daughter of Alexander O'Conor Eccles of Ballingarde House, County Roscommon. She was educated at Upton Hall, Birkenhead, and in Paris and Germany. She wrote, under the pseudonym "Hal Godfrey," 'The Rejuvenation of Miss Semaphore,' a delightfully humorous book which has been very successful. Her work, which is scattered over many periodicals, is very extensive. The humorous and the pathetic are happily mingled in her writings.

KING WILLIAM.

A CHRONICLE OF TOOMEVARA.

From *The Pall Mall Gazette.*

In Toomevara our political opinions are strong and well defined, and we express them freely.

Such feuds, however, as that between Mrs. Macfarlane, who kept the refreshment-room at the railway-station, and Mr. James O'Brien, the station-master, were rare, since usually Catholics and Protestants live on very neighborly terms in our part of Ireland. They had taken a dislike to each other from the first, and after-events served to intensify it.

Mrs. Macfarlane was a tall, thin, and eminently respectable woman of fifty, possessed of many rigid virtues. She was a native of the North of Ireland, and at the time our story opens had been for two years proprietress of the buffet, and made a decent living by it, for Toomevara is situated on the Great Eastern and Western Railway, and a fair amount of traffic passes through it.

The station-master, familiarly known as Jim O'Brien, was Toomevara born, and had once been a porter on that very line. He was an intelligent, easy-going, yet quick-tempered man of pronounced Celtic type, with a round, good-natured face, a humorous mouth, shrewd twinkling eyes, and immense volubility. Between him and Mrs. Macfarlane the deadliest warfare raged. She was cold and superior, and implacably in the right. She pointed out Jim's deficiencies whenever she saw them, and she saw them very often. All day long she sat in her refreshment-

room, spectacles on nose, her Bible open before her, knitting, and rising only at the entrance of a customer. Jim had an uneasy consciousness that nothing escaped her eye, and her critical remarks had more than once been reported to him.

"The bitther ould pill!" he said to his wife. "Why, the very look av her 'ud sour a crock o' crame. She 's as cross as a bag av weasels."

Jim was a Catholic and a Nationalist. He belonged to the "Laygue," and spoke at public meetings as often as his duties allowed. He objected to being referred to by Mrs. Macfarlane as a "Papish" and a "Rebel."

"Papish, indeed!" said he. "Ribbil, indeed! Tell the woman to keep a civil tongue in her head, or 't will be worse for her."

"How did the likes av her iver git a husban'?" he would ask distractedly, after a sparring match. "Troth, an' 't is no wonder the poor man died."

Mrs. Macfarlane was full of fight and courage. Her proudest boast was of being the granddaughter, daughter, sister, and widow of Orangemen. The comparative lukewarmness of Toomevara Protestants disgusted her. She often told her intimates that in the little town where she was born no Papist was allowed to settle. Every evening the fife and drum band used in her childhood to march through the streets playing "Protestant Boys," when the inhabitants were expected to rush to their windows and join in the chorus, unless there was a good excuse, such as illness. Otherwise the windows were broken. She looked on herself in Toomevara as a child of Israel among the Babylonians, and felt that it behoved her to uphold the standard of her faith. To this end she sang the praises of the Battle of the Boyne with a triumph that aggravated O'Brien to madness.

"God Almighty help the woman! Is it Irish at all she is—or what? To see her makin' merry because a parcel o' rascally Dutchmen—— Sure, doesn't she know 't was Irish blood they spilt at the Boyne? an' to see her takin' pride in it turns me sick, so it does. If she was English, now, I could stand it; but she callin' herself an Irishwoman—faith, she has the bad dhrop in her, so she has, to be glad at her counthry's misforthunes."

Jim's rage was the greater because Mrs. Macfarlane, whatever she said, said little or nothing to him. She passed him by with lofty scorn and indifference, affecting not to see him; and while she did many things that O'Brien found extremely annoying, they were things strictly within her rights.

Matters had not arrived at this pass all at once. The feud dated from Mrs. Macfarlane's having adopted a little black dog, a mongrel, on which she lavished a wealth of affection, and which—as the most endearing title she knew—she had named "King William." This, of course, was nobody's concern save Mrs. Macfarlane's own, and in a world of philosophers she would have been allowed to amuse herself unheeded; but Jim O'Brien was not a philosopher.

Unlike most Irishmen, he had a great love for flowers. His garden was beautifully kept, and he was prouder of his roses than anything on earth save his eldest daughter Kitty, who was nearly sixteen. Picture, then, his rage and dismay when he one day found his beds scratched into holes, and his roses uprooted by "King William," who had developed a perfect mania for hiding away bones under Jim's flowers. O'Brien made loud and angry complaints to the dog's owner, which she received with unconcern and disbelief.

"Please, Misther O'Brien," she said with dignity, "don't try to put it on the poor dog. Even if you *do* dislike his name, that 's no reason for saying he was in your garden. He knows better, so he does, than to go where he 's not wanted."

After this it was open war between the station-master and the widow.

Jim, with many grumblings, invested in a roll of wire netting, and spent a couple of days securing it to his garden railings, Mrs. Macfarlane protesting the while that she did not believe a word he had said, that he had trumped up a charge just out of spite, that it was only what might be expected from one of his kind, that for her part she had always lived with gentry, and had no patience with low agitators, and that she was quite sure it was his own children, and none else, that he had to thank for the state of

his garden—if, indeed, there was anything wrong with it at all, which she doubted.

Under the windows of the refreshment-room were two narrow flower-beds. These Jim took care never to touch, affecting to consider them the exclusive property of Mrs. Macfarlane. They were long left uncultivated, an eyesore to the station-master; but one day Kelly, the porter, came to him with an air of mystery, to say that "th' ould wan" —for by this term was Mrs. Macfarlane generally indicated—"was settin' somethin' in the beds beyant."

Jim came out of his office, and walked up and down the platform with an air of elaborate unconsciousness. Sure enough, there was Mrs. Macfarlane gardening. She had donned old gloves and a clean checked apron, and trowel in hand was breaking up the caked earth, preparatory, it would seem, to setting seeds.

"What the dickens is she doin'?" asked Jim, when he got back.

"Not a wan av me knows," said Kelly. "She 's been grubbin' there since tin o'clock."

From this time Mrs. Macfarlane was assiduous in the care of her two flower-beds. Every day she might be seen weeding or watering, and though Jim steadily averted his gaze, he was devoured by curiosity as to the probable results. What on earth did she want to grow? The weeks passed. Tiny green seedlings at last pushed their way through the soil, and in due course the nature of the plants became evident. Jim was highly excited, and rushed home to tell his wife.

"Be the Hokey, Mary," he said, "'t is lilies she has there; an' may I never sin, but it 's my belief they 're Orange lilies; an' if they are, I 'll root ev'ry wan av thim out, if I die forrit."

"Be quiet now," said Mary, a pacific creature who spent much of her time soothing her quick-tempered husband. "Sure she wouldn't do the likes o' that on ye. 'T is too hasty y' are, Jim. How d' ye know they 're lilies at all? For the love o' God keep her tongue off ye, an' don't be puttin' yersel' in her way."

"Whisht, woman, d' ye think I 'm a fool? 'T is lilies th' are annyways, an' time 'll tell if they 're Orange or no;

but faith, if th 'are, I won't sthand it. I 'll complain to the Boord."

"Sure the Boord 'll be on her side, man. They 'll say why shudden't she have Orange lilies if she likes."

"Ah, Mary, 't is too simple y' are inthirely. Have ye no sperrit, woman alive, to let her ride rough-shod over uz this way? 'Make a mouse o' yerself an' the cat 'll ate ye' 's a thrue sayin'. Sure Saint Pether himself cudn't sthand it—an' be the Piper that played before Moses, I won't."

"Ye misforthunit man, don't be dhrawin' down ructions on yer head. Haven't ye yer childher to think about? An' don't be throublin' yerself over what she does. 'T is plazin' her y' are, whin she sees you 're mad. Take no notice, man, an' p'raps she 'll shtop."

"The divil fly away wid her for a bitther ould sarpint. The vinom's in her sure enough. Why should I put up wid her, I 'd like to know?"

"Ah, keep yer tongue between yer teeth, Jim. 'T is too onprudent y' are. Not a worrd ye say but is brought back to her by some wan. Have sinse, man. You 'll go sayin' that to Joe Kelly, an' he 'll have it over the town in no time, an' some wan 'll carry it to her."

"An' do ye think I care a thrawneen[1] for the likes av her? Faith, not a pin. If you got yer way, Mary, ye 'd have me like the man that was hanged for sayin' nothin'. Sure I never did a hand's turn agin her, an' 't is a mane thrick av her to go settin' Orange lilies over foreninst me, an' she knowin' me opinions."

"Faith, I 'll not say it wasn't, Jim, if they *are* Orange lilies: but sure ye don't know rightly yet what they are, an' in God's name keep quiet till ye do."

Soothed somewhat by his wife, O'Brien recovered his composure, and as at that moment Joe Kelly rang the station bell, announcing that the eleven o'clock mail train from Dublin was signaled, he hurried out to his duties.

The days went by. The lilies grew taller and taller. They budded, they bloomed; and, sure enough, Jim had been in the right—Orange lilies they proved to be.

"They 'll make a fine show for the Twelfth of July, I 'm thinkin'," said Mrs. Macfarlane complacently to Head Constable Cullen, who had stopped "to pass her the time

[1] *Thrawneen*, a stem of grass.

o' day," as she walked by her beds, swinging a dripping watering-pot.

"So they will, ma'am," said the Constable; "so they will. But what does Misther O'Brien say to them?"

"I 'm sure I don't know, an' I don't care," replied Mrs. Macfarlane loftily. "I haven't consulted Misther O'Brien. He 's nothin' tu me."

"To be sure—to be sure; but bein' *Orange* lilies, ye know, an' we have so few of them about here; and him bein' such an out-an'-out Nationalist, *an'* a Catholic, I just thought it might make a differ between yez."

"An' if it does, it won't be the first. I 'm proud tu differ from the likes of him. You 've no sperrit down here to make a fellow like that a station-master, him that was a common porter to start with; and as for his low opinions, I scorn them—an ignorant, benighted, Papish rebel."

"Come, come, ma'am: 't was the Company made him station-master, not uz. Jim isn't a bad soort an' you 're givin' him too hard names, so y' are."

"He 's a murtherin' vagabone, like all his kind," said Mrs. Macfarlane with energy; "an' I 'm surprised at yu,[1] Head Constable, so I am—yu, a decent man, that has had the benefit of the pure gospel, takin' his part."

"But sure, ma'am, the Bible bids uz love our inimies."

"So it does, but it bids us have no part with evil-doers, an' woon text is as good as another, I 'm thinkin'. Ah, times is changed when a man like *yu*, wearin' the Queen's uniform an' all, can be found to wrest the Scriptures to the advantage of a fellow like that."

"Sure, ma'am, I 'm for pace an' concord. What 's the use of fightin'? We 've all got our own idayas, an' maybe in th' ind, wan is as right as another."

"I 'm surprised at you, Head Constable, that I am; and if my poor father was alive this day to hear yu, he 'd say the same. God be with the time when he marched through Strabane at the head of six hundherd Orangemen in full regalia, playin' 'Croppies lie down.'"

Speaking thus, Mrs. Macfarlane turned abruptly into the refreshment-room, and banged the door behind her.

The Head Constable smiled and looked foolish, for he

[1] In the north of Ireland *yu* and *tu* are pronounced as almost the exact equivalents of the French *yeux* and *tu*.

was a great man in a small way, and accustomed to be treated with respect; then he walked off whistling to hide his discomfiture.

At the time of the blossoming of the Orange lilies James O'Brien was not at home, having had to go some twenty miles down the line on official business. The obnoxious flowers took advantage of his absence to make a gay show. When he returned, as luck would have it, Mrs. Macfarlane was away, and had shut up the refreshment-room, but had not locked it. No one locks doors in Toomevara unless their absence is to be lengthy. She had left "King William" behind, and told Joe Kelly to take care of the dog, in case he should be lonely, for she had been invited to the wedding of an old fellow-servant, the butler at Lord Dunanway's, who was to be married that day to the steward's daughter.

All this Joe Kelly told the station-master on his return, but he did not say a word about the Orange lilies, being afraid of an explosion; and, as he said, "detarmined not to make or meddle, but just to let him find it out himself."

For quite a time Jim was occupied over way-bills in his little office; but at last his attention was distracted by the long-continued howling and yelping of a dog.

"Let the baste out, can't ye?" he at length said to Kelly. "I can't stand listening to 'um anny longer."

"I was afeard 't was run over he might be, agin' she came back," said Kelly, "an' so I shut 'um up."

"Sure there 's no danger. There won't be a thrain in for the next two hour, an' if he was run over *it* self, God knows he 'd be no loss. 'T isn't meself 'ud grieve for 'um, th' ill-favored cur."

"King William" was accordingly released.

When O'Brien had finished his task, he stood for a time at the office-door, his hands crossed behind him supporting his coat-tails, his eyes fixed abstractedly on the sky. Presently he started for his usual walk up and down the platform, when his eye was at once caught by the flare of the stately rows of Orange lilies.

"Be the Holy Poker," he exclaimed, "but I was right! 'T is orange th' are, sure enough. What 'll Mary say now? Faith, 't is lies they do be tellin' whin they say there 's no

riptiles in Ireland. That ould woman bangs Banagher, an' Banagher bangs the divil."

He stopped in front of the obnoxious flowers.

"Isn't it the murthering pity there 's nothin' I can plant to spite her. She has the pull over me intirely. Shamerogues makes no show at all—you 'd pass them unbeknownst,—while Orange lilies ye can see a mile off. Now, who but herself 'ud be up to the likes o' this?"

At the moment he became aware of an extraordinary commotion among the lilies, and looking closer perceived "King William" in their midst, scratching as if for bare life, scattering mould, leaves, and bulbs to the four winds, and with every stroke of his hind-legs dealing destruction to the carefully tended flowers.

The sight filled Jim with sudden gladness.

"More power to the dog!" he cried, with irrepressible glee. "More power to 'um! Sure he has more sinse than his missis. 'King William,' indeed, an' he rootin' up Orange lilies! Ho, ho! Tare an' ouns; but 't is the biggest joke that iver I hard in my life. More power to ye! Good dog!"

Rubbing his hands in an ecstasy of delight, he watched "King William" at his work of devastation, and, regretfully be it confessed, when the dog paused, animated him to fresh efforts by thrilling cries of "Rats!"

"King William" sprang wildly hither and thither, running from end to end of the beds, snapping the brittle lily stems, scattering the blossoms.

"Be gum, but it 's great. Look at 'um now. Cruel wars to the Queen o' Spain if iver I seen such shport! Go it, 'King William!' Smash thim, me boy! Good dog. Out wid thim!" roared Jim, tears of mirth streaming down his cheeks. "Faith, 't is mad she 'll be. I 'd give sixpence to see her face. O Lord! O Lord! Sure it 's the biggest joke that iver was."

At last "King William" tired of the game, but only when every lily lay low, and Mrs. Macfarlane's carefully tended flower-beds were a chaos of broken stalks and trampled blossoms.

It was the quietest hour of the afternoon at Toomevara station. Kelly was busy in the goods-store; Finnerty, the other porter, had just sauntered across to Mrs. M'Glynn's

for a half-glass of whisky, so Jim had all the fun to himself, and grudged losing any by rushing in search of some one to share it. Now, gloating over the destruction wrought, he picked up "King William" by the scruff of the neck, bundled him into the refreshment-room and shut the door, then, beaming with pure joy, rushed off to tell his subordinate the news.

"Joe," he gasped, peering into the dusky goods-store, "I 'm fit to be tied. What d' ye think? Th' ould woman's Orange lilies is all knocked into smithereens."

"Be the laws, sir! ye don't say so?" cried Kelly. "Sure, I thought whin ye 'd see 'um ye 'd go mad an' break things."

"But, Joe, the fun av it is, I never laid a finger on thim. 'T was the dog—'t was 'King William,' if ye plaze, that did the work; 'King William,' begorra, rootin' up Orange liies! Faith, 't was like Teague's cocks that fought wan another though they were all of the same breed."

"The dog?" said Kelly, and there was an accent in the interrogation that angered the station-master.

"Amn't I afther tellin' you 't was the dog: who else? Maybe ye don't b'leeve me?"

"Oh, I do b'leeve ye, sir. Why wouldn't I? On'y I hard ye say ye 'd pull thim up if 't was Orange lilies they was, an' so I thought maybe——"

"There 's manny 's the thing a man sez, that he doesn't do: an' annyhow I didn't do this, but begad 't was fine shport all the same, an' I 'm not a bit sorry. 'T would be more to me than a tin-poun' note this minnit if I could see the face av her whin she finds it out."

"She 'll be back soon now," said Kelly, "an' I misdoubt but we 'll hear from her before long."

Kelly's words were speedily justified.

As O'Brien in high good-humor, having communicated the side-splitting joke to Mary and Finnerty, was busy over an account-book, Kelly came in.

"She 's back," he whispered, "an' she 's neither to hold nor to bind. I was watchin' out, an' sure 't was shtruck all of a hape she was whin she seen thim lilies; an' now I 'll take me oath she 's goin' to come here, for, begob, she looks as cross as nine highways."

"Letter come," chuckled O'Brien, "I 'm ready forrer."

At this moment the office-door was burst open with violence, and Mrs. Macfarlane, in her best Sunday costume, bonnet, black gloves, and umbrella included, her face very pale save the cheek-bones, where two bright pink spots burned, entered the room.

"Misther O'Brien," she said, in a voice that trembled with rage, "will you please to inform me the meanin' of this dastardly outrage?"

"Arrah, what outrage are ye talkin' ov, ma'am?" asked O'Brien innocently. "Sure, be the looks av ye, I think somethin' has upset ye intirely. Faith, you 're lookin' as angry as if you were vexed, as the sayin' is."

"Oh, to be sure! A great wonder indeed that I should be vexed. 'Crabbit was that cause had,'" interrupted Mrs. Macfarlane with a sneer. "You 're not deceivin' me, sir. Full well you know, Misther O'Brien, full well you know that it 's good reason to be angry you 've given me this day. Full well you know the outrage tu which I am alludin'. I 'm not taken in by your pretinces, but if there 's law in the land or justice I 'll have it of yu."

"Would ye mind, ma'am," said O'Brien imperturbably, for his superabounding delight made him feel quite calm and superior to the angry woman—"would ye just mind statin' in plain English what you 're talkin' about, for not a wan av me knows yit?"

"Oh, yu son of Judas! Oh, yu deceivin' wretch, as if it wasn't yu that is afther desthroyin' my flower-beds!"

"Ah, thin it is yer ould flower-beds you 're makin' all this row about? Yer dirty Orange lilies? Sure 't is clared out of the place they ought t've been long ago for weeds. 'T is mesel' that 's glad they 're gone, an' so I tell ye plump an' plain, bud as for me desthroyin' them, sorra finger iver I laid on thim. I wouldn't demane mesel'."

"Hould yer tongue before ye choke with lies," cried Mrs. Macfarlane in towering wrath. "Who but yerself would do the like? Is it when I can get witnesses that heard yu swear yu 'd pull them up? Don't try to fool me."

"Begorra, you 're right enough in that. So I did say it, an' so I might have done it too, on'y it was done for me, an' the throuble spared me. I wasn't nixt or nigh thim whin the desthruction began."

"An' if yu please, Misther O'Brien," said Mrs. Macfar-

lane with ferocious politeness, "will yu kindly mintion, if yu did not do the job, who did?"

"Faith, that 's where the joke comes in," said O'Brien pleasantly. "'T was the very same baste that ruinated my roses, bad cess to him; yer precious pet, 'King William.'"

"Oh! is it leavin' it on the dog y' are, yu traitorous Jesuit? the poor wee dog that never harmed yu? Sure 't is only a Papist would think of a mean trick like that to shift the blame."

The color rose to O'Brien's face.

"Mrs. Macfarlane, ma'am," he said with labored civility, "wid yer permission we 'll lave me religion out o' this. Maybe if ye say much more, I might be losin' me timper wid ye."

"Much I mind what yu lose," cried Mrs. Macfarlane, once more flinging her manners to the winds. "It 's thransported the likes of yu should be for a set of robbin', murderin', destroyin' thraytors."

"Have a care, ma'am, how ye spake to yer betthers. Robbin', deceivin', murdherin', destroyin' thraytors indeed! I like that! What brought over the lot av yez, Williamites, an' Cromwaylians, an' English, an' Scotch, but to rob, an' decave, an' desthroy, an' murdher uz, an' stale our land, an' bid uz go 'to hell or to Connaught,' an' grow fat on what was ours before iver yez came, an' thin jibe uz for bein' poor? Thraytors! Thraytor yerself, for that 's what the lot av yez is. Who wants yez here at all?"

Exasperated beyond endurance, Mrs. Macfarlane struck at the station-master with her neat black umbrella, and had given him a nasty cut across the brow, when Kelly interfered, as well as Finnerty and Mrs. O'Brien, who rushed in attracted by the noise. Between them O'Brien was held back under a shower of blows, and the angry woman hustled outside, whence she retreated to her own quarters, muttering threats all the way.

"Oh, Jim agra! 't is bleedin' y' are," shrieked poor anxious Mary wildly. "Oh, wirra, wirra, why did ye dhraw her on ye? Sure I tould ye how 't would be. As sure as God made little apples she 'll process ye, an' she has the quality on her side."

"Let her," said Jim. "Much good she 'll get by it. Is it makin' a liar av me she 'd be whin I tould her I didn't

touch her ould lilies. Sure I 'll process her back for assaultin' an' battherin' me. Ye all saw her, an' me not touchin her, the *calliagh.*" [1]

"Begorra, 't is thrue for him," said Kelly. "She flagellated him wid her umbrelly, an' sorra blow missed bud the wan that didn't hit, and on'y I was here, an' lit on her suddent like a bee on a posy, she 'd have had his life, so she would."

The lawsuit between Mrs. Macfarlane and O'Brien never came off. Perhaps on reflection the former saw she could not prove that the station-master had uprooted her plants, or, what was more probable, the sight of him going about with his head bound up made her realize that he might be able to turn the tables on her. Accordingly, she meditated a scheme by which to "pay him out," as she phrased it, for his conduct, without the intervention of judge or jury. Not for an instant did she forget her cause of offense, or believe O'Brien's story that it was the dog that had destroyed her Orange lilies. After some consideration she hit on an ingenious device, that satisfied her as being at once supremely anoying to her enemy and well within the law. Her lilies, emblems of the religious and political faith that were in her, were gone; but she still had means to testify to her beliefs, and protest against O'Brien and all that he represented to her mind.

Next day, when the midday train had just steamed into the station, Jim was startled by hearing a wild cheer.

"Hi, 'King William!' Hi, 'King William!' Come back, 'King William!' 'King William,' my darlin', 'King William!'"

The air rang with the shrill party-cry, and when Jim rushed out he found that Mrs. Macfarlane had allowed her dog to run down the platform just as the passengers were alighting, and was now following him, under the pretense of calling him back. There was nothing to be done. The dog's name certainly was "King William," and Mrs. Macfarlane was at liberty to recall him if he strayed.

Jim stood for a moment like one transfixed.

"Faith, I b'leeve 't is the divil's grandmother she is," he exclaimed.

Mrs. Macfarlane passed him with a deliberately unsee-

[1] *Calliagh*, hag.

ing eye. Had he been the gatepost she could not have taken less notice of his presence, as, having made her way to the extreme end of the platform cheering for "King William," she picked up her dog, and marched back in triumph.

"I wonder how he likes that?" she said to herself with a defiant toss of the head, and a pleasing conviction that he did not like it at all.

"Oh, say nothin' to her, Jim! Oh, Jim, for God's sake say nothin' to her!" pleaded Mary.

"I won't," said Jim grimly. "Not a word. But if she does id again, I 'll be ready forrer, so I will. I 'll make her sup sorrow."

Speedily did it become evident that Mrs. Macfarlane was pursuing a regular plan of campaign, for at the arrival of every train that entered the station that day, she went through the same performance of letting loose the dog and then pursuing him down the platform, waving her arms and yelling for "King William."

By the second challenge, Jim had risen to the situation and formed his counterplot. He saw and heard her in stony silence, apparently as indifferent to her tactics as she to his presence; but he was only biding his time. No sooner did passengers alight and enter the refreshment-room, than, having just given them time to be seated, he rushed up, threw open the door of his enemy's head-quarters, and, putting in his head, cried:

"Take yer places, gintlemin, immaydiately. The thrain 's just off. Hurry up, will yez! She 's away."

The hungry and discomfited passengers hurried out, pell-mell, and Mrs. Macfarlane was left speechless with indignation.

"I bet I 've got the whip-hand av her this time," chuckled Jim, as he gave the signal to start.

Mrs. Macfarlane's spirit, however, was not broken. From morning until night, whether the day was wet or fine, she greeted the arrival of each train by loud cries for "King William," and on each occasion Jim retorted by bundling out all her customers before they could touch bite or sup.

If those laugh best who laugh last O'Brien certainly had the victory in this curious contest, for the result of his

activity was that, during all the time their feud lasted, Mrs. Macfarlane scarcely made a penny. She began to look worn and anxious, but was still defiant, still indomitable.

"Ah thin! Jim, how can ye keep id up?" asked Mary. "Sure 't isn't like ye at all to be goin' on that ways. 'T is you ought to have the sinse, a married man, with yer business to look afther, an' callin' yerself a Catholic too. Faith, I dunno what Father McCarthy 'll say to ye whin ye go to yer duty. Givin' bad example like that to yer own childher."

"How can *she* keep id up?" asked Jim. "She began id, and let her shtop first."

"I know she did, but what id ye expect from her? God help her, she 's that bitther, gall isn't in it with her. Sure you and her is the laughin'-shtock av iviry wan that comes nigh the shtation. The shmall boys do be crowdin' in to hear her, an' see ye chasin' out her customers afther."

"Let her shtop first," repeated Jim. "In all me born days, Mary, I nivir saw a woman like ye for bein' down on yer own husban'. 'T is ashamed of ye I am for not shtandin' up betther for yer side. Wasn't it she gave me the provoke? Who else? I done her no harrm. Why did she begin at me?"

"Maybe, but yer doin' her harrm now."

"So I am, so I am," said Jim with relish. "Faith she must be sorry she began the game. Troth she 's like the tailor that sewed for nothin', and foun' the thread himself. Not much she 's makin' these times, I 'm thinkin'."

"Oh, wirra, Jim! What 's come to ye at all? 'T is the kind-hearted man ye used to be, an' now I don't—"

But Jim had had enough of conjugal remonstrance, and went out banging the door behind him.

The feud still continued.

Each day Mrs. Macfarlane, gaunter, fiercer, paler, and more resolute in ignoring the station-master's presence, flaunted her principles up and down the platform. Each day did Jim hurry the departure of the trains and sweep off her customers. Never before had there been such punctuality known at Toomevara, which is situated on an easy-going line, where usually the guard, when indignant

tourists pointed out that the express was some twenty minutes late, was accustomed to reply:

"Why, so she is. 'T is thrue for ye."

One day, however, Mrs. Macfarlane did not appear.

She had come out for the first train, walking a trifle feebly, and uttering her war-cry in a somewhat quavering voice. When the next came no Mrs. Macfarlane greeted it.

The small boys who daily gathered to see the sight—anything is worth looking at in Toomevara—crept away disappointed when the train, after a delay quite like that of old times, at last steamed out of the station. Jim himself was perplexed, and a little aggrieved. He had grown used to the daily strife, and missed the excitement of retorting on his foe.

"Maybe 't is tired of it she is," he speculated. "Time forrer. She knows now she won't have things all her own way. She 's too domineerin' by half."

"What 's wrong with th' ould wan, sir?" asked Joe Kelly when he met O'Brien. "She didn't shtir whin she hard the thrain."

"Faith, I dunno," said Jim. "Hatchin' more disthurbance, I 'll bet. Faith, she 's nivir well but whin she 's doin' mischief."

"She looks mighty donny[1] these times," remarked Kelly, but his superior appeared to take no heed.

Secretly, however, he was uneasy, and blustered a little to himself to keep up his spirits.

"'T is lyin' low she is," he muttered, "to shpring some other divilment on me, but I 'm up to her."

It would not do, and after a time he found himself wandering in the direction of the refreshment-room. There was no sign of life visible, so far as Jim could see; but he was unwilling to observe too closely, for fear of catching Mrs. Macfarlane's eye while in the act of taking an undignified interest in her proceedings.

Suddenly he remembered that the windows at the back had the lower panes muffed to imitate ground glass, and that one was scratched in the corner, thus affording a convenient peephole. He stole round as if on burglary intent, with many cautious glances to right and left; then assured that no one was watching him, peered in. From his posi-

[1] *Donny, dauney,* delicate.

tion he could not see much, but he discerned a black heap of something lying in the middle of the room, and was sure he heard a groan. Considerably startled, he hastened round to Kelly.

"Joe," he said, "maybe y' ought just to look in an' see if anythin' is wrong wid th' ould woman."

"An' what 'ud be wrong wid her?" said Kelly easily. He hated being disturbed. "She 'll be out to meet the nixt thrain as fresh as a throut; see if she doesn't."

"All the same, I think ye 'd better go."

"Sure I 'll go whin I 'm done here. I 've a power o' worrk to git through."

"Work indeed! All the work ye do will nivir kill ye. Faith you 're as lazy as Finn McCool's dog, that rested his head agin' the wall to bark."

"'T is aisy for ye to talk," said Joe. "Sure I 'll go if ye like, sir, bud she 'll shnap the head off av me," and he disappeared in the direction of Mrs. Macfarlane's quarters.

A moment more, and Jim heard him shouting, "Misther O'Brien! Misther O'Brien!" He ran at the sound. There, a tumbled heap, lay Mrs. Macfarlane, no longer a defiant virago, but a weak, sickly, elderly woman, partly supported on Joe Kelly's knee, her face ghastly pale, her arms hanging limp.

"Be me sowl, bud I think she 's dyin'," cried Kelly. "She just raised her head whin she saw me an' wint off in a faint."

"Lay her flat, Joe, lay her flat. Where 's the whisky?"

Jim rushed behind the counter, rummaged amongst the bottles, and came back with half a glass of whisky in his hand.

"Lave her to me," he said, "an do you run an' tell the missus to come here at wanst. Maybe she 'll know what to do."

He tried to force the whisky between Mrs. Macfarlane's set teeth, spilling a good deal of it in the process. She opened her eyes for a moment, looked at him vacantly, and fainted again.

Mary came in to find her husband gazing in a bewildered fashion at his prostrate enemy, and took command in a way that excited his admiration.

"Here," said she, "give uz a hand to move her on to the

seat. Jim, do ye run home an' get Biddy to fill two or three jars wid boilin' wather, an' bring thim along wid a blanket. She 's as cowld as death. Joe, fly off wid ye for the docther."

"What docther will I go for, ma'am?"

"The firrst ye can git," said Mary, promptly beginning to chafe the inanimate woman's hands and loosen her clothes.

When the doctor came, he found Mrs. Macfarlane laid on an impromptu couch composed of two of the cushioned benches placed side by side. She was wrapped in blankets, had hot bottles to her feet and sides, and a mustard plaster over her heart.

"Bravo! Mrs. O'Brien," he said. "I couldn't have done better myself. I believe you have saved her life by being so quick—at least, saved it for the moment, for I think she is in for a severe illness. She will want careful nursing to pull her through."

"She looks rale bad," assented Mary.

"She must be put to bed at once. Where does she live?"

"She lodges down the town," said Mary, "at old Mrs. Smith's in Castle Street; bud sure she has no wan to look afther her there."

"It is too far to move her in her present state. The hospital is nearer; I might try to get her there."

As he spoke Mrs. Macfarlane opened her eyes. Apparently she had understood, for she shook her head with something of her former energy, and exclaimed: "No, NO!"

"What did you say?" asked the doctor. "Don't you like the idea of the hospital?" But Mrs. Macfarlane had again lapsed into unconsciousness.

"What are we to do with her?" said the doctor. "Is there no place where they would take her in?"

Mary glanced at Jim, but he did not speak.

"Sure there 's a room in our house," she ventured, after an awkward pause.

"The very thing," said the doctor, "if you don't mind the trouble, and if Mr. O'Brien does not object."

Jim made no answer, but walked out.

"He doesn't, docther," cried Mary. "Sure he has a rale good heart. I 'll run off now, an' get the bed ready."

As she passed Jim, who stood sulkily by the door, she

contrived to squeeze his hand. "God bless ye, me own Jim. You 'll be none the worse forrit. 'T is no time for bearin' malice, an' our blessed Lady 'll pray for ye this day."

Jim was silent.

"'T is a cruel shame she should fall on uz," he said when his wife had disappeared; but he offered no further resistance.

Borne on an impromptu stretcher by Jim, Joe, Finnerty, and the doctor, Mrs. Macfarlane was carried to the station-master's house, undressed by Mary, and put to bed in the spotlessly clean whitewashed upper room.

The cold and shivering had now passed off, and she was burning. Nervous fever, the doctor anticipated. She raved about her dog, about Jim, about the passengers, her rent, and fifty other things that made it evident her circumstances had preyed on her mind.

Poor Mary was afraid of her at times; but there are no trained nurses at Toomevara, and guided by Dr. Doherty's directions she tried to do her best, and managed wonderfully well.

There could be no doubt Jim did not like having the invalid in the house.

"Here 's everythin' upside down," he grumbled,—"Mary up to her eyes in worrk, an' the house an' childer at sixes an' sevens, an' all for an ould hag that cudn't giv uz a civil worrd."

Kitty was wonderfully helpful to her mother, and took care of her brothers and sisters, but her father grumbled at his wife's absence.

"Why on earth should the woman be saddled on uz?" he asked. "Hasn't she anny frinds av her own soort, I 'd like to know? Sure, 't is hard enough for uz to pay our own way, let alone gettin' beef-tay an' port wine for the likes av her, to say nothin' about her wearin' you, Mary, to skin an' bone."

"God help the craythur, sure I do it willin'," said Mary. "We cudn't lave her there to die on the flure."

"Faith, I 'm thinkin' 't would be a long time before she done as much for you."

"Maybe," said Mary, "an' maybe not; but sure, where 'ud we be anny betther than her, if 't was that plan we wint on?"

"Ah, 't is too soft y' are intirely," said Jim, going off in a huff.

In his inmost soul, however, he was pleased with his wife, though he kept saying to himself:

"If it had on'y been annyone else besides that ould crow, I wouldn't begrudge it."

When from the unhappy woman's ravings he learned how the feud had preyed on her mind, and discovered the straits to which she had been reduced, a dreadfully guilty feeling stole over him, which he tried in vain to combat.

"Sure, 't was her own fault," he said to himself. "Doesn't every wan know I 'm the peaceablist man goin', if I 'm on'y let alone? She desarved to be paid out, so she did, an' I 'm not wan bit sorry."

This did not prevent him from feeling very miserable. He became desperately anxious that Mrs. Macfarlane should not die, and astonished Mary by bringing home various jellies and meat extracts that he fancied might be good for the patient, but he did this with a shy and hang-dog air by no means natural to him, and always made some ungracious speech as to the trouble, to prevent Mary thinking he was sorry for the part he had played. He replied with a downcast expression to all inquiries from outsiders as to Mrs. Macfarlane's health, but he brought her dog into the house, and fed it well.

"Not for her sake, God knows," he explained, "but bekase the poor baste was frettin', an' I cudn't see him there wid no wan to look to him."

He refused, however, to style the animal "King William," and called it "Billy" instead, a name to which it soon learned to answer.

One evening, when the whitewashed room was all aglow with crimson light that flooded through the western window, Mrs. Macfarlane returned to consciousness. Mary was sitting by the bedside sewing, having sent out the children in charge of Kitty to secure quiet in the house. For a long time, unobserved by her nurse, the sick woman lay feebly trying to understand. Suddenly she spoke.

"What is the matter?"

Mary jumped.

"To be sure," she said, laying down her needlework.

"'T is very bad you were intirely, ma'am, but thanks be to God, sure you 're betther now."

"Where am I?" asked Mrs. Macfarlane after a considerable pause.

"In the Station House, ma'am."

"An' who are you?"

"Sure, don't ye know me? I 'm Mary O'Brien."

"Mary O'Brien—O'Brien?"

"Yis, faith! Jim O'Brien's wife."

"An' is this Jim O'Brien's house?"

"Whose else id it be? But there now, don't talk anny more. Sure, we 'll tell ye all about it whin you 're betther. The docther sez you 're to be kep' quite."

"But who brought me here?"

"Troth, 't was carried in ye were, an' you near dyin'. Hush up now, will ye? Take a dhrop o' this, an' thry to go to shleep."

Mrs. Macfarlane lay silent, but she did not go to sleep. She seemed to be fitting things together in her mind like pieces of a Chinese puzzle, as she watched the sunset crimson glow and fade on the opposite wall.

"How long have I been here?" she asked Mary next morning, when she awoke refreshed by a good night's rest.

"Goin' on three weeks, ma'am."

"An' was it you nursed me?"

"Sure I did."

"An' who 's goin' to pay you? I 've no money."

"Not a wan of me knows," said Mary, with a touch of temper, "nor cares naythur. 'T wasn't for yer money we tuk ye in. Hould up now a minnit till I change yer cap. Docther Doherty 's comin'."

Presently Doctor Doherty bustled in—a fresh-colored, cheery little man.

"That 's right, that 's right," he said. "Going on finely, so you are. 'Pon my word, Mrs. Macfarlane, you have every reason to thank Mrs. O'Brien here for being alive to-day. It was touch and go, I can tell you, at one time, touch and go; but here you are now, doing beautifully."

When Mary went downstairs to get some beef-tea Mrs. Macfarlane turned anxiously to the doctor.

"Doctor," she said, "who 's supportin' me here?"

"Don't worry your head about that yet awhile," replied the doctor. "Wait till you 're better."

"But I want tu know. 'T is preyin' on my mind."

"The O'Briens have taken care of you ever since you fell ill, and have let you want for nothing. A kinder creature than that woman never drew breath."

"But, doctor, I can't pay them back; an' if yu only knew, this is the last house in the kingdom I 'd like to be in, an' they are the last people I 'd like tu take charity from."

"Now, Mrs. Macfarlane, Mrs. Macfarlane, put all that nonsense out of your head. Who 's talking of charity? Time enough to think of this when you 're well and strong."

"It 's grieved I am intirely that 't was to them I was brought. Who sent me here at all?"

"I did," said the doctor. "There was no place else to send you to. It was too far to carry you to your lodgings, and they told me there was no one there to nurse you."

"No more there was; but I 'd sooner have died, doctor— 't is the truth I 'm tellin' yu. 'T was O'Brien brought me tu this."

"Oh, I heard of all that folly," said the doctor, "and upon my word it seems to me you should both be ashamed of yourselves. Let it pass. It is over and done with now."

"But, doctor, he rooted up my flowers."

"Well, he says he didn't; but sure it wasn't to please him you planted them."

"He said it was the poor dog."

"And perhaps it was; but anyhow, whatever he did it seems to me his wife has made amends, and you ought to live like decent, peaceful neighbors for the future."

"Where is my dog? I suppose he killed it."

"Not he. Your dog is downstairs, as fat as a fool: I 'll tell them to let it in here presently. But now lie down and sleep, like a good creature, for you 're talking far too much. Take that bottle every two hours, and as much nourishment as you can swallow, and you 'll soon have no need for me."

By and by said Mrs. Macfarlane to Mary, "The doctor thinks I 'm doin' nicely."

"So he does," said Mary. "Praise be to God, but you're gettin' stronger every minnit."

"I think, Mrs. O'Brien, 't is time for me tu be movin'

back to my lodgin's. Perhaps I could manage it to-morrow. I 'm sure I 'm greatly obligated to yu for all yu 've done, but it 's a shame to be beholden to yu any longer."

"Is it movin' you 're talkin' ov?" asked Mary. "Why, woman alive, you 're as wake as wather. You won't be fit to shtan' for another tin days, not to talk o' lavin' the house."

"I 'd sooner go," said Mrs. Macfarlane obstinately.

"Now, don't be talkin' foolishness. You 'll kill yerself wid yer nonsinse."

"An' if I do," said Mrs. Macfarlane bitterly, "who is tu grieve?"

At this moment in rushed "King William" in wild excitement, leaped on the bed, licked his mistress's face, wagged his tail, and whined for sheer joy.

"There 's wan that loves ye anyways," said Mary smiling; and she noticed two big tears start suddenly from Mrs. Macfarlane's hard eyes, and drop on the dog's coat, as she bent her head to conceal them.

"Sure, she has a heart, afther all," was Mrs. O'Brien's unspoken comment. Then she tucked in her patient, and left her lying wearily back on the pillow, her thin hand resting on "King William's" back, as he snuggled beside her.

Next day, when she came upstairs, carrying a glass of milk with a fresh egg beaten into it, what was her dismay to find Mrs. Macfarlane, a long figure in her white nightgown, had got out of bed, and was trying to make her way across the room by clinging to tables and chairs.

"God be good to uz! what are ye about?" cried Mary in dismay. "Why didn't ye ring the bell I left beside ye, if ye wanted annythin'? I 'd have been up to ye before ye cud say 'Jack Robinson.'"

"Thank yu," said Mrs. Macfarlane, "I only wanted to find my clothes. I 'm a deal better and stronger, and 't is tu bad tu be lyin' here any longer."

"Yer clothes, is it? Why, I hung thim in the room beyant. Ye won't be wantin' thim for another week, sure."

"But I do," said Mrs. Macfarlane. "I 'll not stay here any longer. I 'm goin' away."

"Goin' away, an' you not fit to walk! Ah, thin, where 'd ye be goin' to? Now get back to your bed again, *alanna,* an' don't be foolish."

Mrs. Macfarlane would have resisted, would have resented being called foolish, but a sudden weakness came over her. Before she knew she was caught in Mary's strong arms, and half-supported, half-carried back to the bed that was so gratefully warm. There she lay exhausted.

At last she found voice.

"Yu 've been very good to me, Mrs. O'Brien, an' I 'm not unmindful of it; but I cannot stay any longer under this roof, and beholden to your husband. I must go."

"Sure ye 'll go whin you 're able."

"I 'm able now."

"'Deed you 're not, an' as for bein' beholden, God knows we don't grudge it to you, and you shouldn't grudge takin' it."

"P'raps yu don't, but 't is *his* money."

"Whisht, now," said Mary. "Sure, Jim isn't as bad as ye make out. I tell ye what, I 've been his wife this seventeen year, an' his heart 's as soft as butther."

"I 've not found it so."

"That was bekase you wint provokin' him; but me b'leef is of both of yez that yer bark 's worse than yer bite, but I won't shtay here argying anny longer. You ax the docther to-morrow, an' see what he thinks."

When Jim came in to supper his wife said to him: "That craythur upstairs is mad to get away. She thinks we begrudge her the bit she ates."

Jim was silent. Then he said: "Sure, annythin' that 's bad she 'll b'leeve av uz."

"But ye 've niver been up to see her. Shlip into the room now an' ax her how she 's goin' on. Let bygones be bygones in the name of God."

"I won't," said Jim.

"Oh yes, ye will! Sure afther all, though ye didn't mane it, you 're the cause av it. Go to her now."

"I don't like."

"Ah, go! 'T is yer place, an' you sinsibler than she is. Go an' tell her to shtay till she 's well. Faith I think that undher all that way of hers she 's softher than she looks. I tell ye, Jim, I seen her cryin' over the dog, bekase she thought 't was th' only thing that loved her."

Half-pushed by Mary, Jim made his way up the steep stair, and knocked at the door of Mrs. Macfarlane's attic.

"Come in," said a feeble voice, and he stumbled into the room.

When Mrs. Macfarlane saw who it was, a flame lit in her hollow eyes.

"I 'm sorry," she said with grim politeness, "that ye find me here, Misther O'Brien; but it isn't my fault. I wanted tu go a while ago, an' your wife wouldn't let me."

"An' very right she was; you 're not fit for it. Sure, don't be talkin' av goin' till you 're better, ma'am," said Jim awkwardly. "You 're heartily welcome for me. I come up to say—to say, I hope ye 'll be in no hurry to move."

"Yu 're very good, but it 's not to be expected I 'd find myself easy under this roof, where I can assure yu I 'd never have come of my own free will, an' I apologize to yu, Misther O'Brien, for givin' so much trouble—not that I could help myself."

"Sure, 't is I that should apologize," blurted out Jim. "An' rale sorry I am—though maybe ye won't b'leeve me—that ever I dhruv the customers out."

For a long time Mrs. Macfarlane did not speak.

"I could forgive that easier than your rootin' up my lilies," she said in a strained voice.

"But that I never did. God knows an' sees me this night an' He knows that I niver laid a finger on thim. I kem out an' foun' the dog there scrattin' at thim, an' if this was me last dyin' worrd, 't is thrue."

"An' 't was really the dog?"

"It was, though I done wrong in laughin' at him, an' cheerin' him on; but sure ye wouldn't mind me whin I told ye he was at me roses, an' I thought it sarved ye right, an' that ye called him 'King William' to spite me."

"So I did," said Mrs. Macfarlane, and she added more gently, "I 'm sorry now."

"Are ye so?" said Jim brightening. "Faith, I 'm glad to hear ye say it. We was both in the wrong, ye see, an' if ye bear no malice, I don't."

"You have been very good to me, seein' how I misjudged you," said Mrs. Macfarlane.

"Not a bit av it; an' 't was the wife annyhow, for begorra I was hardened against ye, so I was."

"An' you 've spent yer money on me, an' I—"

"Sure don't say a worrd about id. I owed it to you, so I did, but begorra ye won't have to complain av wantin' custom wanst you 're well."

"I hadn't taken a shillin' for a fortnight," said Mrs. Macfarlane in a low voice.

Jim got very hot, and shifted uncomfortably from one foot to another.

"Sure, I was a brute baste," he said, "an' you a woman."

"No; I see now I drew it on myself. 'T was I provoked you; I was set against you because—because—"

"Oh, sure I know why, an' there 's too much of it in the world, God help uz, espicially in this misfortunit counthry, but we 'll live and let live. Sure people isn't half as bad as ye think whin ye don't know thim."

"I tell you what," said Mrs. Macfarlane; "I won't call the dog 'King William' any more."

"An' why not?" said Jim in his repentance. "Sure I don't mind, as long as 't isn't done to anger me. 'T is as good a name as another."

"I had no right ever to call him that, an' you objectin'."

"Begorra," said Jim, "I 'll tell ye what: I think mesel' King William was a betther man any day than King James —to his own side,— but 't was the feelin' av the thing that vexed me. An' now I want to tell ye not to be down-sperited. You 'll soon be about an' makin' heaps o' money."

Mrs. Macfarlane smiled wanly.

"No chance o' that, I 'm afraid. What with my illness an' all that went before it, business is gone. Look at the place shut up this three weeks an' more."

"Not it," said Jim. "Sure, sence ye 've been sick I put our little Kitty, the shlip, in charge of the place, an' she 's made a power o' money for ye, an' she on'y risin' sixteen, an' havin' to help her mother an' all. She 's a clever girl, so she is, though I sez it, an' she ruz the prices all round. She couldn't manage with the cakes, not knowin' how to bake thim like yerself; but sure I bought her plenty av biscuits at Connolly's, and her mother cut her sandwidges, and made tay, an' the dhrinks was all there as you left them, an' Kitty kep' count av all she sould."

Mrs. Macfarlane looked at him for a moment queerly; then she drew the sheet over her face and began to sob.

Jim, feeling wretchedly uncomfortable, crept downstairs.

"Go to the craythur, Mary," he said. "Sure she 's cryin'. We 've made it up,—an' see here, let her want for nothin'."

Mary ran upstairs, took grim Mrs. Macfarlane in her arms and actually kissed her; and Mrs. Macfarlane's grimness melted away, and the two women cried together for sympathy.

Now, as the trains come into Toomevara station, Jim goes from carriage to carriage making himself a perfect nuisance to passengers with well-filled luncheon-baskets. "Won't ye have a cup o' tay, me lady? There 's plinty av time, an' sure we 've the finest tay here that you 'll get on the line. There 's nothin' like it this side o' Dublin. A glass o' whisky, sir? 'T is only the best that 's kep'; or sherry wine? Ye won't be shtoppin' agin anywheres that you 'll like it as well. Sure if ye don't want to get out—though there 's plenty o' time—I 'll give the ordher an' have it sent to yez. Cakes, ma'am, for the little ladies? 'T is a long journey, an' maybe they 'll be hungry—an' apples? Apples is mighty good for childher. She keeps fine apples, if ye like thim."

Mrs. Macfarlane has grown quite fat, is at peace with all mankind, takes the deepest interest in the O'Brien family, and calls her dog "Billy."

MARIA EDGEWORTH.

(1767—1849.)

Maria Edgeworth, the author who gave the first impulse to the novel of national character and to the novel with a moral purpose, was born Jan. 1, 1767. She was the eldest daughter by his first marriage of Richard Lovell Edgeworth, who came of a family settled in Ireland since the reign of Elizabeth which had given its name to the village of Edgeworthstown in County Longford. Shortly after 1773 Mr. Edgeworth removed with his family to Ireland, and the mansion-house of Edgeworthstown from this time became their home.

Under her father's care Maria soon became an accomplished scholar, and at a very early age was able to join him in various literary projects. These, however, were not given to the world at the time, and it was only in 1798 that their first joint production, 'A Treatise on Practical Education,' appeared. The famous 'Essay on Irish Bulls,' another joint production, was published in 1802, and at once took a high place in the estimation both of the critics and of the public.

In 1810 Miss Edgeworth published 'Early Lessons' in ten parts, and in 1815 her father added a continuation to this work. 'Castle Rackrent,' the first of Miss Edgeworth's independent works, appeared in 1801. This tale, which in some respects is one of her best, proved a great success, and was followed for a number of years by a remarkable series, comprising 'Belinda,' 'Leonora,' 'Popular Tales,' 'Tales of Fashionable Life' (containing 'The Absentee'), 'Patronage,' 'Harrington,' 'Ormond,' and others. The rich humor, pathetic tenderness, and admirable tact displayed in these works prompted Sir Walter Scott, as he himself says, to "attempt something for my own country of the same kind with that which Miss Edgeworth so fortunately achieved for Ireland." In her works Miss Edgeworth showed very considerable versatility, being now philosophic with wisdom, now humorous, now cleverly descriptive, now pathetic, and always master of the immediate subject in hand.

Mr. Edgeworth died in 1817, and this was a severe blow to Maria. Of him she writes: "Few, I believe, have ever enjoyed such happiness, or such advantages, as I have had in the instruction, society, and unbounded confidence and affection of such a father and such a friend." Mr. Edgeworth had been married four times and left a numerous family, the care and education of whom were ever a grateful duty to his affectionate daughter. In 1820 she published his 'Memoirs,' partly written by himself.

In 1822, 'Rosamond,' a sequel to 'Early Lessons,' appeared, followed by 'Harry and Lucy' and 'The Parent's Assistant,' which contains some of her best known stories for children.

Stories for children were, indeed, her earliest work. She wrote them for the amusement and instruction of her younger sisters and

brothers, who were under her charge in the frequent absence of her father and stepmother.

She herself tells us that she was about twenty-four years old when she began this work, and she also explains that these tales were first of all written on a slate ; if they were approved by the children, they were copied and added to the collection. Maria Edgeworth was thus enabled to write from the child's point of view, and in simple, direct language suited to their comprehension. As compared with the characters in the books published during the fifty years preceding their advent, Maria Edgeworth's were real children, and not mere lay figures named to represent them, or pegs upon which to hang appropriate moral and religious sentiments. Moreover, they were generally well-bred and reasonable children, who were early taught patience, self-control, and the necessity of bearing the consequences of their follies and mistakes—three important lessons which can never be without their effects in after-life. All of her stories contain some very strong and direct moral teaching, but it is rarely so obtruded as to rob the tale of its living human interest.

It was not long before she ventured on more ambitious designs, but when she had fairly won her place in literature as a writer of novels she returned to her early work in 'Frank' and one or two other tales for children. Nevertheless, her novels, clever as they are, have not held the attention of readers more surely than her children's stories, and it is by these that she may after all be longest remembered.

In 1823 Miss Edgeworth, with two of her sisters, visited Sir Walter Scott at Abbotsford, where they spent a fortnight. Here she was delighted with everything she heard and saw, and captivated by the massive genius of the "man of the house." He was equally delighted with her culture and the simplicity of her manners, and the visit ended in conducing still more to their mutual respect and esteem. In 1834 appeared her popular story 'Helen.' She concluded her life's work by 'Orlandino,' a story for the young.

In recognition of her valuable contributions to the literature of her country she was elected an honorary member of the Royal Irish Academy. The value of this distinction may be estimated when it is known that but three ladies besides Miss Edgeworth have been so rewarded—Miss Beaufort, Mrs. Somerville, and Miss Stokes. The later years of her long life, with few exceptions, were passed at Edgeworthstown, where she remained "unspoiled by literary fame, loved in the family circle which daily assembled in the library, and admired by all as a pattern of an intellectual and amiable woman." Here too, she died on the 22d of May, 1849.

Such are the leading points in the literary life of this gifted lady, who was a woman of remarkable vigor of character. She refused to marry the man she loved because she did not think it right to leave her friends, her parents, and her country. She had the courage to begin the study of the Spanish language when she was seventy years old. Her rare modesty caused her to wish that no life of her should ever be published, and she once declared, "My only remains shall be in the church at Edgeworthstown." It is to be regretted that

for the same reason no portrait of her exists; but we give the following sketch of her appearance from the loving pen of her friend, Mrs. S. C. Hall: "In person she was very small—she was 'lost in a crowd'; her face was pale and thin, her features irregular; they may have been considered plain even in youth; but her expression was so benevolent, her manners were so perfectly well bred, partaking of English dignity and Irish frankness, that one never thought of her with reference to either beauty or plainness. She ever occupied without claiming attention, charming continually by her singularly pleasant voice, while the earnestness and truth that beamed from her bright blue, very blue eyes, increased the value of every word she uttered. She knew how to *listen* as well as *talk*, and gathered information in a manner highly complimentary to those from whom she sought it; her attention seemed far more the effect of respect than of curiosity; her sentences were frequently epigrammatic; she more than once suggested to me the story of the good child in the fairy tale, from whose lips dropped diamonds and pearls whenever they were opened. She was ever neat and particular in her dress, a duty to society which literary women sometimes culpably neglect; her feet and hands were so delicate and small as to be almost childlike. In a word, Maria Edgeworth was one of those women who do not seem to require beauty."

The circulation of Miss Edgeworth's works has been enormous. An edition of the novels and tales was published in eighteen small volumes, London, 1832; and of the tales and miscellaneous pieces in nine volumes, in 1848, and the more popular stories are constantly being reprinted on both sides of the Atlantic.

CASTLE RACKRENT.

Monday Morning.

Having, out of friendship for the family, upon whose estate, praised be Heaven! I and mine have lived rent-free time out of mind, voluntarily undertaken to publish the MEMOIRS OF THE RACKRENT FAMILY, I think it my duty to say a few words, in the first place, concerning myself. My real name is Thady Quirk, though in the family I have always been known by no other than "Honest Thady," afterward, in the time of Sir Murtagh, deceased, I remember to hear them calling me "Old Thady," and now I 've come to "Poor Thady;" for I wear a long great-coat winter and summer, which is very handy, as I never put my arms into the sleeves; they are as good as new, though come Hollantide next I 've had it these seven years; it holds on by a single button round my neck, cloak fashion. To look at me, you would hardly think "Poor Thady" was the father of Attorney Quirk; he is a high gentleman, and

never minds what poor Thady says, and having better than fifteen hundred a year, landed estate, looks down upon honest Thady; but I wash my hands of his doings, and as I have lived so will I die, true and loyal to the family. The family of the Rackrents is, I am proud to say, one of the most ancient in the kingdom. Everybody knows this is not the old family name, which was O'Shaughlin, related to the kings of Ireland—but that was before my time.

My grandfather was a driver to the great Sir Patrick O'Shaughlin, and I heard him, when I was a boy, telling how the Castle Rackrent estate came to Sir Patrick; Sir Tallyhoo Rackrent was cousin-german to him, and had a fine estate of his own, only never a gate upon it, it being his maxim that a car was the best gate. Poor gentleman! he lost a fine hunter and his life, at last, by it, all in one day's hunt. But I ought to bless that day, for the estate came straight into *the* family, upon one condition, which Sir Patrick O'Shaughlin at the time took sadly to heart, they say, but thought better of it afterwards, seeing how large a stake depended upon it: that he should, by Act of Parliament, take and bear the surname and arms of Rackrent.

Now it was that the world was to see what was *in* Sir Patrick. On coming into the estate he gave the finest entertainment ever was heard of in the country; not a man could stand after supper but Sir Patrick himself, who could sit out the best man in Ireland, let alone the three kingdoms itself. He had his house, from one year's end to another, as full of company as ever it could hold, and fuller; for rather than be left out of the parties at Castle Rackrent, many gentlemen, and those men of the first consequence and landed estates in the country—such as the O'Neills of Ballynagrotty, and the Moneygawls of Mount Juliet's Town, and O'Shannons of New Town Tullyhog—made it their choice, often and often, when there was no room to be had for love nor money, in long winter nights, to sleep in the chicken-house, which Sir Patrick had fitted up for the purpose of accommodating his friends and the public in general, who honored him with their company unexpectedly at Castle Rackrent; and this went on I can't tell you how long.

The whole country rang with his praises!—Long life to him! I 'm sure I love to look upon his picture, now on-

posite to me; though I never saw him, he must have been a portly gentleman—his neck something short, and remarkable for the largest pimple on his nose, which, by his particular desire, is still extant in his picture, said to be a striking likeness, though taken when young. He is said also to be the inventor of raspberry whisky, which is very likely, as nobody has ever appeared to dispute it with him, and as there still exists a broken punch-bowl at Castle Rackrent, in the garret, with an inscription to that effect—a great curiosity. A few days before his death he was very merry; it being his honor's birthday, he called my grandfather in—God bless him!—to drink the company's health, and filled a bumper himself, but could not carry it to his head, on account of the great shake in his hand; on this he cast his joke, saying: "What would my poor father say to me if he was to pop out of the grave, and see me now? I remember when I was a little boy, the first bumper of claret he gave me after dinner, how he praised me for carrying it so steady to my mouth. Here's my thanks to him—a bumper toast." Then he fell to singing the favorite song he learned from his father—for the last time, poor gentleman—he sung it that night as loud and as hearty as ever, with a chorus:

"He that goes to bed, and goes to bed sober,
Falls as the leaves do, falls as the leaves do, and dies in October;
But he that goes to bed, and goes to bed mellow,
Lives as he ought to do, lives as he ought to do, and dies an honest fellow."

Sir Patrick died that night: just as the company rose to drink his health with three cheers, he fell down in a sort of fit, and was carried off; they sat it out, and were surprised, on inquiry in the morning, to find that it was all over with poor Sir Patrick. Never did any gentleman live and die more beloved in the country by rich and poor. His funeral was such a one as was never known before or since in the county! All the gentlemen in the three counties were at it; far and near, how they flocked! my great-grandfather said, that to see all the women, even in their red cloaks, you would have taken them for the army drawn out. Then such a fine whillaluh! you might have heard it to the

farthest end of the county, and happy the man who could get but a sight of the hearse!

But who 'd have thought it? Just as all was going on right, through his own town they were passing, when the body was seized for debt—a rescue was apprehended from the mob; but the heir, who attended the funeral, was against that, for fear of consequences, seeing that those villains who came to serve acted under the disguise of the law: so, to be sure, the law must take its course, and little gain had the creditors for their pains. First and foremost, they had the curses of the country: and Sir Murtagh Rackrent, the new heir, in the next place, on account of this affront to the body, refused to pay a shilling of the debts, in which he was countenanced by all the best gentlemen of property, and others of his acquaintance; Sir Murtagh alleging in all companies that he had all along meant to pay his father's debts of honor, but the moment the law was taken of him, there was an end of honor to be sure. It was whispered (but none but the enemies of the family believe it) that this was all a sham seizure to get quit of the debts which he had bound himself to pay in honor.

It 's a long time ago, there 's no saying how it was, but this for certain, the new man did not take at all after the old gentleman; the cellars were never filled after his death, and no open house, or anything as it used to be: the tenants even were sent away without their whisky. I was ashamed myself, and knew not what to say for the honor of the family; but I made the best of a bad case, and laid it all at my lady's door, for I did not like her anyhow, nor anybody else; she was of the family of the Skinflints, and a widow; it was a strange match for Sir Murtagh; the people in the country thought he demeaned himself greatly, but I said nothing: I knew how it was. Sir Murtagh was a great lawyer, and looked to the great Skinflint estate; there, however, he overshot himself; for, though one of the coheiresses, he was never the better for her, for she outlived him many 's the long day—he could not see that to be sure when he married her. I must say for her, she made him the best of wives, being a very notable, stirring woman, and looking close to everything. But I always suspected she had Scotch blood in her veins; anything else I could have looked over in her from a regard to the family. She was

a strict observer for self and servants of Lent and all fast days, but not holidays. One of the maids having fainted three times the last day of Lent, to keep soul and body together we put a morsel of roast beef into her mouth, which came from Sir Murtagh's dinner, who never fasted, not he; but somehow or other it unfortunately reached my lady's ears, and the priest of the parish had a complaint made of it the next day, and the poor girl was forced, as soon as she could walk, to do penance for it, before she could get any peace or absolution, in the house or out of it.

However, my lady was very charitable in her own way. She had a charity school for poor children, where they were taught to read and write gratis, and where they were kept well to spinning gratis for my lady in return; for she had always heaps of duty yarn from the tenants, and got all her household linen out of the estate from first to last; for after the spinning, the weavers on the estate took it in hand for nothing, because of the looms my lady's interest could get from the Linen Board to distribute gratis. Then there was a bleach-yard near us, and the tenant dare refuse my lady nothing, for fear of a lawsuit Sir Murtagh kept hanging over him about the watercourse. With these ways of managing, 't is surprising how cheap my lady got things done, and how proud she was of it. Her table the same way, kept for next to nothing; duty fowls, and duty turkeys, and duty geese, came as fast as we could eat 'em, for my lady kept a sharp lookout, and knew to a tub of butter everything the tenants had, all round. They knew her way, and what with fear of driving for rent and Sir Murtagh's lawsuits, they were kept in such good order, they never thought of coming near Castle Rackrent without a present of something or other—nothing too much or too little for my lady—eggs, honey, butter, meal, fish, game, grouse, and herrings, fresh or salt, all went for something. As for their young pigs, we had them, and the best bacon and hams they could make up, with all young chickens in spring; but they were a set of poor wretches, and we had nothing but misfortunes with them, always breaking and running away. This, Sir Murtagh and my lady said, was all their former landlord Sir Patrick's fault, who let 'em all get the half-year's rent into arrear: there was something in that to be sure.

But Sir Murtagh was as much the contrary way; for let alone making English tenants of them, every soul, he was always driving and driving, and pounding and pounding, and canting and canting, and replevying and replevying, and he made a good living of trespassing cattle; there was always some tenant's pig, or horse, or cow, or calf, or goose, trespassing, which was so great a gain to Sir Murtagh, that he did not like to hear me talk of repairing fences. Then his heriots and duty-work brought him in something, his turf was cut, his potatoes set and dug, his hay brought home, and, in short, all the work about his house done for nothing: for in all our leases there were strict clauses heavy with penalties, which Sir Murtagh knew well how to enforce; so many days' duty work of man and horse, from every tenant, he was to have, and had, every year; and when a man vexed him, why the finest day he could pitch on, when the cratur was getting in his own harvest, or thatching his cabin, Sir Murtagh made it a principle to call upon him and his horse: so he taught 'em all, as he said, to know the law of landlord and tenant. As for law, I believe no man, dead or alive, ever loved it so well as Sir Murtagh. He had once sixteen suits pending at a time, and I never saw him so much himself: roads, lanes, bogs, wells, ponds, eel-wires, orchards, trees, tithes, vagrants, gravel-pits, sandpits, dunghills, and nuisances, everything upon the face of the earth furnished him good matter for a suit. He used to boast that he had a lawsuit for every letter in the alphabet. How I used to wonder to see Sir Murtagh in the midst of the papers in his office! Why, he could hardly turn about for them. I made bold to shrug my shoulders once in his presence, and thanked my stars I was not born a gentleman to so much toil and trouble, but Sir Murtagh took me up short with his old proverb, "Learning is better than house or land."

Out of forty-nine suits which he had, he never lost one but seventeen; the rest he gained with costs, double costs, treble costs sometimes; but even that did not pay. He was a very learned man in the law, and had the character of it; but how it was I can't tell, these suits that he carried cost him a power of money: in the end he sold some hundreds a year of the family estate; but he was a very learned man in the law, and I know nothing of the matter, except hav-

ing a great regard for the family; and I could not help grieving when he sent me to post up notices of the sale of the fee simple of the lands and appurtenances of Timoleague.

"I know, honest Thady," says he, to comfort me, "what I 'm about better than you do; I 'm only selling to get the ready money wanting to carry on my suit with spirit with the Nugents of Carrickashaughlin."

He was very sanguine about that suit with the Nugents of Carrickashaughlin. He could have gained it, they say, for certain, had it pleased Heaven to have spared him to us, and it would have been at the least a plump two thousand a year in his way; but things were ordered otherwise —for the best to be sure. He dug up a fairy-mount against my advice, and had no luck afterwards. Though a learned man in the law, he was a little too incredulous in other matters. I warned him that I heard the very Banshee that my grandfather heard under Sir Patrick's window a few days before his death. But Sir Murtagh thought nothing of the Banshee, nor of his cough, with a spitting of blood, brought on, I understand, by catching cold in attending the courts, and overstraining his chest with making himself heard in one of his favorite causes. He was a great speaker, with a powerful voice; but his last speech was not in the courts at all. He and my lady, though both of the same way of thinking in some things, and though she was as good a wife and great economist as you could see, and he the best of husbands, as to looking into his affairs, and making money for his family; yet I don't know how it was, they had a great deal of sparring and jarring between them.

My lady had her privy purse; and she had her weed ashes, and her sealing money upon the signing of all the leases, with something to buy gloves besides; and, besides, again often took money from the tenants, if offered properly, to speak for them to Sir Murtagh about abatements and renewals. Now the weed ashes and the glove money he allowed her clear perquisites; though once when he saw her in a new gown saved out of the weed ashes, he told her to my face (for he could say a sharp thing) that she should not put on her weeds before her husband's death. But in a dispute about an abatement my lady would have the last

word, and Sir Murtagh grew mad; I was within hearing of the door, and now I wish I had made bold to step in. He spoke so loud, the whole kitchen was out on the stairs. All on a sudden he stopped, and my lady too. Something has surely happened, thought I; and so it was, for Sir Murtagh in his passion broke a blood-vessel, and all the law in the land could do nothing in that case. My lady sent for five physicians, but Sir Murtagh died and was buried. She had a fine jointure settled upon her, and took herself away, to the great joy of the tenantry. I never said anything one way or the other, whilst she was part of the family, but got up to see her go at three o'clock in the morning.

"It 's a fine morning, honest Thady," says she; "good-bye to ye." And into the carriage she stepped, without a word more, good or bad, or even half-a-crown; but I made my bow, and stood to see her safe out of sight for the sake of the family.

Then we were all bustle in the house, which made me keep out of the way, for I walk slow and hate a bustle; but the house was all hurry-skurry, preparing for my new master. Sir Murtagh, I forgot to notice, had no childer; so the Rackrent estate went to his younger brother, a young dashing officer, who came amongst us before I knew for the life of me whereabouts I was, in a gig or some of them things, with another spark along with him, and led horses, and servants, and dogs, and scarce a place to put any Christian of them into; for my late lady had sent all the feather-beds off before her, and blankets and household linen, down to the very knife-cloths, on the cars to Dublin, which were all her own, lawfully paid for out of her own money. So the house was quite bare, and my young master, the moment ever he set foot in it out of his gig, thought all those things must come of themselves, I believe, for he never looked after anything at all, but harum-scarum called for everything as if we were conjurers, or he in a public-house. For my part, I could not bestir myself anyhow; I had been so much used to my late master and mistress, all was upside down with me, and the new servants in the servants' hall were quite out of my way; I had nobody to talk to, and if it had not been for my pipe and tobacco, should, I verily believe, have broke my heart for poor Sir Murtagh.

But one morning my new master caught a glimpse of me as I was looking at his horse's heels, in hopes of a word from him. "And is that old Thady?" says he, as he got into his gig; I loved him from that day to this, his voice was so like the family; and he threw me a guinea out of his waistcoat pocket, as he drew up the reins with the other hand, his horse rearing too; I thought I never set my eyes on a finer figure of a man, quite another sort from Sir Murtagh, though withal, *to me,* a family likeness. A fine life we should have led, had he stayed amongst us, God bless him! He valued a guinea as little as any man; money to him was no more than dirt, and his gentleman and groom, and all belonging to him, the same; but the sporting season over, he grew tired of the place, and having got down a great architect for the house, and an improver for the grounds, and seen their plans and elevations, he fixed a day for settling with the tenants, but went off in a whirlwind to town, just as some of them came into the yard in the morning.

A circular-letter came next post from the new agent, with news that the master was sailed for England, and he must remit £500 to Bath for his use before a fortnight was at an end; bad news still for the poor tenants, no change still for the better with them. Sir Kit Rackrent, my young master, left all to the agent; and though he had the spirit of a prince, and lived away to the honor of his country abroad, which I was proud to hear of, what were we the better for that at home? The agent was one of your middlemen, who grind the face of the poor, and can never bear a man with a hat upon his head; he ferreted the tenants out of their lives; not a week without a call for money, drafts upon drafts from Sir Kit; but I laid it all to the fault of the agent, for, says I, what can Sir Kit do with so much cash, and he a single man? But still it went. Rents must be all paid up to the day, and afore; no allowance for improving tenants, no consideration for those who had built upon their farms; no sooner was a lease out but the land was advertised to the highest bidder; all the old tenants turned out, when they spent their substance in the hope and trust of a renewal from the landlord. All was now let at the highest penny to a parcel of poor wretches, who meant to run away, and did so after taking two crops out

of the ground. Then fining down the year's rent came into fashion—anything for the ready penny; and with all this and presents to the agent and the driver, there was no such thing as standing it. I said nothing, for I had a regard for the family, but I walked about thinking if his honor Sir Kit knew all this, it would go hard with him but he 'd see us righted; not that I had anything for my own share to complain of, for the agent was always very civil to me when he came down into the country, and took a great deal of notice of my son Jason.

Jason Quirk, though he be my son, I must say was a good scholar from his birth, and a very 'cute lad; I thought to make him a priest, but he did better for himself; seeing how he was as good a clerk as any in the country, the agent gave him his rent accounts to copy, which he did first of all for the pleasure of obliging the gentleman, and would take nothing at all for his trouble, but was always proud to serve the family. By and by a good farm bounding us to the east fell into his honor's hands, and my son put in a proposal for it; why shouldn't he, as well as another? The proposals all went over to the master at Bath, who knowing no more of the land than the child unborn, only having once been out a-grousing on it before he went to England; and the value of lands, as the agent informed him, falling every year in Ireland, his honor wrote over in all haste a bit of a letter, saying he left it all to the agent, and that he must let it as well as he could—to the best bidder, to be sure—and send him over £200 by return of post; with this the agent gave me a hint, and I spoke a good word for my son, and gave out in the country that nobody need bid against us. So his proposal was just the thing, and he a good tenant, and he got a promise of an abatement in the rent after the first year, for advancing the half-year's rent at signing the lease, which was wanting to complete the agent's £200 by the return of the post, with all which my master wrote back he was well satisfied.

About this time we learnt from the agent, as a great secret, how the money went so fast, and the reason of the thick coming of the master's drafts: he was a little too fond of play, and Bath, they say, was no place for a young man of his fortune, where there were so many of his own countrymen, too, hunting him up and down day and night, who

had nothing to lose. At last, at Christmas, the agent wrote over to stop the drafts, for he could raise no more money on bond or mortgage, or from the tenants, or anyhow, nor had he any more to lend himself, and desired at the same time to decline the agency for the future, wishing Sir Kit his health and happiness, and the compliments of the season, for I saw the letter before ever it was sealed, when my son copied it. When the answer came there was a new turn in affairs, and the agent was turned out, and my son Jason, who had corresponded privately with his honor occasionally on business, was forthwith desired by his honor to take the accounts into his own hands, and look them over, till further orders. It was a very spirited letter to be sure; Sir Kit sent his service, and the compliments of the season, in return to the agent, and he would fight him with pleasure to-morrow, or any day, for sending him such a letter, if he was born a gentleman, which he was sorry (for both their sakes) to find (too late) he was not. Then, in a private postscript, he condescended to tell us that all would be speedily settled to his satisfaction, and we should turn over a new leaf, for he was going to be married in a fortnight to the grandest heiress in England, and had only immediate occasion at present for £200, as he would not choose to touch his lady's fortune for traveling expenses home to Castle Rackrent, where he intended to be, wind and weather permitting, early in the next month; and desired fires, and the house to be painted, and the new building to go on as fast as possible, for the reception of him and his lady before that time; with several words besides in the letter, which we could not make out, because, God bless him! he wrote in such a flurry.

My heart warmed to my new lady when I read this: I was almost afraid it was too good news to be true; but the girls fell to scouring, and it was well they did, for we soon saw his marriage in the paper, to a lady with I don't know how many tens of thousands pounds to her fortune; then I watched the post-office for his landing; and the news came to my son of his and the bride being in Dublin, and on their way home to Castle Rackrent. We had bonfires all over the country, expecting him down the next day, and we had his coming of age still to celebrate, which he had not time to do properly before he left the country; there-

fore, a great ball was expected, and great doings upon his coming, as it were, fresh to take possession of his ancestors' estate. I never shall forget the day he came home; we had waited and waited all day long till eleven o'clock at night, and I was thinking of sending the boy to lock the gates, and giving them up for that night, when there came the carriages thundering up to the great hall-door. I got the first sight of the bride; for when the carriage door opened, just as she had her foot on the steps, I held the flame full in her face to light her, at which she shut her eyes, but I had a full view of the rest of her, and greatly shocked I was, for by that light she was little better than a blackamoor, and seemed crippled; but that was only sitting so long in the chariot.

"You 're kindly welcome to Castle Rackrent, my lady," says I (recollecting who she was). "Did your honor hear of the bonfires?"

His honor spoke never a word, nor so much as handed her up the steps—he looked to me no more like himself than nothing at all; I know I took him for the skeleton of his honor. I was not sure what to say to one or t' other, but seeing she was a stranger in a foreign country, I thought it but right to speak cheerful to her; so I went back again to the bonfires.

"My lady," says I, as she crossed the hall, "there would have been fifty times as many; but for fear of the horses, and frightening your ladyship, Jason and I forbid them, please your honor."

"Will I have a fire lighted in the state-room to-night?" was the next question I put to her, but never a word she answered; so I concluded she could not speak a word of English, and was from foreign parts. The short and the long of it was, I couldn't tell what to make of her; so I left her to herself, and went straight down to the servants' hall to learn something for certain about her. Sir Kit's own man was tired, but the grooms set him a-talking at last, and we had it all out before ever I closed my eyes that night. The bride might well be a great fortune—she was a *Jewish* by all accounts, who are famous for their great riches. I had never seen any of that tribe or nation before, and could only gather that she spoke a strange kind of English of her own, that she could not abide pork or sau-

sages, and went neither to church nor mass. Mercy upon his honor's poor soul, thought I; what will become of him and his, and all of us, with his heretic blackamoor at the head of the Castle Rackrent estate? I never slept a wink all night for thinking of it; but before the servants I put my pipe in my mouth, and kept my mind to myself, for I had a great regard for the family; and after this, when strange gentlemen's servants came to the house, and would begin to talk about the bride, I took care to put the best foot foremost, and passed her for a nabob in the kitchen, which accounted for her dark complexion and everything.

The very morning after they came home, however, I saw plain enough how things were between Sir Kit and my lady, though they were walking together arm in arm after breakfast, looking at the new building and the improvements.

"Old Thady," said my master, just as he used to do, "how do you do?"

"Very well, I thank your honor's honor," said I; but I saw he was not well pleased, and my heart was in my mouth as I walked along after him.

"Is the large room damp, Thady?" said his honor.

"Oh, damp, your honor! how should it be but as dry as a bone," says I, "after all the fires we have kept in it day and night? It 's the barrack-room your honor 's talking on."

"And what is a barrack-room, pray, my dear?" were the first words I ever heard out of my lady's lips.

"No matter, my dear," said he, and went on talking to me, ashamed-like I should witness her ignorance. To be sure, to hear her talk one might have taken her for an innocent, for it was, "What 's this, Sir Kit?" and "What 's that, Sir Kit?" all the way we went. To be sure, Sir Kit had enough to do to answer her.

"And what do you call that, Sir Kit?" said she; "that—that looks like a pile of black bricks, pray, Sir Kit?"

"My turf-stack, my dear," said my master, and bit his lip.

Where have you lived, my lady, all your life, not to know a turf-stack when you see it? thought I; but I said nothing. Then, by-and-by, she takes out her glass, and begins spying over the country.

"And what's all that black swamp out yonder, Sir Kit?" says she.

"My bog, my dear," says he, and went on whistling.

"It's a very ugly prospect, my dear," says she.

"You don't see it, my dear," says he; "for we've planted it out; when the trees grow up in summer-time—" says he.

"Where are the trees," said she, "my dear?" still looking through her glass.

"You are blind, my dear," says he: "what are these under your eyes?"

"These shrubs?" said she.

"Trees," said he.

"Maybe they are what you call trees in Ireland, my dear," said she; "but they are not a yard high, are they?"

"They were planted out but last year, my lady," says I, to soften matters between them, for I saw she was going the way to make his honor mad with her: "they are very well grown for their age, and you 'll not see the bog of Allyballycarricko'shaughlin at-all-at-all through the skreen, when once the leaves come out. But, my lady, you must not quarrel with any part or parcel of Allyballycarricko'shaughlin, for you don't know how many hundred years that same bit of bog has been in the family; we would not part with the bog of Allyballycarricko'shaughlin upon no account at all; it cost the late Sir Murtagh two hundred good pounds to defend his title to it and boundaries against the O'Learys, who cut a road through it."

Now one would have thought this would have been hint enough for my lady, but she fell to laughing like one out of their right mind, and made me say the name of the bog over, for her to get it by heart, a dozen times; then she must ask me how to spell it, and what was the meaning of it in English—Sir Kit standing by whistling all the while. I verily believed she laid the corner-stone of all her future misfortunes at that very instant; but I said no more, only looked at Sir Kit.

There were no balls, no dinners, no doings; the country was all disappointed—Sir Kit's gentleman said in a whisper to me, it was all my lady's own fault, because she was so obstinate about the cross.

"What cross?" says I; "is it about her being a heretic?"

"Oh, no such matter," says he; "my master does not mind her heresies, but her diamond cross—it 's worth I can't tell you how much, and she has thousands of English pounds concealed in diamonds about her, which she as good as promised to give up to my master before he married; but now she won't part with any of them, and she must take the consequences."

Her honeymoon, at least her Irish honeymoon, was scarcely well over, when his honor one morning said to me, "Thady, buy me a pig!" and then the sausages were ordered, and here was the first open breaking-out of my lady's troubles. My lady came down herself into the kitchen to speak to the cook about the sausages, and desired never to see them more at her table. Now my master had ordered them, and my lady knew that. The cook took my lady's part, because she never came down into the kitchen, and was young and innocent in housekeeping, which raised her pity; besides, said she, at her own table, surely my lady should order and disorder what she pleases. But the cook soon changed her note, for my master made it a principle to have the sausages, and swore at her for a Jew herself, till he drove her fairly out of the kitchen; then, for fear of her place, and because he threatened that my lady should give her no discharge without the sausages, she gave up, and from that day forward always sausages, or bacon, or pig-meat in some shape or other, went up to table; upon which my lady shut herself up in her own room, and my master said she might stay there, with an oath; and to make sure of her, he turned the key in the door, and kept it ever after in his pocket. We none of us ever saw or heard her speak for seven years after that: he carried her dinner himself. Then his honor had a great deal of company to dine with him, and balls in the house, and was as gay and gallant, and as much himself as before he was married; and at dinner he always drank my Lady Rackrent's good health and so did the company, and he sent out always a servant with his compliments to my Lady Rackrent, and the company was drinking her ladyship's health, and begged to know if there was anything at table he might send her, and the man came back, after the sham errand, with my Lady Rackrent's compliments, and she was very

much obliged to Sir Kit—she did not wish for anything, but drank the company's health.

The country, to be sure, talked and wondered at my lady's being shut up, but nobody chose to interfere or ask any impertinent questions, for they knew my master was a man very apt to give a short answer himself, and likely to call a man out for it afterwards: he was a famous shot, had killed his man before he came of age, and nobody scarce dared look at him whilst at Bath. Sir Kit's character was so well known in the country that he lived in peace and quietness ever after, and was a great favorite with the ladies, especially when in process of time, in the fifth year of her confinement, my Lady Rackrent fell ill and took entirely to her bed, and he gave out she was now skin and bone, and could not last through the winter. In this he had two physicians' opinions to back him (for now he called in two physicians for her), and tried all his arts to get the diamond cross from her on her deathbed, and to get her to make a will in his favor of her separate possessions, but there she was too tough for him. He used to swear at her behind her back after kneeling to her face, and call her in the presence of his gentleman his stiff-necked Israelite, though before he married her that same gentleman told me he used to call her (how he would bring it out, I don't know) "my pretty Jessica!" To be sure it must have been hard for her to guess what sort of a husband he reckoned to make her.

When she was lying, to all expectation, on her deathbed of a broken heart, I could not but pity her, though she was a Jewish, and considering too it was no fault of hers to be taken with my master, so young as she was at the Bath, and so fine a gentleman as Sir Kit was when he courted her; and considering too, after all they had heard and seen of him as a husband, there were now no less than three ladies in our county talked of for his second wife, all at daggers drawn with each other, as his gentleman swore, at the balls, for Sir Kit for their partner—I could not but think them bewitched, but they all reasoned with themselves that Sir Kit would make a good husband to any Christian but a Jewish, I suppose, and especially as he was now a reformed rake; and it was not known how my lady's fortune was settled in her will, nor how the Castle

Rackrent estate was all mortgaged, and bonds out against him, for he was never cured of his gaming tricks; but that was the only fault he had, God bless him!

My lady had a sort of fit, and it was given out that she was dead, by mistake; this brought things to a sad crisis for my poor master. One of the three ladies showed his letters to her brother, and claimed his promises, whilst another did the same. I don't mention names. Sir Kit, in his defense, said he would meet any man who dared to question his conduct; and as to the ladies, they must settle it amongst them who was to be his second, and his third, and his fourth, whilst his first was still alive, to his mortification and theirs. Upon this, as upon all former occasions, he had the voice of the country with him, on account of the great spirit and propriety he acted with. He met and shot the first lady's brother; the next day he called out the second, who had a wooden leg, and their place of meeting by appointment being in a new-ploughed field, the wooden-leg man stuck fast in it. Sir Kit, seeing his situation, with great candor fired his pistol over his head; upon which the seconds interposed, and convinced the parties there had been a slight misunderstanding between them; thereupon they shook hands cordially, and went home to dinner together. This gentleman, to show the world how they stood together, and by the advice of the friends of both parties, to re-establish his sister's injured reputation, went out with Sir Kit as his second, and carried his message next day to the last of his adversaries.

I never saw him in such fine spirits as that day he went out—sure enough he was within an ace of getting quit handsomely of all his enemies; but unluckily, after hitting the tooth-pick out of his adversary's finger and thumb, he received a ball in a vital part, and was brought home, in little better than an hour after the affair, speechless on a hand-barrow to my lady. We got the key out of his pocket the first thing we did, and my son Jason ran to unlock the barrack-room, where my lady had been shut up for seven years, to acquaint her with the fatal accident. The surprise bereaved her of her senses at first, nor would she believe but we were putting some new trick upon her, to entrap her out of her jewels, for a great while, till Jason bethought himself of taking her to the window, and showed

her the men bringing Sir Kit up the avenue upon the hand-barrow, which had immediately the desired effect; for directly she burst into tears, and pulling her cross from her bosom, she kissed it with as great devotion as ever I witnessed, and lifting up her eyes to heaven uttered some ejaculation which none present heard; but I take the sense of it to be, she returned thanks for this unexpected interposition in her favor when she had least reason to expect it. My master was greatly lamented: there was no life in him when we lifted him off the barrow, so he was laid out immediately, and "waked" the same night. The country was all in an uproar about him, and not a soul but cried shame upon his murderer, who would have been hanged surely, if he could have been brought to his trial, whilst the gentlemen in the country were up about it; but he very prudently withdrew himself to the Continent before the affair was made public. As for the young lady who was the immediate cause of the fatal accident, however innocently, she could never show her head after at the balls in the county or any place; and by the advice of her friends and physicians she was ordered soon after to Bath, where it was expected, if anywhere on this side of the grave, she would meet with the recovery of her health and lost peace of mind. As a proof of his great popularity, I need only add that there was a song made upon my master's untimely death in the newspapers, which was in everybody's mouth, singing up and down through the country, even down to the mountains, only three days after his unhappy exit. He was also greatly bemoaned at the Curragh, where his cattle were well known; and all who had taken up his bets were particularly inconsolable for his loss to society. His stud sold at the cant at the greatest price ever known in the county; his favorite horses were chiefly disposed of amongst his particular friends, who would give any price for them, for his sake; but no ready money was required by the new heir, who wished not to displease any of the gentlemen of the neighborhood just upon his coming to settle amongst them; so a long credit was given where requisite, and the cash has never been gathered in from that day to this.

But to return to my lady. She got surprisingly well after my master's decease. No sooner was it known for

certain that he was dead, than all the gentlemen within twenty miles of us came in a body, as it were, to set my lady at liberty, and to protest against her confinement, which they now for the first time understood was against her own consent. The ladies too were as attentive as possible, striving who should be foremost with their morning visits; and they that saw the diamonds spoke very handsomely of them, but thought it a pity they were not bestowed, if it had so pleased God, upon a lady who would have become them better. All these civilities wrought little with my lady, for she had taken an unaccountable prejudice against the country, and everything belonging to it, and was so partial to her native land, that after parting with the cook, which she did immediately upon my master's decease, I never knew her easy one instant, night or day, but when she was packing up to leave us. Had she meant to make any stay in Ireland, I stood a great chance of being a great favorite with her; for when she found I understood the weathercock, she was always finding some pretense to be talking to me, and asking me which way the wind blew, and was it likely, did I think, to continue fair for England.

But when I saw she had made up her mind to spend the rest of her days upon her own income and jewels in England, I considered her quite as a foreigner, and not at all any longer as part of the family. She gave no veils to the servants at Castle Rackrent at parting, notwithstanding the old proverb of "as rich as a Jew," which, she being a Jewish, they built upon with reason. But from first to last she brought nothing but misfortune amongst us; and if it had not been all along with her, his honor, Sir Kit, would have been now alive in all appearance. Her diamond cross was, they say, at the bottom of it all; and it was a shame for her, being his wife, not to show more duty, and to have given it up when he condescended to ask so often for such a bit of a trifle in his distresses, especially when he all along made it no secret he married for money. But we will not bestow another thought upon her. This much I thought it lay upon my conscience to say, in justice to my poor master's memory.

'T is an ill wind that blows nobody no good; the same

wind that took the Jew Lady Rackrent over to England brought over the new heir to Castle Rackrent.

Here let me pause for breath in my story, for though I had a great regard for every member of the family, yet without compare Sir Conolly, commonly called, for short, amongst his friends, Sir Condy Rackrent, was ever my great favorite; and indeed, the most universally beloved man I had ever seen or heard of, not excepting his great ancestor Sir Patrick, to whose memory he, amongst other instances of generosity, erected a handsome marble stone in the church of Castle Rackrent, setting forth in large letters his age, birth, parentage, and many other virtues, concluding with the compliment so justly due, that "Sir Patrick Rackrent lived and died a monument of old Irish hospitality."

CONTINUATION OF THE MEMOIRS OF THE RACKRENT FAMILY.

HISTORY OF SIR CONOLLY RACKRENT.

Sir Condy Rackrent by the grace of God heir-at-law to the Castle Rackrent estate was a remote branch of the family. Born to little or no fortune of his own, he was bred to the bar, at which, having many friends to push him and no mean natural abilities of his own, he doubtless would in process of time, if he could have borne the drudgery of that study, have been rapidly made King's Counsel at the least, but things were disposed of otherwise, and he never went the circuit but twice, and then made no figure for want of a fee and being unable to speak in public. He received his education chiefly in the College of Dublin, but before he came to years of discretion lived in the country, in a small but slated house within view of the end of the avenue. I remember him, bare-footed and headed, running through the street of O'Shaughlin's Town, and playing at pitch-and-toss, ball, marbles, and what not, with the boys of the town, amongst whom my son Jason was a great favorite with him. As for me, he was ever my white-headed boy; often 's the time, when I would call in at his father's, where I was always made welcome, he would slip down to

me in the kitchen, and love to sit on my knee whilst I told him stories of the family and the blood from which he was sprung, and how he might look forward, if the then present man should die without children, to being at the head of the Castle Rackrent estate.

This was then spoke quite and clear, at random to please the child, but it pleased Heaven to accomplish my prophecy afterwards, which gave him a great opinion of my judgment in business. He went to a little grammar-school with many others, and my son amongst the rest, who was in his class, and not a little useful to him in his book-learning, which he acknowledged with gratitude ever after. These rudiments of his education thus completed, he got a-horseback, to which exercise he was ever addicted, and used to gallop over the country while yet but a slip of a boy, under the care of Sir Kit's huntsman, who was very fond of him, and often lent him his gun, and took him out a-shooting under his own eye. By these means he became well acquainted and popular amongst the poor in the neighborhood early, for there was not a cabin at which he had not stopped some morning or other, along with the huntsman, to drink a glass of burnt whisky out of an egg-shell, to do him good and warm his heart and drive the cold out of his stomach. The old people always told him he was a great likeness of Sir Patrick, which made him first have an ambition to take after him, as far as his fortune should allow. He left us when of an age to enter the college, and there completed his education and nineteenth year, for as he was not born to an estate, his friends thought it incumbent on them to give him the best education which could be had for love or money, and a great deal of money consequently was spent upon him at College and Temple. He was a very little altered for the worse by what he saw there of the great world, for when he came down into the country to pay us a visit, we thought him just the same man as ever—hand and glove with every one, and as far from high, though not without his own proper share of family pride, as any man ever you see.

Latterly, seeing how Sir Kit and the Jewish lived together, and that there was no one between him and the Castle Rackrent estate, he neglected to apply to the law as much as was expected of him, and secretly many of the

tenants and others advanced him cash upon his note of hand value received, promising bargains of leases and lawful interest, should he ever come into the estate. All this was kept a great secret for fear the present man, hearing of it, should take it into his head to take it ill of poor Condy, and so should cut him off for ever by levying a fine, and suffering a recovery to dock the entail. Sir Murtagh would have been the man for that; but Sir Kit was too much taken up philandering to consider the law in this case, or any other. These practices I have mentioned to account for the state of his affairs—I mean Sir Condy's upon his coming into the Castle Rackrent estate. He could not command a penny of his first year's income, which, and keeping no accounts, and the great sight of company he did, with many other causes too numerous to mention, was the origin of his distresses.

My son Jason, who was now established agent, and knew everything, explained matters out of the face to Sir Conolly, and made him sensible of his embarrassed situation. With a great nominal rent-roll, it was almost all paid away in interest; which being for convenience suffered to run on, soon doubled the principal, and Sir Condy was obliged to pass new bonds for the interest, now grown principal, and so on. Whilst this was going on, my son, requiring to be paid for his trouble and many years' service in the family gratis, and Sir Condy not willing to take his affairs into his own hands, or to look them even in the face, he gave my son a bargain of some acres which fell out of lease at a reasonable rent. Jason let the land, as soon as his lease was sealed, to under-tenants, to make the rent, and got two hundred a year profit rent; which was little enough considering his long agency. He bought the land at twelve years' purchase two years afterwards, when Sir Condy was pushed for money on an execution, and was at the same time allowed for his improvements thereon.

There was a sort of hunting-lodge upon the estate, convenient to my son Jason's land, which he had his eye upon about this time; and he was a little jealous of Sir Condy, who talked of letting it to a stranger who was just come into the country—Captain Moneygawl was the man. He was son and heir to the Moneygawls of Mount Juliet's

and my master was loth to disoblige the young gentleman, whose heart was set upon the Lodge; so he wrote him back that the Lodge was at his service, and if he would honor him with his company at Castle Rackrent, they could ride over together some morning and look at it before signing the lease. Accordingly, the captain came over to us, and he and Sir Condy grew the greatest friends ever you see, and were for ever out a-shooting or hunting together, and were very merry in the evenings; and Sir Condy was invited of course to Mount Juliet's Town; and the family intimacy that had been in Sir Patrick's time was now recollected, and nothing would serve Sir Condy but he must be three times a week at the least with his new friends, which grieved me, who knew, by the captain's groom and gentleman, how they talked of him at Mount Juliet's Town, making him quite, as one may say, a laughing-stock and a butt for the whole company; but they were soon cured of that by an accident that surprised 'em not a little, as it did me.

There was a bit of a scrawl found upon the waiting-maid of old Mr. Moneygawl's youngest daughter, Miss Isabella, that laid open the whole; and her father, they say, was like one out of his right mind, and swore it was the last thing he ever should have thought of, when he invited my master to his house, that his daughter should think of such a match. But their talk signified not a straw, for as Miss Isabella's maid reported, her young mistress was fallen over head and ears in love with Sir Condy from the first time that ever her brother brought him into the house to dinner. The servant who waited that day behind my master's chair was the first who knew it, as he says; though it 's hard to believe him, for he did not tell it till a great while afterwards; but, however, it 's likely enough, as the thing turned out, that he was not far out of the way, for towards the middle of dinner, as he says, they were talking of stage-plays, having a play-house, and being great play-actors at Mount Juliet's Town; and Miss Isabella turns short to my master, and says:

"Have you seen the play-bill, Sir Condy?"

"No, I have not," said he.

"Then more shame for you," said the captain her brother, "not to know that my sister is to play Juliet to-

night, who plays it better than any woman on or off the stage in all Ireland."

"I am very happy to hear it," said Sir Condy; and there the matter dropped for the present.

But Sir Condy all this time, and a great while afterward, was at a terrible non-plus; for he had no liking, not he, to stage-plays, nor to Miss Isabella either—to his mind, as it came out over a bowl of whisky-punch at home, his little Judy M'Quirk, who was daughter to a sister's son of mine, was worth twenty of Miss Isabella. He had seen her often when he stopped at her father's cabin to drink whisky out of the egg-shell, out hunting, before he came to the estate, and, as she gave out, was under something like a promise of marriage to her. Anyhow, I could not but pity my poor master, who was so bothered between them, and he an easy-hearted man, that could not disoblige nobody—God bless him! To be-sure, it was not his place to behave ungenerous to Miss Isabella, who had disobliged all her relations for his sake, as he remarked; and then she was locked up in her chamber, and forbid to think of him any more, which raised his spirit, because his family was as good as theirs at any rate, and the Rackrents a suitable match for the Moneygawls any day in the year; all which was true enough. But it grieved me to see that, upon the strength of all this, Sir Condy was growing more in the mind to carry off Miss Isabella to Scotland, in spite of her relations, as she desired.

"It 's all over with our poor Judy!" said I, with a heavy sigh, making bold to speak to him one night when he was a little cheerful, and standing in the servants' hall all alone with me, as was often his custom.

"Not at all," said he; "I never was fonder of Judy than at this present speaking; and to prove it to you," said he—and he took from my hand a halfpenny change that I had just got along with my tobacco—"and to prove it to you, Thady," says he, "it 's a toss-up with me which I should marry this minute, her or Mr. Moneygawl of Mount Juliet's Town's daughter—so it is."

"Oh—boo! boo!" says I, making light of it, to see what he would go on to next; "your honor 's joking, to be sure; there 's no compare between our poor Judy and Miss Isabella, who has a great fortune, they say."

"I 'm not a man to mind a fortune, nor never was," said Sir Condy, proudly, "whatever her friends may say; and to make short of it," says he, "I 'm come to a determination upon the spot." With that he swore such a terrible oath as made me cross myself. "And by this book," said he, snatching up my ballad-book, mistaking it for my prayer-book, which lay in the window; "and by this book," says he, "and by all the books that ever were shut and opened, it 's come to a toss-up with me, and I 'll stand or fall by the toss; and so Thady, hand me over that *pin* out of the ink-horn"; and he makes a cross on the smooth side of the halfpenny; "Judy M'Quirk," says he, "her mark."

God bless him! his hand was a little unsteadied by all the whisky-punch he had taken, but it was plain to see his heart was for poor Judy. My heart was all as one as in my mouth when I saw the halfpenny up in the air, but I said nothing at all; and when it came down I was glad I had kept myself to myself, for to be sure now it was all over with poor Judy.

"Judy 's out a luck," said I, striving to laugh.

"I 'm out a luck," said he; and I never saw a man look so cast down: he took up the halfpenny off the flag, and walked away quite sober-like by the shock. Now, though as easy a man, you would think, as any in the wide world, there was no such thing as making him unsay one of these sort of vows, which he had learned to reverence when young, as I well remember teaching him to toss up for bog-berries on my knee. So I saw the affair was as good as settled between him and Miss Isabella, and I had no more to say but to wish her joy, which I did the week afterwards, upon her return from Scotland with my poor master.

My new lady was young, as might be supposed of a lady that had been carried off by her own consent to Scotland; but I could only see her at first through her veil, which, from bashfulness or fashion, she kept over her face.

"And am I to walk through all this crowd of people, my dearest love?" said she to Sir Condy, meaning us servants and tenants, who had gathered at the back gate.

"My dear," said Sir Condy, "there 's nothing for it but to walk, or to let me carry you as far as the house, for you see the back road is too narrow for a carriage, and the

great piers have tumbled down across the front approach: so there 's no driving the right way, by reason of the ruins."

"Plato, thou reasonest well!" said she, or words to that effect, which I could noways understand; and again, when her foot stumbled against a broken bit of a car-wheel, she cried out, "Angels and ministers of grace defend us!" Well, thought I, to be sure, if she 's no Jewish, like the last, she is a mad-woman for certain, which is as bad: it would have been as well for my poor master to have taken up with poor Judy, who is in her right mind anyhow.

She was dressed like a mad-woman, moreover, more than like any one I ever saw afore or since, and I could not take my eyes off her, but still followed behind her; and her feathers on the top of her hat were broke going in at the low back door, and she pulled out her little bottle out of her pocket to smell when she found herself in the kitchen, and said, "I shall faint with the heat of this odious, odious place."

"My dear, it 's only three steps across the kitchen, and there 's a fine air if your veil was up," said Sir Condy; and with that threw back her veil, so that I had then a full sight of her face. She had not at all the color of one going to faint, but a fine complexion of her own, as I then took it to be, though her maid told me after it was all put on; but even, complexion and all taken in, she was no way, in point of good looks, to compare to poor Judy, and withal she had a quality toss with her; but maybe it was my overpartiality to Judy, into whose place I may say she stepped, that made me notice all this.

To do her justice, however, she was, when we came to know her better, very liberal in her housekeeping—nothing at all of the skinflint in her; she left everything to the housekeeper, and her own maid, Mrs. Jane, who went with her to Scotland, gave her the best of characters for generosity. She seldom or ever wore a thing twice the same way, Mrs. Jane told us, and was always pulling her things to pieces and giving them away, never being used, in her father's house, to think of expense in anything; and she reckoned to be sure to go on the same way at Castle Rackrent; but when I came to inquire, I learned that her father was so mad with her for running off, after his locking her up and forbidding her to think any more of Sir

Condy, that he would not give her a farthing; and it was lucky for her she had a few thousands of her own, which had been left to her by a good grandmother, and these were convenient to begin with.

My master and my lady set out in great style; they had the finest coach and chariot, and horses and liveries, and cut the greatest dash in the county, returning their wedding visits; and it was immediately reported that her father had undertaken to pay all my master's debts, and of course all his tradesmen gave him a new credit, and every thing went on smack-smooth, and I could not but admire my lady's spirit, and was proud to see Castle Rackrent again in all its glory. My lady had a fine taste for building, and furniture, and playhouses, and she turned every thing topsy-turvy, and made the barrack-room into a theater, as she called it, and she went on as if she had a mint of money at her elbow; and to be sure I thought she knew best, especially as Sir Condy said nothing to it one way or the other. All he asked, God bless him! was to live in peace and quietness, and have his bottle or his whisky-punch at night to himself. Now this was little enough, to be sure, for any gentleman; but my lady couldn't abide the smell of the whisky-punch.

"My dear," says he, "you liked it well enough before we were married, and why not now?"

"My dear," said she, "I never smelt it, or I assure you I should never have prevailed upon myself to marry you."

"My dear, I am sorry you did not smell it, but we can't help that now," returned my master, without putting himself in a passion or going out of his way, but just fair and easy helped himself to another glass, and drank it off to her good health.

All this the butler told me, who was going backwards and forwards unnoticed with the jug, and hot water and sugar, and all he thought wanting. Upon my master's swallowing the last glass of whisky-punch, my lady burst into tears, calling him an ungrateful, base, barbarous wretch, and went off into a fit of hysterics, as I think Mrs. Jane called it; and my poor master was greatly frightened, this being the first thing of the kind he had seen, and he fell straight on his knees before her, and, like a good-hearted cratur as he was, ordered the whisky-punch out of

the room, and bid 'em throw open all the windows, and cursed himself; and then my lady came to herself again, and when she saw him kneeling there, bid him get up, and not forswear himself any more, for that she was sure he did not love her, and never had. This we learned from Mrs. Jane, who was the only person left present at all this.

"My dear," returns my master, thinking, to be sure, of Judy, as well he might, "whoever told you so is an incendiary, and I 'll have 'em turned out of the house this minute, if you 'll only let me know which of them it was."

"Told me what?" said my lady, starting upright in her chair.

"Nothing at all, nothing at all," said my master, seeing he had overshot himself, and that my lady spoke at random; "but what you said just now, that I did not love you, Bella; who told you that?"

"My own sense," she said, and she put her handkerchief to her face and leant back upon Mrs. Jane, and fell to sobbing as if her heart would break.

"Why now, Bella, this is very strange of you," said my poor master; "if nobody has told you nothing, what is it you are talking on for at this rate, and exposing yourself and me for this way?"

"Oh, say no more, say no more; every word you say kills me," cried my lady; and she ran on like one, as Mrs. Jane says, raving, "Oh, Sir Condy, Sir Condy! I that had hoped to find in you——"

"Why now, faith, this is a little too much; do, Bella, try to recollect yourself, my dear; am not I your husband, and of your own choosing, and is not that enough?"

"Oh, too much! too much!" cried my lady, wringing her hands.

"Why, my dear, come to your right senses, for the love of Heaven. See, is not the whisky-punch, jug and bowl and all, gone out of the room long ago? What is it, in the wide world, you have to complain of?"

But still my lady sobbed and sobbed, and called herself the most wretched of women; and among other out-of-the-way, provoking things, asked my master was he fit company for her, and he drinking all night? This nettling him, which it was hard to do, he replied that, as to drinking all night, he was then as sober as she was herself, and that

it was no matter how much a man drank, provided it did no ways affect or stagger him; that as to being fit company for her, he thought himself of a family to be fit company for any lord or lady in the land; but that he never prevented her from seeing and keeping what company she pleased, and that he had done his best to make Castle Rackrent pleasing to her since her marriage, having always had the house full of visitors, and if her own relations were not amongst them, he said that was their own fault, and their pride's fault, of which he was sorry to find her ladyship had so unbecoming a share.

So concluding, he took his candle and walked off to his room, and my lady was in her tantrums for three days after, and would have been so much longer, no doubt, but some of her friends, young ladies and cousins and second cousins, came to Castle Rackrent, by poor master's express invitation, to see her, and she was in a hurry to get up, as Mrs. Jane called it, a play for them, and so got well, and was as finely dressed and as happy to look at as ever; and all the young ladies, who used to be in her room dressing of her, said in Mrs. Jane's hearing that my lady was the happiest bride ever they had seen, and that, to be sure, a love-match was the only thing for happiness where the parties could any way afford it.

As to affording it, God knows it was little they knew of the matter: my lady's few thousands could not last forever, especially the way she went on with them, and letters from tradesfolk came every post thick and threefold, with bills as long as my arm, of years' and years' standing. My son Jason had 'em all handed over to him, and the pressing letters were all unread by Sir Condy, who hated trouble, and could never be brought to hear talk of business, but still put it off and put it off, saying, "Settle it anyhow," or "Bid 'em call again to-morrow," or "Speak to me about it some other time." Now it was hard to find the right time to speak, for in the mornings he was a-bed, and in the evenings over his bottle, where no gentleman chooses to be disturbed. Things in a twelve-month or so came to such a pass there was no making a shift to go on any longer, though we were all of us well enough used to live from hand to mouth at Castle Rackrent. One day, I remember, when there was a power of company, all sitting after din-

ner in the dusk, not to say dark, in the drawing-room, my lady having rung five times for candles and none to go up, the housekeeper sent up the footman, who went to my mistress and whispered behind her chair how it was.

"My lady," says he, "there are no candles in the house."

"Bless me," says she; "then take a horse and gallop off as fast as you can to Carrick O'Fungus, and get some."

"And in the meantime tell them to step into the playhouse, and try if there are not some bits left," added Sir Condy, who happened to be within hearing. The man was sent up again to my lady to let her know there was no horse to go but one that wanted a shoe.

"Go to Sir Condy, then; I know nothing at all about the horses," said my lady; "why do you plague me with these things?" How it was settled I really forget, but to the best of my remembrance the boy was sent down to my son Jason's to borrow candles for the night. Another time, in the winter, and on a desperate cold day, there was no turf in for the parlor and above stairs, and scarce enough for the cook in the kitchen. The little *gossoon* was sent off to the neighbors to see and beg or borrow some, but none could he bring back with him for love or money, so, as needs must, we were forced to trouble Sir Condy—"Well, and if there 's no turf to be had in the town or country, why, what signifies talking any more about it; can't ye go and cut down a tree?"

"Which tree, please your honor?" I made bold to say.

"Any tree at all that 's good to burn," said Sir Condy; "send off smart and get one down and the fires lighted before my lady gets up to breakfast, or the house will be too hot to hold us."

He was always very considerate in all things about my lady, and she wanted for nothing whilst he had it to give. Well, when things were tight with them about this time, my son Jason put in a word again about the Lodge, and made a genteel offer to lay down the purchase-money, to relieve Sir Condy's distresses. Now Sir Condy had it from the best authority that there were two writs come down to the sheriff against his person, and the sheriff, as ill-luck would have it, was no friend of his, and talked how he must do his duty, and how he would do it, if it was against the first man in the country, or even his own brother, let alone

one who had voted against him at the last election, as Sir Condy had done. So Sir Condy was fain to take the purchase-money of the Lodge from my son Jason to settle matters; and sure enough it was a good bargain for both parties, for my son bought the fee-simple of a good house for him and his heirs forever, for little or nothing, and by selling of it for that same my master saved himself from a jail. Every way it turned out fortunate for Sir Condy, for before the money was all gone there came a general election, and he being so well beloved in the county, and one of the oldest families, no one had a better right to stand candidate for the vacancy; and he was called upon by all his friends, and the whole county, I may say, to declare himself against the old member, who had little thought of a contest. My master did not relish the thoughts of a troublesome canvass and all the ill-will he might bring upon himself by disturbing the peace of the county, besides the expense, which was no trifle; but all his friends called upon one another to subscribe, and they formed themselves into a committee, and wrote all his circular-letters for him, and engaged all his agents, and did all the business unknown to him; and he was well pleased that it should be so at last, and my lady herself was very sanguine about the election; and there was open house kept night and day at Castle Rackrent, and I thought I never saw my lady look so well in her life as she did at that time. There were grand dinners, and all the gentlemen drinking success to Sir Condy till they were carried off; and then dances and balls, and the ladies all finishing with a raking pot of tea in the morning. Indeed, it was well the company made it their choice to sit up all nights, for there were not half beds enough for the sights of people that were in it, though there were shake-downs in the drawing-room always made up before sunrise for those that liked it.

For my part, when I saw the doings that were going on, and the loads of claret that went down the throats of them that had no right to be asking for it, and the sights of meat that went up to table and never came down, besides what was carried off to one or t' other below stair, I couldn't but pity my poor master, who was to pay for all; but I said nothing, for fear of gaining myself ill-will. The day of election will come some time or other, says I to myself, and

all will be over; and so it did, and a glorious day it was as any I ever had the happiness to see.

"Huzza! huzza! Sir Condy Rackrent forever!" was the first thing I hears in the morning, and the same and nothing else all day, and not a soul sober only just when polling, enough to give their votes as became 'em, and to stand the browbeating of the lawyers, who came tight enough upon us; and many of our freeholders were knocked off, having never a freehold that they could safely swear to, and Sir Condy was not willing to have any man perjure himself for his sake, as was done on the other side, God knows; but no matter for that. Some of our friends were dumbfounded by the lawyers asking them: "Had they ever been upon the ground where their freeholds lay?" Now, Sir Condy, being tender of the consciences of them that had not been on the ground, and so could not swear to a freehold when cross-examined by them lawyers, sent out for a couple of cleavefuls[1] of the sods of his farm of Gulteeshinnagh; and as soon as the sods came into town, he set each man upon his sod, and so then, ever after, you know, they could fairly swear they had been upon the ground. We gained the day by this piece of honesty. I thought I should have died in the streets for joy when I seed my poor master chaired, and he bareheaded, and it raining as hard as it could pour; but all the crowds following him up and down, and he bowing and shaking hands with the whole town.

"Is that Sir Condy Rackrent in the chair?" says a stranger man in the crowd.

"The same," says I. "Who else could it be? God bless him!"

"And I take it, then, you belong to him?" says he.

"Not at all," says I; "but I live under him, and have done so these two hundred years and upwards, me and mine."

"It 's lucky for you, then," rejoins he, "that he is where he is; for was he anywhere else but in the chair, this minute he 'd be in a worse place; for I was sent down on purpose to put him up, and here 's my order for so doing in my pocket."

It was a writ that villain the wine merchant had marked

[1] *Cleave*, a large basket.

against my poor master for some hundreds of an old debt, which it was a shame to be talking of at such a time as this.

"Put it in your pocket again, and think no more of it anyways for seven years to come, my honest friend," says I; "he 's a member of Parliament now, praised be God, and such as you can't touch him; and if you 'll take a fool's advice, I 'd have you keep out of the way this day, or you 'll run a good chance of getting your deserts amongst my master's friends, unless you choose to drink his health like everybody else."

"I 've no objection to that in life," said he. So we went into one of the public-houses kept open for my master; and we had a great deal of talk about this thing and that. "And how is it," says he, "your master keeps on so well upon his legs? I heard say he was off Holantide twelvemonth past."

"Never was better or heartier in his life," said I.

"It 's not that I 'm after speaking of," said he; "but there was a great report of his being ruined."

"No matter," says I; "the sheriffs two years running were his particular friends, and the sub-sheriffs were both of them gentlemen, and were properly spoken to; and so the writs lay snug with them, and they, as I understand by my son Jason the custom in them cases is, returned the writs as they came to them to those that sent 'em—much good may it do them!—with a word in Latin, that no such person as Sir Condy Rackrent, Bart., was to be found in those parts."

"Oh, I understand all those ways better—no offense—than you," says he, laughing, and at the same time filling his glass to my master's good health, which convinced me he was a warm friend in his heart after all, though appearances were a little suspicious or so at first. "To be sure," says he, still cutting his joke, "when a man 's over head and shoulders in debt, he may live the faster for it, and the better if he goes the right way about it, or else how is it so many live on so well, as we see every day after they are ruined?"

"How is it," says I, being a little merry at the time; "how is it but just as you see the ducks in the chicken-yard, just after their heads are cut off by the cook, running round and round faster than when alive?"

At which conceit he fell a-laughing, and remarked he had never had the happiness yet to see the chicken-yard at Castle Rackrent.

"It won't be long so, I hope," says I; "you 'll be kindly welcome there, as everybody is made by my master; there is not a freer-spoken gentleman or a better beloved, high or low, in all Ireland."

And of what passed after this I 'm not sensible, for we drank Sir Condy's good health and the downfall of his enemies till we could stand no longer ourselves. And little did I think at the time, or till long after, how I was harboring my poor master's greatest of enemies myself. This fellow had the impudence, after coming to see the chicken-yard, to get me to introduce him to my son Jason; little more than the man that never was born did I guess at his meaning by this visit: he gets him a correct list fairly drawn out from my son Jason of all my master's debts, and goes straight round to the creditors and buys them all up, which he did easy enough, seeing the half of them never expected to see their money out of Sir Condy's hands. Then, when this base-minded limb of the law, as I afterwards detected him in being, grew to be sole creditor over all, he takes him out a custodiam on all the denominations and sub-denominations, and even carton and half-carton upon the estate; and not content with that, must have an execution against the master's goods and down to the furniture, though little worth, of Castle Rackrent itself. But this is a part of my story I 'm not come to yet, and it 's bad to be forestalling: ill news flies fast enough all the world over.

To go back to the day of the election, which I never think of but with pleasure and tears of gratitude for those good times, after the election was quite and clean over, there comes shoals of people from all parts, claiming to have obliged my master with their votes, and putting him in mind of promises which he could never remember himself to have made: one was to have a freehold for each of his four sons; another was to have a renewal of a lease; another an abatement; one came to be paid ten guineas for a pair of silver buckles sold my master on the hustings, which turned out to be no better than copper gilt; another had a long bill for oats, the half of which never went into

the granary to my certain knowledge, and the other half was not fit for the cattle to touch; but the bargain was made the week before the election, and the coach and saddle-horses were got into order for the day, besides a vote fairly got by them oats; so no more reasoning on that head. But then there was no end to them that were telling Sir Condy he had engaged to make their sons excisemen, or high constables, or the like; and as for them that had bills to give in for liquor, and beds, and straw, and ribands, and horses, and post-chaises for the gentlemen freeholders that came from all parts and other counties to vote for my master, and were not, to be sure, to be at any charges, there was no standing against all these; and, worse than all, the gentlemen of my master's committee, who managed all for him, and talked how they 'd bring him in without costing him a penny, and subscribed by hundreds very genteelly, forgot to pay their subscriptions, and had laid out in agents' and lawyers' fees and secret-service money to the Lord knows how much; and my master could never ask one of them for their subscription you are sensible, nor for the price of a fine horse he had sold one of them; so it all was left at his door.

He could never, God bless him again! I say, bring himself to ask a gentleman for money, despising such sort of conversation himself; but others, who were not gentlemen born, behaved very uncivil in pressing him at this very time, and all he could do to content 'em all was to take himself out of the way as fast as possible to Dublin, where my lady had taken a house fitting for him as a member of Parliament, to attend his duty in there all the winter. I was very lonely when the whole family was gone, and all the things they had ordered to go, and forgot, sent after them by the car. There was then a great silence in Castle Rackrent, and I went moping from room to room, hearing the doors clap for want of right locks, and the wind through the broken windows, that the glazier never would come to mend, and the rain coming through the roof and best ceilings all over the house for want of the slater, whose bill was not paid, besides our having no slates or shingles for that part of the old building which was shingled and burnt when the chimney took fire, and had been open to the weather ever since.

I took myself to the servants' hall in the evening to smoke my pipe as usual, but missed the bit of talk we used to have there sadly, and ever after was content to stay in the kitchen and boil my little potatoes and put up my bed there, and every post-day I looked in the newspaper, but no news of my master in the House; he never spoke good or bad, but, as the butler wrote down word to my son Jason, was very ill-used by the Government about a place that was promised him and never given, after his supporting them against his conscience very honorably, and being greatly abused for it, which hurt him greatly, he having the name of a great patriot in the country before. The house and living in Dublin, too, were not to be had for nothing, and my son Jason said: "Sir Condy must soon be looking out for a new agent, for I 've done my part and can do no more. If my lady had the Bank of Ireland to spend, it would go all in one winter, and Sir Condy would never gainsay her, though he does not care the rind of a lemon for her all the while."

Now I could not bear to hear Jason giving out after this manner against the family, and twenty people standing by in the street. Ever since he had lived at the Lodge of his own, he looked down, howsomever, upon poor old Thady, and was grown quite a great gentleman, and had none of his relations near him; no wonder he was no kinder to poor Sir Condy than to his own kith or kin. In the spring it was the villain that got the list of the debts from him brought down the custodiam, Sir Condy still attending his duty in Parliament; and I could scarcely believe my own old eyes, or the spectacles with which I read it, when I was shown my son Jason's name joined in the custodiam, but he told me it was only for form's sake, and to make things easier than if all the land was under the power of a total stranger. Well, I did not know what to think; it was hard to be talking ill of my own, and I could not but grieve for my poor master's fine estate, all torn by these vultures of the law; so I said nothing, but just looked on to see how it would all end.

It was not till the month of June that he and my lady came down to the country. My master was pleased to take me aside with him to the brewhouse that same evening, to complain to me of my son and other matters, in which he

said he was confident I had neither art nor part; he said a great deal more to me, to whom he had been fond to talk ever since he was my white-headed boy before he came to the estate; and all that he said about poor Judy I can never forget, but scorn to repeat. He did not say an unkind word of my lady, but wondered, as well he might, her relations would do nothing for him or her, and they in all this great distress. He did not take anything long to heart, let it be as it would, and had no more malice or thought of the like in him than a child that can't speak; this night it was all out of his head before he went to his bed.

He took his jug of whisky-punch—my lady was grown quite easy about the whisky-punch by this time, and so I did suppose all was going on right betwixt them, till I learnt the truth through Mrs. Jane, who talked over the affairs to the housekeeper, and I within hearing. The night my master came home, thinking of nothing at all but just making merry, he drank his bumper toast "to the deserts of that old curmudgeon my father-in-law, and all enemies at Mount Juliet's Town." Now my lady was no longer in the mind she formerly was, and did noways relish hearing her own friends abused in her presence, she said.

"Then why don't they show themselves your friends," said my master, "and oblige me with the loan of the money I condescended by your advice, my dear, to ask? It 's now three posts since I sent off my letter, desiring in the postscript a speedy answer by the return of the post, and no account at all from them yet."

"I expect they 'll write to *me* next post," says my lady, and that was all that passed then; but it was easy from this to guess there was a coolness betwixt them, and with good cause.

The next morning, being post-day, I sent off the *gossoon* early to the post-office, to see was there any letter likely to set matters to rights, and he brought back one with the proper postmark upon it, sure enough, and I had no time to examine or make any conjecture more about it, for into the servants' hall pops Mrs. Jane with a blue bandbox in her hand, quite entirely mad.

"Dear ma'am, and what 's the matter?" says I.

"Matter enough," says she; "don't you see my bandbox is wet through, and my best bonnet here spoiled, besides

my lady's, and all by the rain coming in through that gallery window that you might have got mended if you 'd had any sense, Thady, all the time we were in town in the winter?"

"Sure, I could not get the glazier, ma'am," says I.

"You might have stopped it up anyhow," says she.

"So I did, ma'am, to the best of my ability; one of the panes with the old pillow-case, and the other with a piece of the old stage green curtain. Sure I was as careful as possible all the time you were away, and not a drop of rain came in at that window of all the windows in the house, all winter, ma'am, when under my care; and now the family 's come home, and it 's summer-time, I never thought no more about it, to be sure; but dear, it 's a pity to think of your bonnet, ma'am. But here 's what will please you, ma'am—a letter from Mount Juliet's Town for my lady."

With that she snatches it from me without a word more, and runs up the back stairs to my mistress; I follows with a slate to make up the window. This window was in the long passage, or gallery, as my lady gave out orders to have it called, in the gallery leading to my master's bedchamber and hers. And when I went up with the slate, the door having no lock, and the bolt spoilt, was ajar after Mrs. Jane, and, as I was busy with the window, I heard all that was saying within.

"Well, what 's in your letter, Bella, my dear?" says he: "you 're a long time spelling it over."

"Won't you shave this morning, Sir Condy?" says she, and put the letter into her pocket.

"I shaved the day before yesterday," said he, "my dear, and that 's not what I 'm thinking of now; but anything to oblige you, and to have peace and quietness, my dear"—and presently I had a glimpse of him at the cracked glass over the chimney-piece, standing up shaving himself to please my lady. But she took no notice, but went on reading her book, and Mrs. Jane doing her hair behind.

"What is it you 're reading there, my dear?—phoo, I 've cut myself with this razor; the man 's a cheat that sold it me, but I have not paid him for it yet. What is it you 're reading there? Did you hear me asking you, my dear?"

"'The Sorrows of Werter,'" replies my lady, as well as I could hear.

"I think more of the sorrows of Sir Condy," says my master, joking like. "What news from Mount Juliet's Town."

"No news," says she, "but the old story over again; my friends all reproaching me still for what I can't help now."

"Is it for marrying me?" said my master, still shaving. "What signifies, as you say, talking of that, when it can't be helped now?"

With that she heaved a great sigh that I heard plain enough in the passage.

"And did not you use me basely, Sir Condy," says she, "not to tell me you were ruined before I married you?"

"Tell you, my dear!" said he. "Did you ever ask me one word about it? And had not you friends enough of your own, that were telling you nothing else from morning to night, if you 'd have listened to them slanders?"

"No slanders, nor are my friends slanderers; and I can't bear to hear them treated with disrespect as I do," says my lady, and took out her pocket-handkerchief; "they are the best of friends, and if I had taken their advice—But my father was wrong to lock me up, I own. That was the only unkind thing I can charge him with; for if he had not locked me up, I should never have had a serious thought of running away as I did."

"Well, my dear," said my master, "don't cry and make yourself uneasy about it now, when it 's all over, and you have the man of your own choice, in spite of 'em all."

"I was too young, I know, to make a choice at the time you ran away with me, I 'm sure," says my lady, and another sigh, which made my master, half-shaved as he was, turn round upon her in surprise.

"Why, Bell," says he, "you can't deny what you know as well as I do, that it was at your own particular desire, and that twice under your own hand and seal expressed, that I should carry you off as I did to Scotland, and marry you there."

"Well, say no more about it, Sir Condy," said my lady, pettish-like; "I was a child then, you know."

"And as far as I know, you 're little better now, my dear Bella, to be talking in this manner to your husband's face; but I won't take it ill of you, for I know it 's something in that letter you put into your pocket just now that has set

you against me all on a sudden, and imposed upon your understanding."

"It 's not so very easy as you think it, Sir Condy, to impose upon my understanding," said my lady.

"My dear," says he, "I have, and with reason the best opinion of your understanding of any man now breathing; and you know I have never set my own in competition with it till now, my dear Bella," says he, taking her hand from her book as kind as could be—"till now, when I have the great advantage of being quite cool, and you not; so don't believe one word your friends say against your own Sir Condy, and lend me the letter out of your pocket, till I see what it is they can have to say."

"Take it then," says she; "and as you are quite cool, I hope it is a proper time to request you 'll allow me to comply with the wishes of all my own friends, and return to live with my father and family, during the remainder of my wretched existence, at Mount Juliet's Town."

At this my poor master fell back a few paces, like one that had been shot.

"You 're not serious, Bella," says he; "and could you find it in your heart to leave me this way in the very middle of my distresses, all alone?" But recollecting himself after his first surprise, and a moment's time for reflection, he said, with a great deal of consideration for my lady: "Well, Bella, my dear, I believe you are right; for what could you do at Castle Rackrent, and an execution against the goods coming down, and the furniture to be canted, and an auction in the house all next week? So you have my full consent to go, since that is your desire; only you must not think of my accompanying you, which I could not in honor do upon the terms I always have been, since our marriage, with your friends. Besides, I have business to transact at home; so in the meantime, if we are to have any breakfast this morning, let us go down and have it for the last time in peace and comfort, Bella."

Then as I heard my master coming to the passage door, I finished fastening up my slate against the broken pane; and when he came out I wiped down the window-seat with my wig, and bade him a "good morrow" as kindly as I could, seeing he was in trouble, though he strove and thought to hide it from me.

"This window is all racked and tattered," says I, "and it 's what I 'm striving to mend."

"It *is* all racked and tattered, plain enough," says he, "and never mind mending it, honest old Thady," says he; "it will do well enough for you and I, and that 's all the company we shall have left in the house by-and-by."

"I 'm sorry to see your honor so low this morning," says I; "but you 'll be better after taking your breakfast."

"Step down to the servants' hall," said he, "and bring me up the pen and ink into the parlor, and get a sheet of paper from Mrs. Jane, for I have business that can't brook to be delayed; and come into the parlor with the pen and ink yourself, Thady, for I must have you to witness my signing a paper I have to execute in a hurry."

Well, while I was getting of the pen and ink-horn, and the sheet of paper, I ransacked my brains to think what could be the papers my poor master could have to execute in such a hurry, he that never thought of such a thing as doing business afore breakfast in the whole course of his life, for any man living; but this was for my lady, as I afterwards found, and the more genteel of him after all her treatment.

I was just witnessing the paper that he had scrawled over, and was shaking the ink out of my pen upon the carpet, when my lady came in to breakfast, and she started as if it had been a ghost; as well she might, when she saw Sir Condy writing at this unseasonable hour.

"That will do very well, Thady," says he to me, and took the paper I had signed to, without knowing what upon the earth it might be, out of my hands, and walked, folding it up, to my lady.

"You are concerned in this, my Lady Rackrent," said he, putting it into her hands; "and I beg you 'll keep this memorandum safe, and show it to your friends the first thing you do when you get home; but put it in your pocket now, my dear, and let us eat our breakfast, in God's name."

"What is all this?" said my lady, opening the paper in great curiosity.

"It 's only a bit of a memorandum of what I think becomes me to do whenever I am able," says my master; "you know my situation, tied hand and foot at the present time being, but that can't last always, and when I 'm dead and

gone the land will be to the good, Thady, you know; and take notice it 's my intention your lady should have a clear five hundred a year jointure off the estate afore any of my debts are paid."

"Oh, please your honor," says I, "I can't expect to live to see that time, being now upwards of fourscore years of age, and you a young man, and likely to continue so by the help of God."

I was vexed to see my lady so insensible, too, for all she said was: "This is very genteel of you, Sir Condy. You need not wait any longer, Thady." So I just picked up the pen and ink that had tumbled on the floor, and heard my master finish with saying: "You behaved very genteel to me, my dear, when you threw all the little you had in your power along with yourself into my hands; and as I don't deny but what you may have had some things to complain of"—to be sure he was thinking then of Judy or of the whisky-punch, one or t' other, or both,—"and as I don't deny but you may have had something to complain of, my dear, it is but fair you should have something in the form of compensation to look forward to agreeably in the future; besides, it 's an act of justice to myself, that none of your friends, my dear, may ever have it to say against me, I married for money, and not for love."

"That is the last thing I should ever have thought of saying of you, Sir Condy," said my lady, looking very gracious.

"Then, my dear," said Sir Condy, "we shall part as good friends as we met; so all 's right."

I was greatly rejoiced to hear this, and went out of the parlor to report it all to the kitchen. The next morning my lady and Mrs. Jane set out for Mount Juliet's Town in the jaunting-car. Many wondered at my lady's choosing to go away, considering all things, upon the jaunting-car, as if it was only a party of pleasure; but they did not know till I told them that the coach was all broke in the journey down, and no other vehicle but the car to be had. Besides, my lady's friends were to send their coach to meet her at the cross-roads; so it was all done very proper.

My poor master was in great trouble after my lady left us. The execution came down, and everything at Castle Rackrent was seized by the gripers, and my son Jason, to

his shame be it spoken, amongst them. I wondered, for the life of me, how he could harden himself to do it; but then he had been studying the law, and had made himself Attorney Quirk; so he brought down at once a heap of accounts upon my master's head. To cash lent, and to ditto, and to ditto, and to ditto, and oats, and bills paid at milliner's and linen-draper's, and many dresses for the fancy balls in Dublin for my lady, and all the bills to the workmen and tradesmen for the scenery of the theater, and the chandler's and grocer's bills, and tailor's, besides butcher's and baker's and, worse than all, the old one of that base wine merchant's who wanted to arrest my poor master for the amount on the election day, for which amount Sir Condy afterwards passed his note of hand, bearing lawful interest from the date thereof; and the interest and compound interest was now mounted to a terrible deal on many other notes and bonds for money borrowed, and there was, besides, hush-money to the subsheriffs, and sheets upon sheets of old and new attorneys' bills, with heavy balances, "as per former account furnished," brought forward with interest thereon; then there was a powerful deal due to the Crown for sixteen years' arrear of quit-rent of the townlands of Carrickshaughlin, with driver's fees, and a compliment to the receiver every year for letting the quit-rent run on to oblige Sir Condy, and Sir Kit afore him.

Then there were bills for spirits and ribbons at the election time, and the gentlemen of the committee's accounts unsettled, and their subscription never gathered; and there were cows to be paid for, with the smith and farrier's bills to be set against the rent of the demesne, with calf and hay money; then there was all the servants' wages, since I don't know when, coming due to them, and sums advanced for them by my son Jason for clothes, and boots, and whips, and odd moneys for sundries expended by them in journeys to town and elsewhere, and pocket-money for the master continually, and messengers and postage before his being a Parliament man. I can't myself tell you what besides; but this I know, that when the evening came on the which Sir Condy had appointed to settle all with my son Jason, and when he comes into the parlor, and sees the sight of bills and load of papers all gathered on the great dining-

table for him, he puts his hands before both his eys, and cried out, "Merciful Jasus! what is it I see before me?" Then I sets an arm-chair at the table for him, and with a deal of difficulty he sits him down, and my son Jason hands him over the pen and ink to sign to this man's bill and t' other man's bill, all of which he did without making the least objections. Indeed, to give him his due, I never seen a man more fair and honest, and easy in all his dealings, from first to last, as Sir Condy, or more willing to pay every man his own as far as he was able, which is as much as any one can do.

"Well," says he, joking-like with Jason, "I wish we could settle it all with a stroke of my gray goose-quill. What signifies making me wade through all this ocean of papers here; can't you now, who understand drawing out an account, debtor and creditor, just sit down here at the corner of the table and get it done out for me, that I may have a clear view of the balance, which is all I need be talking about, you know?"

"Very true, Sir Condy; nobody understands business better than yourself," says Jason.

"So I 've a right to do, being born and bred to the bar," says Sir Condy. "Thady, do step out and see are they bringing in the things for the punch, for we 've just done all we have to do for this evening."

I goes out accordingly, and when I came back Jason was pointing to the balance, which was a terrible sight to my poor master.

"Pooh! pooh! pooh!" says he. "Here 's so many noughts they dazzle my eyes, so they do, and put me in mind of all I suffered larning of my numeration table when I was a boy at the day school along with you, Jason—units, tens, hundreds, tens of hundreds. Is the punch ready, Thady?" says he, seeing me.

"Immediately; the boy has the jug in his hand; it 's coming upstairs, please your honor, as fast as possible," says I, for I saw his honor was tired out of his life; but Jason, very short and cruel, cuts me off with—"Don't be talking of punch yet awhile; it 's no time for punch yet a bit—units, tens, hundreds," goes he on, counting over the master's shoulder, "units, tens, hundreds, thousands."

"A-a-ah! hold your hand," cries my master. "Where

in this wide world am I to find hundreds, or units itself, let alone thousands?"

"The balance has been running on too long," says Jason, sticking to him as I could not have done at the time if you 'd have given both the Indies and Cork to boot; "the balance has been running on too long, and I 'm distressed myself on your account, Sir Condy, for money, and the thing must be settled now on the spot, and the balance cleared off," says Jason.

"I 'll thank you if you 'll only show me how," says Sir Condy.

"There 's but one way," says Jason, "and that 's ready enough. When there 's no cash, what can a gentleman do but go to the land?"

"How can you go to the land, and it under custodiam to yourself already?" says Sir Condy; "and another custodiam hanging over it? And no one at all can touch it, you know, but the custodees."

"Sure, can't you sell, though at a loss? Sure you can sell, and I 've a purchaser ready for you," says Jason.

"Have you so?" says Sir Condy. "That 's a great point gained. But there 's a thing now beyond all, that perhaps you don't know yet, barring Thady has let you into the secret."

"Sarrah bit of a secret, or anything at all of the kind, has he learned from me these fifteen weeks come St. John's Eve," says I, "for we have scarce been upon speaking terms of late. But what is it your honor means of a secret?"

"Why, the secret of the little keepsake I gave my Lady Rackrent the morning she left us, that she might not go back empty-handed to her friends."

"My Lady Rackrent, I 'm sure, has baubles and keepsakes enough, as those bills on the table will show," says Jason; "but whatever it is," says he, taking up his pen, "we must add it to the balance, for to be sure it can't be paid for."

"No, nor can't till after my decease," says Sir Condy; "that 's one good thing." Then coloring up a good deal, he tells Jason of the memorandum of the five-hundred-a-year jointure he had settled upon my lady; at which Jason was indeed mad, and said a great deal in very high words, that it was using a gentleman who had the management of

his affairs, and was, moreover, his principal creditor, extremely ill to do such a thing without consulting him, and against his knowledge and consent. To all which Sir Condy had nothing to reply, but that, upon his conscience, it was in a hurry and without a moment's thought on his part, and he was very sorry for it, but if it was to do over again he would do the same; and he appealed to me, and I was ready to give my evidence, if that would do, to the truth of all he said.

So Jason, with much ado, was brought to agree to a compromise.

"The purchaser that I have ready," says he, "will be much displeased, to be sure, at the incumbrance on the land, but I must see and manage him. Here 's a deed ready drawn up; we have nothing to do but to put in the consideration money and our names to it."

"And how much am I going to sell?—the lands of O'Shaughlin's Town, and the lands of Gruneaghoolaghan, and the lands of Crookagnawaturgh," says he, just reading to himself. "And—oh, murder, Jason! sure you won't put this in—the castle, stable, and appurtenances of Castle Rackrent?"

"Oh, murder!" says I, clapping my hands; "this is too bad, Jason."

"Why so?" said Jason. "When it 's all, and a good deal more to the back of it, lawfully mine, was I to push for it?"

"Look at him," says I, pointing to Sir Condy, who was just leaning back in his arm-chair, with his arms falling beside him like one stupefied; "is it you, Jason, that can stand in his presence, and recollect all he has been to us, and all that we have been to him, and yet use him so at the last?"

"Who will you find to use him better, I ask you?" said Jason; "if he can get a better purchaser, I 'm content; I only offer to purchase, to make things easy, and oblige him; though I don't see what compliment I am under, if you come to that. I have never had, asked, or charged more than sixpence in the pound, receiver's fees, and where would he have got an agent for a penny less?"

"Oh, Jason! Jason! how will you stand to this in the face of the county, and all who know you?" says I; "and

what will people think and say when they see you living here in Castle Rackrent, and the lawful owner turned out of the seat of his ancestors, without a cabin to put his head into, or so much as a potato to eat?"

Jason, whilst I was saying this and a great deal more, made me signs, and winks, and frowns; but I took no heed, for I was grieved and sick at heart for my poor master, and couldn't but speak.

"Here 's the punch," says Jason, for the door opened; "here 's the punch!"

Hearing that, my master starts up in his chair, and recollects himself, and Jason uncorks the whisky.

"Set down the jug here," says he, making room for it beside the papers opposite to Sir Condy, but still not stirring the deed that was to make over all.

Well, I was in great hopes he had some touch of mercy about him when I saw him making the punch, and my master took a glass; but Jason put it back as he was going to fill again, saying: "No, Sir Condy, it sha'n't be said of me I got your signature to this deed when you were half seas over; you know your name and handwriting in that condition would not, if brought before the courts, benefit me a straw; wherefore, let us settle all before we go deeper into the punch-bowl."

"Settle all as you will," said Sir Condy, clapping his hands to his ears; "but let me hear no more. I 'm bothered to death this night."

"You 've only to sign," said Jason, putting the pen to him.

"Take all, and be content," said my master. So he signed; and the man who brought in the punch witnessed it, for I was not able, but crying like a child; and besides, Jason said, which I was glad of, that I was no fit witness, being so old and doting. It was so bad with me, I could not taste a drop of the punch itself, though my master himself, God bless him! in the midst of his trouble, poured out a glass for me, and brought it up to my lips.

"Not a drop; I thank your honor's honor as much as if I took it, though." And I just set down the glass as it was, and went out, and when I got to the street door the neighbor's childer, who were playing at marbles there, seeing me in great trouble, left their play, and gathered about me to

know what ailed me; and I told them all, for it was a great relief to me to speak to these poor childer, that seemed to have some natural feeling left in them; and when they were made sensible that Sir Condy was going to leave Castle Rackrent for good and all, they set up a whillalu that could be heard to the farthest end of the street; and one—fine boy he was—that my master had given an apple to that morning, cried the loudest; but they all were the same sorry, for Sir Condy was greatly beloved amongst the childer, for letting them go a-nutting in the demesne, without saying a word to them, though my lady objected to them. The people in the town, who were the most of them standing at their doors, hearing the childer cry, would know the reason of it; and when the report was made known, the people one and all gathered in great anger against my son Jason, and terror at the notion of his coming to be landlord over them, and they cried: "No Jason! no Jason! Sir Condy! Sir Condy! Sir Condy Rackrent forever!"

And the mob grew so great and so loud, I was frightened, and made my way back to the house to warn my son to make his escape or hide himself for fear of the consequences. Jason would not believe me till they came all round the house, and to the windows, with great shouts. Then he grew quite pale, and asked Sir Condy what had he best do?

"I 'll tell you what you had best do," said Sir Condy, who was laughing to see his fright; "finish your glass first, then let 's go to the window and show ourselves, and I 'll tell 'em—or you shall, if you please—that I 'm going to the Lodge for change of air for my health, and by my own desire, for the rest of my days."

"Do so," said Jason, who never meant it should have been so, but could not refuse him the Lodge at this unseasonable time. Accordingly, Sir Condy threw up the sash and explained matters, and thanked all his friends, and bid them look in at the punch-bowl, and observe that Jason and he had been sitting over it very good friends; so the mob was content, and he sent them out some whisky to drink his health, and that was the last time his honor's health was ever drunk at Castle Rackrent.

The very next day, being too proud, as he said to me, to

stay an hour longer in a house that did not belong to him, he sets off to the Lodge, and I along with him not many hours after. And there was great bemoaning through all O'Shauglin's Town, which I stayed to witness, and gave my poor master a full account of when I got to the Lodge. He was very low, and in his bed when I got there, and complained of a great pain about his heart; but I guessed it was only trouble and all the business, let alone vexation, he had gone through of late, and knowing the nature of him from a boy, I took my pipe, and whilst smoking it by the chimney began telling him how he was beloved and regretted in the county, and it did him a deal of good to hear it.

"Your honor has a great many friends yet that you don't know of, rich and poor, in the county," says I; "for as I was coming along the road I met two gentlemen in their own carriages, who asked after you, knowing me, and wanted to know where you was and all about you, and even how old I was. Think of that."

Then he wakened out of his doze and began questioning me who the gentlemen were. And the next morning it came into my head to go, unknown to anybody, with my master's compliments, round to many of the gentlemen's houses where he and my lady used to visit, and people that I knew were his great friends, and would go to Cork to serve him any day in the year, and I made bold to try to borrow a trifle of cash from them. They all treated me very civil for the most part, and asked a great many questions very kind about my lady and Sir Condy and all the family, and were greatly surprised to learn from me Castle Rackrent was sold, and my master at the Lodge for health; and they all pitied him greatly, and he had their good wishes, if that would do; but money was a thing they unfortunately had not any of them at this time to spare. I had my journey for my pains, and I, not used to walking, nor supple as formerly, was greatly tired, but had the satisfaction of telling my master when I got to the Lodge all the civil things said by high and low.

"Thady," says he, "all you 've been telling me brings a strange thought into my head. I 've a notion I shall not be long for this world anyhow, and I 've a great fancy to see my own funeral afore I die." I was greatly shocked, at

the first speaking, to hear him speak so light about his funeral, and he to all appearance in good health; but recollecting myself, answered:

"To be sure it would be as fine a sight as one could see," I dared to say, "and one I should be proud to witness, and I did not doubt his honor's would be as great a funeral as ever Sir Patrick O'Shaughlin's was, and such a one as that had never been known in the county afore or since." But I never thought he was in earnest about seeing his own funeral himself till the next day he returns to it again.

"Thady," says he, "as far as the wake goes, sure I might without any great trouble have the satisfaction of seeing a bit of my own funeral."

"Well, since your honor's honor 's so bent upon it," says I, not willing to cross him, and he in trouble, "we must see what we can do."

So he fell into a sort of sham disorder, which was easy done, as he kept his bed, and no one to see him; and I got my shister, who was an old woman very handy about the sick, and very skillful, to come up to the Lodge to nurse him; and we gave out, she knowing no better, that he was just at his latter end, and it answered beyond anything; and there was a great throng of people, men, women, and childer, and there being only two rooms at the Lodge, except what was locked up full of Jason's furniture and things, the house was soon as full and fuller than it could hold, and the heat, and smoke, and noise wonderful great; and standing amongst them that were near the bed, but not thinking at all of the dead, I was startled by the sound of my master's voice from under the greatcoats that had been thrown all at top, and I went close up, no one noticing.

"Thady," says he, "I 've had enough of this; I 'm smothering, and can't hear a word of all they 're saying of the deceased."

"God bless you, and lie still and quiet," says I, "a bit longer, for my shister 's afraid of ghosts, and would die on the spot with fright was she to see you come to life all on a sudden this way without the least preparation."

So he lays him still, though wellnigh stifled, and I made all haste to tell the secret of the joke, whispering to one and t' other, and there was a great surprise, but not so great as we had laid out it would. "And aren't we to

have the pipes and tobacco, after coming so far to-night?" said some; but they were all well enough pleased when his honor got up to drink with them, and sent for more spirits from a shebeenhouse, where they very civilly let him have it upon credit. So the night passed off very merrily, but to my mind Sir Condy was rather upon the sad order in the midst of it all, not finding there had been such a great talk about himself after his death as he had always expected to hear.

The next morning, when the house was cleared of them, and none but my shister and myself left in the kitchen with Sir Condy, one opens the door and walks in, and who should it be but Judy M'Quirk herself! I forgot to notice that she had been married long since, whilst young Captain Moneygawl lived in the Lodge, to the captain's huntsman, who after a whilst 'listed and left her, and was killed in the wars. Poor Judy fell off greatly in her good looks after her being married a year or two; and being smoke-dried in the cabin, and neglecting herself like, it was hard for Sir Condy himself to know her again till she spoke; but when she says, "It 's Judy M'Quirk, please your honor; don't you remember her?"

"Oh, Judy, is it you?" says his honor. "Yes, sure, I remember you very well; but you 're greatly altered, Judy."

"Sure it 's time for me," says she, "and I think your honor, since I seen you last—but that 's a great while ago—is altered too."

"And with reason, Judy," says Sir Condy, fetching a sort of a sigh. "But how 's this, Judy?" he goes on. "I take it a little amiss of you that you were not at my wake last night."

"Ah, don't be being jealous of that," says she; "I didn't hear a sentence of your honor's wake till it was all over, or it would have gone hard with me but I would been at it, sure; but I was forced to go ten miles up the country three days ago to a wedding of a relation of my own's, and didn't get home till after the wake was over. But," says she, "it won't be so, I hope, the next time, please your honor."

"That we shall see, Judy," says his honor, "and maybe sooner than you think for, for I 've been very unwell this

while past, and don't reckon anyway I 'm long for this world."

At this Judy takes up the corner of her apron, and puts it first to one eye and then to t' other, being to all appearance in great trouble; and my shister put in her word, and bid his honor have a good heart, for she was sure it was only the gout that Sir Patrick used to have flying about him, and he ought to drink a glass or a bottle extraordinary to keep it out of his stomach; and he promised to take her advice, and sent out for more spirits immediately; and Judy made a sign to me, and I went over to the door to her, and she said: "I wonder to see Sir Condy so low; has he heard the news?"

"What news?" says I.

"Didn't ye hear it, then?" says she; "my Lady Rackrent that was is kilt and lying for dead, and I don't doubt but it 's all over with her by this time."

"Mercy on us all," says I; "how was it?"

"The jaunting-car it was that ran away with her," says Judy. "I was coming home that same time from Biddy M'Guggin's marriage, and a great crowd of people, too, upon the road coming from the fair of Crookagnawaturgh, and I sees a jaunting-car standing in the middle of the road, and with the two wheels off and all tattered. 'What 's this?' says I. 'Didn't ye hear of it?' says they that were looking on; 'it 's my Lady Rackrent's car, that was running away from her husband, and the horse took fright at a carrion that lay across the road, and so ran away with the jaunting-car, and my Lady Rackrent and her maid screaming, and the horse ran with them against a car that was coming from the fair with the boy asleep on it, and the lady's petticoat hanging out of the jaunting-car caught, and she was dragged I can't tell you how far upon the road, and it all broken up with the stones just going to be pounded, and one of the road-makers, with his sledge-hammer in his hand, stops the horse at the last, but my Lady Rackrent was all kilt and smashed, and they lifted her into a cabin hard by, and the maid was found after where she had been thrown in the gripe of a ditch, her cap and bonnet all full of bog water, and they say my lady can't live any way. Thady, pray now is it true what I 'm

told for sartain, that Sir Condy has made over all to your son Jason?'"

"All," says I.

"All entirely?" says she again.

"All entirely," says I.

"Then," says she, "that's a great shame; but don't be telling Jason what I say."

"And what is it you say?" cries Sir Condy, leaning over betwixt us, which made Judy start greatly. "I know the time when Judy M'Quirk would never have stayed so long talking at the door and I in the house."

"Oh!" says Judy, "for shame, Sir Condy; times are altered since then, and it's my Lady Rackrent you ought to be thinking of."

"And why should I be thinking of her, that's not thinking of me now?" says Sir Condy.

"No matter for that," says Judy, very properly; "it's time you should be thinking of her, if ever you mean to do it at all, for don't you know she's lying for death?"

"My Lady Rackrent!" says Sir Condy, in a surprise; "why, it's but two days since we parted, as you very well know, Thady, in her full health and spirits, and she, and her maid along with her, going to Mount Juliet's Town on her jaunting-car."

"She'll never ride no more on her jaunting-car," said Judy, "for it has been the death of her sure enough."

"And is she dead, then?" says his honor.

"As good as dead, I hear," says Judy; "but there's Thady here as just learnt the whole truth of the story as I had it, and it's fitter he or anybody else should be telling it you than I, Sir Condy: I must be going home to the childer."

But he stops her, but rather from civility in him, as I could see very plainly, than anything else, for Judy was, as his honor remarked at her first coming in, greatly changed, and little likely, as far as I could see—though she did not seem to be clear of it herself,—little likely to be my Lady Rackrent now, should there be a second toss-up to be made. But I told him the whole story out of the face, just as Judy had told it to me, and he sent off a messenger with his compliments to Mount Juliet's Town that evening to learn the truth of the report, and Judy bid the

boy that was going call in at Tim M'Enerney's shop in O'Shaughlin's Town and buy her a new shawl.

"Do so," said Sir Condy, "and tell Tim to take no money from you, for I must pay him for the shawl myself." At this my shister throws me over a look, and I says nothing, but turned the tobacco in my mouth, whilst Judy began making a many words about it, and saying how she could not be beholden for shawls to any gentleman. I left her there to consult with my shister, did she think there was anything in it, and my shister thought I was blind to be asking her the question, and I thought my shister must see more into it than I did, and recollecting all past times and everything, I changed my mind, and came over to her way of thinking, and we settled it that Judy was very like to be my Lady Rackrent after all, if a vacancy should have happened.

The next day, before his honor was up, somebody comes with a double knock at the door, and I was greatly surprised to see it was my son Jason.

"Jason, is it you?" said I; "what brings you to the Lodge?" says I. "Is it my Lady Rackrent? We know that already since yesterday."

"Maybe so," says he; "but I must see Sir Condy about it."

"You can't see him yet," says I; "sure he is not awake."

"What then," says he, "can't he be wakened, and I standing at the door?"

"I 'll not be disturbing his honor for you, Jason," says I; "many 's the hour you 've waited in your time, and been proud to do it, till his honor was at leisure to speak to you. His honor," says I, raising my voice, at which his honor wakens of his own accord, and calls to me from the room to know who it was I was speaking to. Jason made no more ceremony, but follows me into the room.

"How are you, Sir Condy?" says he; "I 'm happy to see you looking so well; I came up to know how you did to-day, and to see did you want for anything at the Lodge."

"Nothing at all, Mr. Jason, I thank you," says he; for his honor had his own share of pride, and did not choose, after all that had passed, to be beholden, I suppose, to my son; "but pray take a chair and be seated, Mr. Jason."

Jason sat him down upon the chest, for chair there was

none, and after he had sat there some time, and a silence on all sides,—

"What news is there stirring in the country, Mr. Jason M'Quirk?" says Sir Condy, very easy, yet high like.

"None that 's news to you, Sir Condy, I hear," says Jason. "I am sorry to hear of my Lady Rackrent's accident."

"I 'm much obliged to you, and so is her ladyship, I 'm sure," answered Sir Condy, still stiff; and there was another sort of a silence, which seemed to lie the heaviest on my son Jason.

"Sir Condy," says he at last, seeing Sir Condy disposing himself to go to sleep again, "Sir Condy, I dare say you recollect mentioning to me the little memorandum you gave to Lady Rackrent about the £500-a-year jointure."

"Very true," said Sir Condy; "it is all in my recollection."

"But if my Lady Rackrent dies, there 's an end of all jointure," says Jason.

"Of course," says Sir Condy.

"But it 's not a matter of certainty that my Lady Rackrent won't recover," says Jason.

"Very true, sir," says my master.

"It 's a fair speculation, then, for you to consider what the chance of the jointure of those lands, when out of custodiam, will be to you."

"Just five hundred a year, I take it, without any speculation at all," said Sir Condy.

"That 's supposing the life dropt, and the custodiam off, you know; begging your pardon, Sir Condy, who understands business, that is a wrong calculation."

"Very likely so," said Sir Condy; "but, Mr. Jason, if you have anything to say to me this morning about it, I 'd be obliged to you to say it, for I had an indifferent night's rest last night, and wouldn't be sorry to sleep a little this morning."

"I have only three words to say, and those more of consequence to you, Sir Condy, than me. You are a little cool, I observe; but I hope you will not be offended at what I have brought here in my pocket," and he pulls out two long rolls, and showers down golden guineas upon the bed.

"What 's this?" said Sir Condy; "it 's long since"—but his pride stops him.

"All these are your lawful property this minute, Sir Condy, if you please," said Jason.

"Not for nothing, I 'm sure," said Sir Condy, and laughs a little. "Nothing for nothing, or I 'm under a mistake with you, Jason."

"Oh, Sir Condy, we 'll not be indulging ourselves in any unpleasant retrospects," says Jason; "it 's my present intention to behave, as I 'm sure you will, like a gentleman in this affair. Here 's two hundred guineas, and a third I mean to add if you should think proper to make over to me all your right and title to those lands that you know of."

"I 'll consider of it," said my master; and a great deal more, that I was tired listening to, was said by Jason, and all that, and the sight of the ready cash upon the bed, worked with his honor; and the short and the long of it was, Sir Condy gathered up the golden guineas, and tied them up in a handkerchief, and signed some paper Jason brought with him as usual, and there was an end of the business: Jason took himself away, and my master turned himself round and fell asleep again.

I soon found what had put Jason in such a hurry to conclude this business. The little gossoon we had sent off the day before with my master's compliments to Mount Juliet's Town, and to know how my lady did after her accident, was stopped early this morning, coming back with his answer through O'Shaughlin's Town, at Castle Rackrent, by my son Jason, and questioned of all he knew of my lady from the servant at Mount Juliet's Town; and the gossoon told him my Lady Rackrent was not expected to live overnight; so Jason thought it high time to be moving to the Lodge, to make his bargain with my master about the jointure afore it should be too late, and afore the little gossoon should reach us with the news. My master was greatly vexed—that is, I may say, as much as ever I seen him—when he found how he had been taken in; but it was some comfort to have the ready cash for immediate consumption in the house, anyway.

And when Judy came up that evening, and brought the childer to see his honor, he unties the handkerchief, and—

God bless him! whether it was little or much he had, 't was all the same with him—he gives 'em all round guineas apiece.

"Hold up your head," says my shister to Judy, as Sir Condy was busy filling out a glass of punch for her eldest boy—"Hold up your head, Judy; for who knows but we may live to see you yet at the head of the Castle Rackrent estate?"

"Maybe so," says she, "but not the way you are thinking of."

I did not rightly understand which way Judy was looking when she made this speech till a while after.

"Why, Thady, you were telling me yesterday that Sir Condy had sold all entirely to Jason, and where then does all them guineas in the handkerchief come from?"

"They are the purchase-money of my lady's jointure," says I.

Judy looks a little bit puzzled at this. "A penny for your thoughts, Judy," says my shister; "hark, sure Sir Condy is drinking her health."

He was at the table in the room, drinking with the exciseman and the gauger, who came up to see his honor, and we were standing over the fire in the kitchen.

"I don't much care is he drinking my health or not," says Judy; "and it is not Sir Condy I 'm thinking of, with all your jokes, whatever he is of me."

"Sure you wouldn't refuse to be my Lady Rackrent, Judy, if you had the offer?" says I.

"But if I could do better!" says she.

"How better?" says I and my shister both at once.

"How better?" says she. "Why, what signifies it to be my Lady Rackrent and no castle? Sure what good is the car, and no horse to draw it?"

"And where will ye get the horse, Judy?" says I.

"Never mind that," says she; "maybe it is your own son Jason might find that."

"Jason!" says I; "don't be trusting to him, Judy. Sir Condy, as I have good reason to know, spoke well of you when Jason spoke very indifferently of you, Judy."

"No matter," says Judy; "it 's often men speak the contrary just to what they think of us."

"And you the same way of them, no doubt," answered I.

"Nay, don't be denying it, Judy, for I think the better of ye for it, and shouldn't be proud to call ye the daughter of a shister's son of mine, if I was to hear ye talk ungrateful, and any way disrespectful of his honor."

"What disrespect," says she, "to say I 'd rather, if it was my luck, be the wife of another man?"

"You 'll have no luck, mind my words, Judy," says I; and all I remembered about my poor master's goodness in tossing up for her afore he married at all came across me, and I had a choking in my throat that hindered me to say more.

"Better luck, anyhow, Thady," says she, "than to be like some folk, following the fortunes of them that have none left."

"Oh! King of Glory!" says I, "hear the pride and ungratitude of her, and he giving his last guineas but a minute ago to her childer, and she with the fine shawl on her he made her a present of but yesterday!"

"Oh, troth, Judy, you 're wrong now," says my shister, looking at the shawl.

"And was not he wrong yesterday, then," says she, "to be telling me I was greatly altered, to affront me?"

"But, Judy," says I, "what is it brings you here then at all in the mind you are in; is it to make Jason think the better of you?"

"I 'll tell you no more of my secrets, Thady," says she, "nor would have told you this much, had I taken you for such an unnatural fader as I find you are, not to wish your own son prefarred to another."

"Oh, troth, you are wrong now, Thady," says my shister.

Well, I was never so put to it in my life; between these women, and my son, and my master, and all I felt and thought just now, I could not, upon my conscience, tell which was the wrong from the right. So I said not a word more, but was only glad his honor had not the luck to hear all Judy had been saying of him, for I reckoned it would have gone nigh to break his heart; not that I was of opinion he cared for her as much as she and my shister fancied, but the ungratitude of the whole from Judy might not plase him; and he could never stand the notion of not being well spoken of or beloved-like behind his back. Fortunately for all parties concerned, he was so much elevated at this time,

there was no danger of his understanding anything, even if it had reached his ears. There was a great horn at the Lodge, ever since my master and Captain Moneygawl was in together, that used to belong originally to the celebrated Sir Patrick, his ancestor; and his honor was fond often of telling the story that he learned from me when a child, how Sir Patrick drank the full of this horn without stopping, and this was what no other man afore or since could without drawing breath. Now Sir Condy challenged the gauger, who seemed to think little of the horn, to swallow the contents, and had it filled to the brim with punch; and the gauger said it was what he could not do for nothing, but he 'd hold Sir Condy a hundred guineas he 'd do it.

"Done," says my master; "I 'll lay you a hundred golden guineas to a tester you don't."

"Done," says the gauger; and done and done 's enough between two gentlemen. The gauger was cast, and my master won the bet, and thought he 'd won a hundred guineas, but by the wording it was adjudged to be only a tester that was his due by the exciseman. It was all one to him; he was as well pleased, and I was glad to see him in such spirits again.

The gauger—bad luck to him!—was the man that next proposed to my master to try himself, could he take at a draught the contents of the great horn.

"Sir Patrick's horn!" said his honor; "hand it to me: I 'll hold you your own bet over again I 'll swallow it."

"Done," says the gauger; "I 'll lay ye anything at all you do no such thing."

"A hundred guineas to sixpence I do," says he; "bring me the handkerchief." I was loth, knowing he meant the handkerchief with the gold in it, to bring it out in such company, and his honor not very able to reckon it. "Bring me the handkerchief, then, Thady," says he, and stamps with his foot; so with that I pulls it out of my greatcoat pocket, where I had put it for safety. Oh how it grieved me to see the guineas counting upon the table, and they the last my master had! Says Sir Condy to me: "Your hand is steadier than mine to-night, old Thady, and that 's a wonder; fill you the horn for me." And so, wishing his honor success, I did; but I filled it, little thinking of what would befall him. He swallows it down, and drops like

one shot. We lifts him up, and he was speechless, and quite black in the face. We put him to bed, and in a short time he wakened, raving with a fever on his brain. He was shocking either to see or hear.

"Judy! Judy! have you no touch of feeling? Won't you stay to help us nurse him?" says I to her, and she putting on her shawl to go out of the house.

"I 'm frightened to see him," says she, "and wouldn't nor couldn't stay in it: and what use? He can't last till the morning." With that she ran off. There was none but my shister and myself left near him of all the many friends he had.

The fever came and went, and came and went, and lasted five days, and the sixth he was sensible for a few minutes, and said to me, knowing me very well, "I 'm in a burning pain all withinside of me, Thady." I could not speak, but my shister asked him would he have this thing or t' other to do him good? "No," says he, "nothing will do me good no more," and he gave a terrible screech with the torture he was in; then again a minute's ease—"brought to this by drink," says he. "Where are all the friends?—where 's Judy? Gone, hey? Ay, Sir Condy has been a fool all his days," said he; and there was the last word he spoke, and died. He had but a very poor funeral after all.

If you want to know any more, I 'm not very well able to tell you; but my Lady Rackrent did not die, as was expected of her, but was only disfigured in the face ever after by the fall and bruises she got; and she and Jason, immediately after my poor master's death, set about going to law about that jointure; the memorandum not being on stamped paper, some say it is worth nothing, others again it may do; others say Jason won't have the lands at any rate; many wishes it so. For my part, I 'm tired wishing for anything in this world, after all I 've seen in it; but I 'll say nothing—it would be a folly to be getting myself ill-will in my old age. Jason did not marry, nor think of marrying, Judy, as I prophesied, and I am not sorry for it: who is? As for all I have here set down from memory and hearsay of the family there 's nothing but truth in it from beginning to end. That you may depend upon, for where 's the use of telling lies about the things which everybody knows as well as I do?

[The Editor could have readily made the catastrophe of Sir Condy's history more dramatic and more pathetic, if he thought it allowable to varnish the plain round tale of faithful Thady. He lays it before the English reader as a specimen of manners and character which are perhaps unknown in England. Indeed, the domestic habits of no nation in Europe were less known to the English than those of their sister country till within these few years.

Mr. Young's picture of Ireland, in his tour through that country, was the first faithful portrait of its inhabitants. All the features in the foregoing sketch were taken from the life, and they are characteristic of that mixture of quickness, simplicity, cunning, carelessness, dissipation, disinterestedness, shrewdness, and blunder, which, in different forms and with various success, has been brought upon the stage or delineated in novels.

It is a problem of difficult solution to determine whether a union will hasten or retard the amelioration of this country. The few gentlemen of education who now reside in this country will resort to England. They are few, but they are in nothing inferior to men of the same rank in Great Britain. The best that can happen will be the introduction of British manufacturers in their places.

Did the Warwickshire militia, who were chiefly artisans, teach the Irish to drink beer? or did they learn from the Irish to drink whisky?]

THE ORIGINALITY OF IRISH BULLS EXAMINED.

From ' An Essay on Irish Bulls.'

The difficulty of selecting from the vulgar herd of Irish bulls one that shall be entitled to the prize, from the united merits of pre-eminent absurdity and indisputable originality, is greater than hasty judges may imagine. Many bulls, reputed to be bred and born in Ireland, are of foreign extraction; and many more, supposed to be unrivaled in their kind, may be matched in all their capital points: for instance, there is not a more celebrated bull than Paddy

Blake's. When Paddy heard an English gentleman speaking of the fine echo at the lake of Killarney, which repeats the sound forty times, he very promptly observed: "Faith, that 's nothing at all to the echo in my father's garden, in the county of Galway: if you say to it, 'How do you do, Paddy Blake?' it will answer, 'Pretty well, I thank you, sir.'"

Now this echo of Paddy Blake, which has long been the admiration of the world, is not a prodigy unique in its kind; it can be matched by one recorded in the immortal works of the great Lord Verulam.

"I remember well," says this father of philosophy, "that when I went to the echo at Port Charenton, there was an old Parisian that took it to be the work of spirits, and of good spirits; 'for,' said he, 'call Satan, and the echo will not deliver back the devil's name, but will say Va-t-en.' (go away)"

The Parisian echo is surely superior to the Hibernian! Paddy Blake's simply understood and practiced the common rules of good breeding; but the Port Charenton echo is "instinct with spirit," and endowed with a nice moral sense.

Among the famous bulls recorded by the illustrious Joe Miller, there is one which has been continually quoted as an example of original Irish genius. An English gentleman was writing a letter in a coffee-house, and perceiving that an Irishman stationed behind him was taking that liberty which Hephæstion used with his friend Alexander, instead of putting his seal upon the lips of the curious impertinent, the Englishman thought proper to reprove the Hibernian, if not with delicacy, at least with poetical justice; he concluded writing his letter in these words: "I would say more, but a —— tall Irishman is reading over my shoulder every word I write."

"You lie, you scoundrel!" said the self-convicted Hibernian.

This blunder is unquestionably excellent; but it is not originally Irish: it comes, with other riches, from the East, as the reader may find by looking into a book by M. Galland, entitled, "The Remarkable Sayings of the Eastern Nations."

"A learned man was writing to a friend; a troublesome

fellow was beside him, who was looking over his shoulder at what he was writing. The learned man, who perceived this, continued writing in these words, 'If an impertinent chap, who stands beside me, were not looking at what I write, I would write many other things to you which should be known only to you and to me.'

"The troublesome fellow, who was reading on, now thought it incumbent upon him to speak, and said, 'I swear to you that I have not read or looked at what you are writing.'

"The learned man replied, 'Blockhead, as you are, why then do you say to me what you are now saying?'"

Making allowance for the difference of manners in eastern and northern nations, there is certainly such a similarity between this Oriental anecdote and Joe Miller's story, that we may conclude the latter is stolen from the former. Now an Irish bull must be a species of blunder peculiar to Ireland; those that we have hitherto examined, though they may be called Irish bulls by the ignorant vulgar, have no right, title, or claim to such a distinction. We should invariably exclude from that class all blunders which can be found in another country. For instance, a speech of the celebrated Irish beauty, Lady C——, has been called a bull; but as a parallel can be produced, in the speech of an English nobleman, it tells for nothing. When her ladyship was presented at court, his Majesty George II. politely hoped "that, since her arrival in England, she had been entertained with the gayeties of London."

"O yes, please your Majesty, I have seen every sight in London worth seeing, except a coronation."

This *naïveté* is certainly not equal to that of the English earl marshal, who, when his king found fault with some arrangement at his coronation, said, "Please your Majesty I hope it will be better the next time."

A *naïveté* of the same species entailed a heavy tax upon the inhabitants of Beaune, in France. Beaune is famous for Burgundy; and Henry IV. passing through his kingdom, stopped there, and was well entertained by his loyal subjects. His Majesty praised the Burgundy which they set before him—"It was excellent! it was admirable!"

"O sire!" cried they, "do you think this excellent? we have much finer Burgundy than this."

"Have you so? then you can afford to pay for it," cried Henry IV.; and he laid a double tax thenceforward upon the Burgundy of Beaune.

Of the same class of blunders is the following speech, which we actually heard not long ago from an Irishman:—

"Please your worship, he sent me to the devil, and I came straight to your honor."

We thought this an original Irish blunder, till we recollected its prototype in Marmontel's 'Annette and Lubin.' Lubin concludes his harangue with, "The bailiff sent us to the devil, and we came to put ourselves under your protection, my lord."

The French, at least in former times, were celebrated for politeness; yet we meet with a *naïve* compliment of a Frenchman which would have been accounted a bull if it had been found in Ireland:—

A gentleman was complimenting Madame Denis on the manner in which she had just acted Zara. "To act that part," said she, "a person should be young and handsome." "Ah, madam!" replied the complimenter *naïvement*, "you are a complete proof of the contrary."

We know not any original Irish blunder superior to this, unless it be that which Lord Orford pronounced to be the best bull that he had ever heard:—

"I hate that woman," said a gentleman, looking at one who had been his nurse, "I hate that woman, for she changed me at nurse."

Lord Orford particularly admires this bull, because in the confusion of the blunderer's ideas he is not clear even of his personal identity. Philosophers will not perhaps be so ready as his lordship has been to call this a blunder of the first magnitude. Those who have never been initiated into the mysteries of metaphysics may have the presumptuous ignorance to fancy that they understand what is meant by the common words I or me; but the able metaphysican knows better than Lord Orford's changeling how to prove, to our satisfaction, that we know nothing of the matter.

"Personal identity," says Locke, "consists not in the identity of substance, but in the identity of consciousness, wherein Socrates and the present Mayor of Quinborough agree they are the same person; if the same Socrates sleep-

ing and waking do not partake of the same consciousness, Socrates waking and sleeping is not the same person; and to punish Socrates waking for what sleeping Socrates thought, and waking Socrates was never conscious of, would be no more right than to punish one twin for what his brother twin did, whereof he knew nothing, because their outsides are so like that they could not be distinguished; for such twins have been seen."

We may presume that our Hibernian's consciousness could not retrograde to the time when he was changed at nurse; consequently there was no continuity of identity between the infant and the man who expressed his hatred of the nurse for perpetrating the fraud. At all events, the confusion of identity which excited Lord Orford's admiration in our Hibernian is by no means unprecedented in France, England, or ancient Greece, and consequently it cannot be an instance of national idiosyncrasy, or an Irish bull. We find a similar blunder in Spain, in the time of Cervantes:—

"Pray tell me Squire," says the duchess, in 'Don Quixote,' "is not your master the person whose history is printed under the name of the sage Hidalgo Don Quixote de la Mancha, who professes himself the admirer of one Dulcinea del Toboso?"

"The very same, my lady," answered Sancho; "and I myself am that very squire of his who is mentioned, or ought to be mentioned in that history, unless they have changed me in the cradle."

In Molière's 'Amphitryon' there is a dialogue between Mercure and Sosie evidently taken from the Attic Lucian. Sosie, being completely puzzled out of his personal identity, if not out of his senses, says literally, "Of my being myself I begin to doubt in good earnest; yet when I feel myself, and when I recollect myself, it seems to me that I am I."

We see that the puzzle about identity proves at last to be of Grecian origin. It is really edifying to observe how those things which have long been objects of popular admiration shrink and fade when exposed to the light of strict examination. An experienced critic proposed that a work should be written to inquire into the pretensions of modern writers to original invention, to trace their

thefts, and to restore the property to the ancient owners. Such a work would require powers and erudition beyond what can be expected from any ordinary individual; the labor must be shared among numbers, and we are proud to assist in ascertaining the rightful property even of bulls and blunders; though without pretending, like some literary bloodhounds, to follow up a plagiarism where common sagacity is at a fault.

LITTLE DOMINICK.

From 'An Essay on Irish Bulls.'

Little Dominick was born at Fort Reilly, in Ireland, and was bred nowhere till his tenth year; when he was sent to Wales, to learn manners, and grammar, at the school of Mr. Owen ap Davies ap Jenkins ap Jones. This gentleman had reason to think himself the greatest of men; for he had, over his chimney-piece, a well-smoked genealogy, duly attested, tracing his ancestry in a direct line up to Noah; and, moreover, he was nearly related to the learned etymologist, who, in the time of Queen Elizabeth, wrote a folio volume to prove that the language of Adam and Eve in Paradise was pure Welsh. With such causes to be proud, Mr. Owen ap Davies ap Jenkins ap Jones was excusable for sometimes seeming to forget that a schoolmaster is but a man. He, however, sometimes entirely forgot that a boy is but a boy; and this happened most frequently with respect to Little Dominick.

This unlucky wight was flogged every morning by his master; not for his vices, but for his vicious constructions: and laughed at by his companions every evening, for his idiomatic absurdities. They would probably have been inclined to sympathize in his misfortunes, but that he was the only Irish boy at school; and as he was at a distance from all his relations, and without a friend to take his part, he was a just object of obloquy and derision. Every sentence he spoke was a bull, every two words he put together proved a false concord, and every sound he articulated betrayed the brogue. But as he possessed some of

the characteristic boldness of those who have been dipped in the Shannon, though he was only little Dominick, he showed himself able and willing to fight his own battles with the host of foes by whom he was encompassed. Some of these, it was said, were of nearly twice his stature. This may be exaggerated: but it is certain that our hero sometimes ventured, with sly Irish humor, to revenge himself on his most powerful tyrant, by mimicking the Welsh accent, in which Mr. Owen ap Jones said to him—"Cot pless me, you plockit, and shall I never *learn* you Enclish crammar?"

It was whispered in the ear of this Dionysius that our little hero was a mimic, and he was now treated with increased severity.

The midsummer holidays approached; but he feared that they would shine no holidays for him. He had written to his mother to tell her that school would break up on the 21st; and to beg an answer, without fail, by return of post: but no answer came.

It was now nearly two months since he had heard from his dear mother, or any of his friends in Ireland. His spirits began to sink under the pressure of these accumulated misfortunes: he slept little, eat less, and played not at all. Indeed, nobody would play with him on equal terms, because he was nobody's equal: his schoolfellows continued to consider him as a being, if not of a different species, at least of a different *cast* from themselves.

Mr. Owen ap Jones' triumph over the little Irish plockit was nearly complete, for the boy's heart was almost broken, when there came to the school a new scholar—O, how unlike the others!—His name was Edwards: he was the son of a neighboring Welsh gentleman; and he had himself the spirit of a gentleman. When he saw how poor Dominick was persecuted, he took him under his protection; fought his battles with the Welsh boys; and instead of laughing at him for speaking Irish, he endeavored to teach him to speak English. In his answers to the first questions Edwards ever asked him, Little Dominick made two blunders, which set all his other companions in a roar; yet Edwards would not allow them to be genuine bulls.

In answer to the question—"Who is your father?"

Dominick said, with a deep sigh—"I have no father—I am an orphan—I have only a mother."

"Have you any brothers and sisters?"

"No! I wish I had; for perhaps they would love me, and not laugh at me," said Dominick, with tears in his eyes; "but I have no brothers *but myself*."

One day Mr. Owen ap Jones came into the schoolroom with an open letter in his hand, saying—"Here, you little Irish plockit, here 's a letter from your mother."

The little Irish blockhead started from his form; and, throwing his grammar on the floor, leaped up higher than he or any boy in the school had ever been seen to leap before; then, clapping his hands, he exclaimed—"A letter from my mother! And *will* I hear the letter?—And *will* I see her once more?—And *will* I go home these holidays?—O, then I will be too happy!"

"There 's no tanger of that," said Mr. Owen ap Jones; "for your mother, like a wise ooman, writes me here, that, py the atvice of your cardian, to oom she is going to be married, she will not pring you home to Ireland till I send her word you are perfect in your English crammar at least."

"I have my lesson perfect, sir," said Dominick, taking his grammar up from the floor; "*will* I say it now?"

"No, you plockit, you *will* not; and I will write your mother word, you have proke Priscian's head four times this tay, since her letter came."

Little Dominick, for the first time, was seen to burst into tears—"*Will* I hear the letter?—*Will* I see my mother?—*Will* I go home?"

"You Irish plockit!" continued the relentless grammarian: "you Irish plockit, will you never learn the difference between *shall* and *will?*"

The Welsh boys all grinned, except Edwards, who hummed loud enough to be heard—

> "And *will* I see him once again?
> And *will* I hear him speak?"

Many of the boys were, unfortunately, too ignorant to feel the force of the quotation; but Mr. Owen ap Jones understood it, turned on his heel, and walked off.

Soon afterwards, he summoned Dominick to his awful

desk; and pointing with his ruler to the following page in Harris' 'Hermes,' bade him "reat it, and understant it," if he could.

Little Dominick read, but could not understand.

"Then reat it alout, you plockit."

Dominick read aloud—

"There is *nothing appears so clearly* an object of the mind or intellect only as *the future* does: since we can find no place for its existence anywhere else: not but the same, if we consider, *is equally true* of the past—"

"Well, co on—What stops the plockit?—Can't you reat Enclish now?"

"Yes, sir; but I was trying to understand it—I was considering, that this is like what they would call an Irish bull, if I had said it."

Little Dominick could not explain what he meant in English, that Mr. Owen ap Jones *would* understand; and to punish him for his impertinent observation, the boy was doomed to learn all that Harris and Lowth have written to explain the nature of *shall* and *will*.—The reader, if he be desirous of knowing the full extent of the penance enjoined, may consult Lowth's Grammar, p. 52, ed. 1799; and Harris' 'Hermes,' pp. 10, 11, and 12, fourth edition.

Undismayed at the length of his task, Little Dominick only said—'I hope, if I say it all, without missing a word, you will not give my mother a bad account of me and my grammar studies, sir?"

"Say it all first, without missing a word, and then I shall see what I shall say," replied Mr. Owen ap Jones.

Even the encouragement of this oracular answer excited the boy's fond hopes so keenly, that he lent his little soul to the task; learned it perfectly; said it at night, without missing one word, to his friend Edwards; and said it the next morning, without missing one word, to his master.

"And now, sir," said the boy, looking up, "will you write to my mother?—And shall I see her? And shall I go home?"

"Tell me, first, whether you understand all this that you have learned so cliply?" said Mr. Owen ap Jones.

That was more than his bond. Our hero's countenance fell; and he acknowledged that he did not understand it perfectly.

"Then I cannot write a coot account of you and your crammar studies to your mother; my conscience coes against it!" said the conscientious Mr. Owen ap Jones.

No entreaties could move him. Dominick never saw the letter that was written to his mother; but he felt the consequence. She wrote word, this time punctually by *return of the post*, that she was sorry she could not send for him home these holidays, as she had heard so bad an account from Mr. Owen ap Jones, &c., and as she thought it her duty not to interrupt the course of his education, especially his grammar studies.

Little Dominick heaved many a sigh when he saw the packings up of all his schoolfellows; and dropped a few tears as he looked out of the window, and saw them, one after another, get on their Welsh ponies, and gallop off towards their homes.

"I have no home to go to!" said he.

"Yes, you have," cried Edwards; "and our horses are at the door, to carry us there."

"To Ireland? Me! the horses!" said the poor boy, quite bewildered.

"No; the horses cannot carry you to Ireland," said Edwards, laughing good-naturedly; "but you have a home, now, in England. I asked my father to let me bring you home with me; and he says—'Yes,' like a dear, good father, and has sent the horses—Come, let 's away."

"But will Mr. Owen ap Jones let me go?"

"Yes! he dare not refuse; for my father has a living in his gift, that Owen ap Jones wants, and which he will not have if he do not change his tune to you."

Little Dominick could not speak one word, his heart was so full.

No boy could be happier than he was during these holidays: "the genial current of his soul," which had been frozen by unkindness, flowed with all its natural freedom and force.

Whatever his reasons might be, Mr. Owen ap Jones, from this time forward, was observed to change his manners towards his Irish pupil. He never more complained, unjustly, of his preaking Priscian's head; seldom called him Irish plockit; and once, would have flogged a Welsh boy

for taking up this cast-off expression of the master's but that the Irish blockhead begged the culprit off.

Little Dominick sprang forward rapidly in his studies; he soon surpassed every boy in the school, his friend Edwards only excepted. In process of time his guardian removed him to a higher seminary of education. Edwards had a tutor at home. The friends separated. Afterwards, they followed different professions, in distant parts of the world; and they neither saw, nor heard, any more of each other, for many years.

Dominick, now no longer little Dominick, went over to India, as private secretary to one of our commanders-in-chief. How he got into this situation, or by what gradations he rose in the world, we are not exactly informed; we know only that he was the reputed author of a much admired pamphlet on India affairs; that the dispatches of the general to whom he was secretary were remarkably well written; and that Dominick O'Reilly, Esq., returned to England, after several years' absence, not miraculously rich, but with a fortune equal to his wishes. His wishes were not extravagant: his utmost ambition was, to return to his native country with a fortune that should enable him to live independently of all the world; especially of some of his relations, who had not used him well. His mother was no more.

On his first arrival in London, one of the first things he did was to read the Irish newspapers. To his inexpressible joy he saw the estate of Fort Reilly advertised to be sold—the very estate which had formerly belonged to his own family. Away he posted, directly, to an attorney's in Cecil Street, who was empowered to dispose of the land.

When this attorney produced a map of the well-known demesne, and an elevation of that house in which he spent the happiest hours of his infancy, his heart was so touched, that he was on the point of paying down more for an old ruin than a good new house would cost. The attorney acted *honestly by his client,* and seized this moment to exhibit a plan of the stabling and offices; which, as sometimes is the case in Ireland, were in a style far superior to the dwelling-house. Our hero surveyed these with transport. He rapidly planned various improvements in

imagination, and planted certain favorite spots in the demesne! During this time the attorney was giving directions to a clerk about some other business; suddenly the name of Owen ap Jones struck his ear.—He started.

"Let him wait in the front parlor: his money is not forthcoming," said the attorney, "and if he keep Edwards in jail till he rots—"

"Edwards! Good heavens! in jail! What Edwards?" exclaimed our hero.

It was his friend Edwards!

The attorney told him that Mr. Edwards had been involved in great distress, by taking on himself his father's debts, which had been incurred in exploring a mine in Wales; that, of all the creditors, none had refused to compound, except a Welsh parson, who had been presented to his living by old Edwards; and that this Mr. Owen ap Jones had thrown young Mr. Edwards into jail for the debt.

"What is the rascal's demand? He shall be paid off this instant," cried Dominick, throwing down the plan of Fort Reilly; "send for him up, and let me pay him off on this spot."

"Had we not best finish our business first, about the O'Reilly estate, sir?" said the attorney.

"No, sir; damn the O'Reilly estate!" cried he, huddling the maps together on the desk; and, taking up the bank-notes, which he had begun to reckon for the purchase money—"I beg your pardon, sir—if you knew the facts, you would excuse me.—Why does not this rascal come up to be paid?"

The attorney, thunderstruck by this Hibernian impetuosity, had not yet found time to take his pen out of his mouth. As he sat transfixed in his arm-chair, O'Reilly ran to the head of the stairs, and called out, in a stentorian voice, "Here, you Mr. Owen ap Jones; come up and be paid off this instant, or you shall never be paid *at all*."

Upstairs hobbled the old schoolmaster, as fast as the gout and Welsh ale would let him—"Cot pless me, that voice?" he began—

"Where 's your bond, sir?" said the attorney.

"Safe here, Cot be praised!" said the terrified Owen ap Jones, pulling out of his bosom first a blue pocket-hand-

kerchief, and then a tattered Welsh grammar, which O'Reilly kicked to the farther end of the room.

"Here is my pond," said he, "in the crammar," which he gathered from the ground; then, fumbling over the leaves, he at length unfolded the precious deposit.

O'Reilly saw the bond, seized it, looked at the sum, paid it into the attorney's hands, tore the seal from the bond; then, without looking at old Owen ap Jones, whom he dared not trust himself to speak to, he clapped his hat on his head, and rushed out of the room. He was, however, obliged to come back again, to ask where Edwards was to be found.

"In the King's Bench prison, sir," said the attorney. "But am I to understand," cried he, holding up the map of the O'Reilly estate, "am I to understand that you have no further wish for this bargain?"

"Yes—No—I mean, you are to understand that I 'm off," replied our hero, without looking back—"I 'm off—That 's plain English."

Arrived at the King's Bench prison, he hurried to the apartment where Edwards was confined—The bolts flew back; for even the turnkeys seemed to catch our hero's enthusiasm.

"Edwards, my dear boy! how do you do?—Here 's a bond debt, justly due to you for my education—O, never mind asking any unnecessary questions; only just make haste out of this undeserved abode—Our old rascal is paid off—Owen ap Jones you know—Well how the man stares?—Why, now, will you have the assurance to pretend to forget who I am?—and must I *spake*," continued he, assuming the tone of his childhood—"and must I *spake* to you again in my old Irish brogue, before you will *ricollict* your own *Little Dominick?*"

When his friend Edwards was out of prison, and when our hero had leisure to look into the business, he returned to the attorney, to see that Mr. Owen ap Jones had been satisfied.

"Sir," said the attorney, "I have paid the plaintiff in this suit, and he is satisfied: but I must say," added he, with a contemptuous smile, "that you Irish gentlemen are rather in too great a hurry in doing business; business, sir, is a thing that must be done slowly, to be well done."

"I am ready now to do business as slowly as you please; but when my friend was in prison, I thought the quicker I did his business the better. Now tell me what mistake I have made, and I will rectify it instantly."

"Instantly! 'T is well, sir, with your promptitude, that you have to deal with what prejudice thinks so very uncommon—an honest attorney. Here are some bank-notes of yours, sir, amounting to a good round sum! You have made a little blunder in this business: you left me the penalty, instead of the principal, of the bond—just twice as much as you should have done."

"Just twice as much as was in the bond; but not twice as much as I should have done, nor half as much as I should have done, in my opinion!" said O'Reilly: "but whatever I did, it was with my eyes open. I was persuaded you were an honest man; in which, you see, I was not mistaken; and as a man of business, I knew that you would pay Mr. Owen ap Jones only his due. The remainder of the money I meant, and now mean, should lie in your hands for my friend Edwards' use. I feared he would not have taken it from my hands: I therefore left it in yours. To have taken my friend out of prison, merely to let him go back again to-day, for want of money to keep himself clear with the world, would have been a blunder, indeed! but not an Irish blunder: our Irish blunders are never blunders of the heart!"

WASTE NOT, WANT NOT.

Mr. Gresham, a Bristol merchant, who had, by honorable industry and economy, accumulated a considerable fortune, retired from business to a new house which he had built upon the Downs, near Clifton. Mr. Gresham, however, did not imagine that a new house alone could make him happy. He did not propose to live in idleness and extravagance; for such a life would have been equally incompatible with his habits and his principles. He was fond of children; and as he had no sons, he determined to adopt one of his relations. He had two nephews, and he invited both of them to his house, that he might have an

opportunity of judging of their dispositions, and of the habits which they had acquired.

Hal and Benjamin, Mr. Gresham's nephews, were each about ten years old. They had been educated very differently. Hal was the son of the elder branch of the family. His father was a gentleman, who spent rather more than he could afford; and Hal, from the example of the servants in his father's family, with whom he had passed the first years of his childhood, learned to waste more of everything than he used. He had been told, that "gentlemen should be above being careful and saving;" and he had unfortunately imbibed a notion that extravagance was the sign of a generous disposition, and economy of an avaricious one.

Benjamin, on the contrary, had been taught habits of care and foresight. His father had but a very small fortune, and was anxious that his son should early learn that economy insures independence, and sometimes puts it in the power of those who are not very rich to be very generous.

The morning after these two boys arrived at their uncle's, they were eager to see all the rooms in the house. Mr. Gresham accompanied them, and attended to their remarks and exclamations.

"Oh! what an excellent motto!" exclaimed Ben, when he read the following words, which were written in large characters over the chimneypiece, in his uncle's spacious kitchen:—

"WASTE NOT, WANT NOT."

"Waste not, want not!" repeated his cousin Hal, in rather a contemptuous tone; "I think it looks stingy to servants; and no gentleman's servants, cooks especially, would like to have such a mean motto always staring them in the face." Ben, who was not so conversant as his cousin in the ways of cooks and gentlemen's servants, made no reply to these observations.

Mr. Gresham was called away whilst his nephews were looking at the other rooms in the house. Some time afterwards he heard their voices in the hall.

"Boys," said he, "what are doing there?" "Nothing, sir," said Hal; "you were called away from us, and we did

not know which way to go." "And have you nothing to do?" said Mr. Gresham.

"No, sir, nothing," answered Hal, in a careless tone, like one who was well content with the state of habitual idleness.

"No, sir, nothing!" replied Ben, in a voice of lamentation.

"Come," said Mr. Gresham, "if you have nothing to do, lads, will you unpack these two parcels for me?"

The two parcels were exactly alike, both of them well tied up with good whip-cord. Ben took his parcel to a table, and, after breaking off the sealing-wax, began carefully to examine the knot, and then to untie it. Hal stood still, exactly in the spot where the parcel was put into his hands, and tried first at one corner, and then at another, to pull the string off by force.

"I wish these people wouldn't tie up their parcels so tight, as if they were never to be undone," cried he, as he tugged at the cord; and he pulled the knot closer instead of loosening it.

"Ben! why, how did you get yours undone, man?—What 's in your parcel?—I wonder what is in mine. I wish I could get this string off—I must cut it."

"Oh, no," said Ben, who now had undone the last knot of his parcel, and who drew out the length of string with exultation, "don't cut it, Hal. Look what a nice cord this is, and yours is the same: it 's a pity to cut it; '*Waste not, want not!*' you know."

"Pooh!" said Hal, "what signifies a bit of packthread?"

"It is whip-cord."

"Well, whip-cord! what signifies a bit of whip-cord! you can get a bit of whip-cord twice as long as that for twopence; and who cares for two-pence! Not I, for one! so here it goes," cried Hal, drawing out his knife; and he cut the cord, precipitately, in sundry places.

"Lads! have you undone the parcels for me?" said Mr. Gresham, opening the parlor-door as he spoke. "Yes, sir," cried Hal; and he dragged off his half-cut, half-entangled string,—"here 's the parcel." "And here 's my parcel, uncle; and here 's the string," said Ben. "You may keep the string for your pains," said Mr. Gresham. "Thank

you, sir," said Ben; "what an excellent whip-cord it is!" "And you, Hal," continued Mr. Gresham, "you may keep your string too, if it will be of any use to you." "It will be of no use to me, thank you, sir," said Hal. "No, I am afraid not, if this be it," said his uncle, taking up the jagged, knotted remains of Hal's cord.

A few days after this, Mr. Gresham gave to each of his nephews a new top.

"But how's this?" said Hal; "these tops have no strings; what shall we do for strings?" "I have a string that will do very well for mine," said Ben; and he pulled out of his pocket the fine, long, smooth string which had tied up the parcel. With this he soon set up his top, which spun admirably well.

"Oh, how I wish I had but a string!" said Hal; "what shall I do for a string? I 'll tell you what; I can use the string that goes round my hat!" "But then," said Ben, "what will you do for a hat-band?" "I 'll manage to do without one," said Hal; and he took the string off his hat for his top. It soon was worn through; and he split his top by driving the peg too tightly into it. His cousin Ben let him set up his the next day; but Hal was not more fortunate or more careful when he meddled with other people's things than when he managed his own. He had scarcely played half an hour before he split it, by driving in the peg too violently.

Ben bore this misfortune with good humor. "Come," said he, "it can't be helped: but give me the string, because that may still be of use for something else."

It happened some time afterwards that a lady, who had been intimately acquainted with Hal's mother at Bath, now arrived at Clifton. She was informed by his mother that Hal was at Mr. Gresham's; and her sons, who were friends of his, came to see him, and invited him to spend the next day with them.

Hal joyfully accepted the invitation. He was always glad to go out to dine, because it gave him something to do, something to think of, or at least something to say. Besides this, he had been educated to think it was a fine thing to visit fine people; and Lady Diana Sweepstakes (for that was the name of his mother's acquaintance) was a very fine lady, and her two sons intended to be very great gen-

tlemen. He was in a prodigious hurry when these young gentlemen knocked at his uncle's door the next day; but just as he got to the hall door, little Patty called to him from the top of the stairs, and told him that he had dropped his pocket-handkerchief.

"Pick it up, then, and bring it to me, quick, can't you, child?" cried Hal, "for Lady Di's sons are waiting for me."

Little Patty did not know anything about Lady Di's sons; but she was very good-natured, and saw that her cousin Hal was, for some reason or other, in a desperate hurry, so she ran downstairs as fast as she possibly could, towards the landing-place, where the handkerchief lay; but, alas! before she reached the handkerchief, she fell, rolling down a whole flight of stairs, and when her fall was at last stopped by the landing-place, she did not cry, but she writhed as if she was in great pain.

"Where are you hurt, my love?" said Mr. Gresham, who came instantly, on hearing the noise of some one falling downstairs. "Where are you hurt, my dear?"

"Here, papa," said the little girl, touching her ankle; "I believe I am hurt here, but not much," added she, trying to rise; "only it hurts me when I move." "I 'll carry you; don't move, then," said her father; and he took her up in his arms. "My shoe; I 've lost one of my shoes," said she.

Ben looked for it upon the stairs, and he found it sticking in a loop of whip-cord, which was entangled round one of the banisters. When this cord was drawn forth, it appeared that it was the very same jagged entangled piece which Hal had pulled off his parcel. He had diverted himself with running up and downstairs, whipping the banisters with it, for he thought he could convert it to no better use; and, with his usual carelessness, he at last left it hanging just where he happened to throw it when the dinner-bell rang. Poor little Patty's ankle was terribly sprained, and Hal reproached himself for his folly, and would have reproached himself longer, perhaps, if Lady Di Sweepstakes' sons had not hurried him away.

RICHARD LOVELL EDGEWORTH.

(1744—1817.)

Richard Lovell Edgeworth, an elegant writer and an ingenious mechanic, was born in 1744, at Edgeworthtown, County Longford, Ireland, was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, and at Oxford. Being of a mechanical turn of mind, he spent much time in experiments, and invented many ingenious devices, among them a telegraph. He was a member of the Irish Parliament, and with other Irish patriots opposed the Union. He gave great attention to education and the most practical modes of diffusing it.

In conjunction with his talented daughter, Maria, he wrote a series of essays on 'Practical Education,' and also published a series of stories for the young with the same view. He wrote a work on 'Roads and Carriages,' and began his own memoirs, which were finished by his daughter. He was a man of varied talent, great practical knowledge, and philanthropic aims. He died at Edgeworthtown, in June, 1817.

MY BOYHOOD DAYS.

From 'Memoirs of Richard Lovell Edgeworth, Esq.'

When I was between two and three years old, I was carried over, with my father and mother, to Ireland, to their house at Edgeworthtown, in the county of Longford. I remember distinctly several small circumstances, which happened before I was four years old. This I notice, because the possibility of remembering from so early an age has been doubted. When I was about five years old, I was taught my alphabet: I remember well the appearance of my hornbook; and once I was beaten for not knowing the word *instep*. I recollect as distinctly as if it happened yesterday, that I had never before heard or spelled that word. This unjust chastisement put me back a little in my learning; but as the injustice was afterwards discovered, it saved me in succeeding times from all violence from my teachers. My mother then taught me to read herself. I lent my little soul to the business, and I read fluently before I was six years old. The first books that were put into my hands were the Old Testament, and Æsop's Fables. Æsop's Fables were scarcely intelligible to me: the frogs and their kings,—the fox with the bunch of grapes, con-

fused my understanding; and the satyr and the traveler appeared to me absolute nonsense. I understood the lion and the mouse, and was charmed with the generous conduct of the one, and with the gratitude of the other.

When I began to read the Old Testament, the creation made a great impression upon my mind: I personified the Deity as is usual with ignorance. A particular part of my father's garden was Paradise: my imagination represented Adam as walking in this garden; and the whole history became a drama in my mind. I pitied Adam, was angry with Eve, and I most cordially hated the devil. What was meant by Adam's bruising the serpent's head, I could not comprehend, and I frequently asked for explanations. The history of Joseph and his brethren I perfectly understood, it seized fast hold of my imagination, and of my feelings. I admired and loved Joseph with enthusiasm; and I believe, that the impression, which this history made upon my mind, continued for many years to have an influence upon my conduct.

My only playfellow in my early childhood was my youngest sister Margaret; my elder sister was four years older than I was. The early attachment which was formed between my sister Margaret (now Mrs. John Ruxton) and me, has been one of the most constant sources of pleasure that I have ever possessed. There was and is a great resemblance in our tempers, and characters, and tastes. I know how highly I praise myself in saying this, but it must be true, or we could not through so many different scenes of life have preserved as perfect a friendship and affection for each other, as ever existed between brother and sister. We were constant playfellows, and such constant friends, that for much more than half a century the most violent, indeed I may say the only quarrel, that we ever had, was upon the following important occasion.

The gardener gave us some playthings, made of rushes; the good-natured old man presented them to us with much complacency, and divided them with impartiality. A gridiron he gave to little Miss; to little Master, a grenadier's cap. Little Miss, however, was not pleased with the distribution; she insisted upon having the grenadier's cap, which, after some reluctance on Master's part, she obtained: but, after having strutted her little hour under this

heroic accoutrement, she became covetous of the more useful implement, with which she had seen me amusing myself. I had fried the gold fish that were caught in the lake of the pond of the Black Islands; and I had gone through a considerable part of the story of the prince half marble and half man, as I had lately read it in the Arabian Nights, Entertainments. I was in the character of the Black Genius, exclaiming, "Fish! fish! do your duty"—when my sister insisted that she ought to be the cook. I told her there were men cooks, but not female grenadiers. We disputed; we grew angry; we proceeded to violence; a battle ensued, in which the grenadier's cap was beaten to pieces. Loud were the lamentations. My mother heard the disturbance; and, instead of what is commonly called *scolding us*, took pains to do justice between us, and brought us to reason and peace, by mildly pointing out the folly of our quarrel. It is often from disputes like these, that children learn the consequences of passion, and the danger of giving way to it; and it is by the impartial and judicious conduct of parents, on such seemingly trival occasions, that they may begin to form the temper to habits of self-command.

Of this sister of mine I may say, that she has an uncommonly good temper, and she is as little inclined to violence as any of the gentlest of her sex. My mother took various means early to give me honorable feelings and good principles; and by these she endeavored to correct, and to teach me to govern, the violence of my natural temper. She was lame, and not able to subdue me by force: if I ran away from her when she was going to punish me, she could not follow and catch me; but she obtained such power over my mind, that she induced me to come to her to be punished whenever she required it. I resigned myself, and without a struggle submitted to the chastisement she thought proper to inflict. The consequence of this submission was my acquiring, if I may say so, the *esteem* as well as the affection of my mother. But she was not blind to my faults: she saw the danger of my passionate temper. It was a difficult task to correct it; though perfectly submissive to her, I was with others rebellious and outrageous in my anger. My mother heard continual complaints of me; yet she wisely forebore to lecture or punish me for every

trifling misdemeanor; she seized proper occasions to make a strong impression upon my mind.

One day, my elder brother Tom, who, as I have said, was almost a man when I was a little child, came into the nursery where I was playing, and where the maids were ironing. Upon some slight provocation or contradiction from him, I flew into a violent passion; and, snatching up one of the box-irons, which the maid had just laid down, I flung it across the table at my brother. He stooped instantly; and, thank God! it missed him. There was a red-hot heater in it, of which I knew nothing until I saw it thrown out, and till I heard the scream from the maids. They seized me, and dragged me downstairs to my mother. Knowing that she was extremely fond of my brother, and that she was of a warm indignant temper, they expected that signal vengeance would burst upon me. They all spoke at once. When my mother heard what I had done, I saw she was struck with horror, but she said not one word in anger to me. She ordered everybody out of the room except myself, and then drawing me near her, she spoke to me in a mild voice, but in a most serious manner. First, she explained to me the nature of the crime, which I had run the hazard of committing; she told me, she was sure that I had no intention seriously to hurt my brother, and did not know, that if the iron had hit my brother, it must have killed him. While I felt this first shock, and whilst the horror of murder was upon me, my mother seized the moment, to conjure me to try in future to command my passions.

I remember her telling me, that I had an uncle by the mother's side who had such a violent temper, that in a fit of passion one of his eyes actually started out of its socket. "You," said my mother to me, "have naturally a violent temper: if you grow up to be a man without learning to govern it, it will be impossible for you then to command yourself; and there is no knowing what crime you may in a fit of passion commit, and how miserable you may in consequence of it become. You are but a very young child, yet I think you can understand me. Instead of speaking to you as I do at this moment, I might punish you severely; but I think it better to treat you like a reasonable creature. My wish is to teach you to command your tem-

per; nobody can do that for you, so well as you can do it for yourself."

As nearly as I can recollect, these were my mother's words; I am certain this was the sense of what she then said to me. The impression made by the earnest solemnity with which she spoke never, during the whole course of my life, was effaced from my mind. From that moment I determined to govern my temper. The determinations and the good resolutions of a boy of between five and six years old are not much to be depended upon, and I do not mean to boast that mine were thenceforward uniformly kept; but I am conscious that my mother's warning frequently recurred to me, when I felt the passion of anger rising within me; and that both whilst I was a child, and after I became a man, these her words of early advice had most powerful and salutary influence in restraining my temper.

Of the further rudiments of my education I recollect only that I was taught arithmetic, and made expert in counting at the card table, when my father and mother used to play cribbage. The attention to teach me numbers was bestowed particularly, because my father, not being infected with that foolish pride, which renders parents averse to the idea of putting a son *into business* or *commerce,* destined me for a merchant. . . .

My mother inspired me with a love of truth, a dislike of low company, and an admiration of whatever was generous. Fortunately for me, the few visitors who frequented our house seemed to join with her in a wish to instil generous sentiments. One lady in particular, who, as I observed, was treated by my mother with much respect, made a salutary impression upon me. She gave me Gay's Fables with prints, with which I was much delighted; and desired me to get by heart the fable of the Lion and the Cub. She explained to me the design of this fable, which was within the compass of my understanding. It gave me early the notion, that I ought to dislike low company, and to despise the applause of the vulgar. Some traits in the history of Cyrus, which was read to me, seized my imagination, and, next to Joseph in the Old Testament, Cyrus became the favorite of my childhood. My sister and I used to amuse ourselves with playing Cyrus at the court of his grandfather Astyages. At the great Persian feasts I was, like

young Cyrus, to set an example of temperance, to eat nothing but water-cresses, to drink nothing but water, and to reprove the cup-bearer for making the king my grandfather drunk. To this day I remember the taste of those water-cresses; and for those who love to trace the characters of men in the sports of children I may mention, that my character for sobriety, if not for water drinking, has continued through life.

At seven years old, I became very devout. I had heard some of the New Testament, and some account of the sufferings of martyrs; these inflamed my imagination so much, that I remember weeping bitterly before I was eight years old, because I lived at a time when I had no opportunity of being a martyr. I however dared to think for myself. —My father was about this time enclosing a garden; part of the wall in its progress afforded means of climbing to the top of it, which I soon effected. My father reprimanded me severely, and as no fruit was at that time ripe, he could not readily conceive what motive I could have for taking so much trouble, and running so great a risk. I told him truly, that I had no motive but the pleasure of climbing. I added, that if the garden were full of ripe peaches, it would be a much greater temptation; and that unless he should be certain that nobody *would* climb over the wall, he ought not to have peaches in the garden. After having talked to me for some time, he discovered that I had reasoned thus: if my father knows beforehand, that the temptation of peaches will necessarily induce me to climb over the garden wall; and that if I do, it is more than probable that I shall break my neck, I shall not be guilty of any crime, but my father will be the cause of my breaking my neck. This I applied to Adam, without at the time being able to perceive the great difference between things human and divine. My father, feeling that he was not prepared to give me a satisfactory answer to this difficulty, judiciously declined the contest, and desired me not to meddle with what was above my comprehension. I mention this, because all parents, who encourage their children to speak freely, often hear from them puzzling questions and observations, and I wish to point out, that on such occasions children should not be discouraged, but

on the contrary, according to the advice of Rousseau, parents should fairly and truly confess their ignorance.

So strong were my religious feelings at this time of my life, that I strenuously believed, that if I had sufficient faith, I could remove mountains; and accordingly I prayed for the objects of my childish wishes with the utmost fervency, and with the strongest persuasion that my prayers would be heard. How long the fervor of this sort of devotion lasted I do not remember; but I suppose that going to school insensibly allayed it.

MAURICE F. EGAN.

(1832 ——)

Maurice Francis Egan, professor of English language and literature at the Catholic University of Washington, was born in 1832 and was educated at La Salle College and Georgetown, D. C. He was successively sub-editor of *McGee's Illustrated Weekly* and *The Catholic Review*, and editor of *Freeman's Journal;* afterward he became professor of English literature in the University of Notre Dame, Indiana, and was also one of the editors of the 'World's Best Literature.'

He has written the following books: 'That Girl of Mine,' 'That Lover of Mine,' 'A Garden of Roses,' 'Stories of Duty,' 'The Life Around Us,' 'The Theater and Christian Parents,' 'Modern Novelists,' 'Lectures on English Literature,' 'A Gentleman,' 'Jack Chumleigh,' 'Jack Chumleigh at Boarding School,' 'A Primer of English Literature,' 'The Disappearance of John Longworthy,' 'A Marriage of Reason,' 'The Success of Patrick Desmond,' 'The Flower of the Flock,' 'Preludes' (poems), 'Songs and Sonnets and other Poems,' 'The Vocation of Edward Conway,' 'The Chatelaine of the Roses,' 'Jasper Thorne,' 'In a Brazilian Forest,' 'The Leopard of Lancianus,' 'Studies in Literature,' 'The Watson Girls.'

THE ORANGE LILIES.

From 'From the Land of St. Lawrence.'

When Neil Durnan's wife died, there was no lonelier man in the County Meath. His farm was in good condition. He was not, in the estimation of elderly men, old; he was healthy, and he had seen triumphant Orangemen defeated in his lifetime, over and over again. He was a very "warm" farmer. His elder son was a Franciscan friar over in Italy; his younger had gone to America. The first was out of his world; he had never quite forgiven Friar Francis, who, after the education he had, might have been a decent parish priest at home, for joining "the beggars," as he called the members of the great Order. The younger son, Maurice, was in America,—in a place called Wisconsin. Father and son had never got on well together. They both had strong opinions; so one day, with a hundred pounds to his credit, Maurice went over the sea, and the father's heart had ached ever since, though he had not shown this in word or deed.

It was this heartache that made him look seaward. His old neighbors were gone. To the farm on his left had come a Belfast man who kept hunters, whose wife and daughters went about "dropping pieces of pasteboard at their neighbors."

"It 's on wheels they come," he said, "and them calling themselves decent women, and then drop a handful of pasteboards with their names on them. And there are afternoon tays and feet champeeters and few de joys going on all the time, and him an Orange squireen of a fellow, with his garden full of yellow lilies, just to spite the likes of me on the twelfth of July."

His neighbor on the right was not the less obnoxious; he had acquired poor Pat Dolan's farm, and was making it pay by means of all sort of new-fangled machinery.

"Taking the bread out of poor men's mouths," the aggrieved Mr. Durnan said; "sure, what right has he to do *that?* Pat Dolan would have cut off his finger before he turned a man from his day's work,—and *he* turned out of the farm his grandfather had before him, just because he was too kind and generous to his own people."

The sight of the squireen's women folk, on wheels, with cardcases in their hands, was an evil thing, the farm machinery was worse, but the front garden with its orange lilies worst of all.

"And when I remarked to that woman," says I, "the orange lilies, saving your presence, ma'am, are symbolical of the devil himself and of all Orange haythen, —what did she say in a high English voice, but 'Oh, Mr. Durnan, you 're so old-fashioned! We must forget old feuds.' And the likes of her keeping them up with their orange lilies!"

If it had not been for the enormous mastiff that guarded the Squire's house at night, he would have made short work of the masses of bloom that glowed in a hundred tints of yellow, like coiled, jeweled snakes, in the center of his neighbor's lawn. As it was, he was helpless; the splendid flowers were a menace, a threat, a hated blot on the landscape. Finally he could endure them no more; he made a good bargain in the sale of his farm, and then a struggle began within him. Should he go to his son?—to this independent son of his, who had gone off with the portion his mother had a right to give him, refusing aught else; who

had married a "Yankee;" who—and this made Neil Durnan feel very bitter—had never asked for anything, and who—and this made the bitterness more bitter—might be better off in this world's goods than he was?

If Maurice had come to him, poor, suppliant, he would have clasped him in his arms, and killed the fatted calf, and sent out for all the purple and fine linen to be brought. If he should find Maurice with his three little children, suffering, poor, in need of help, his heart and his hand would go out to them with all the force of a strong nature. But the thought that Maurice might be "warmer" than he, rejoicing perhaps in all those new machines which he so much detested, filled him with anger. Rumors had come to him of the prosperity of Maurice in that far-off Wisconsin; he had pretended to doubt them; he had smiled when hints of this prosperity had appeared in the letters the son wrote to his mother, but he feared they were true.

"Three sons, and one dead," he murmured, "and not one of them named for me. Sure, he sent word to ask me once as to the naming of his first one, but I said, 'No,—'t was unbefitting that a child of his Yankee wife should be named for me.' I did not mean it, but I suppose they thought I did."

Love, which was warm at the core of the old man's heart, conquered at last, and on Sunday before he started for Queenstown, he achieved a victory over himself. It was the day on which the Blue Ribbon Society went to Communion. He had a grudge against one member, whose father had been a Scotchman, and whose mother was a County Meath woman; the son called himself Scotch-Irish. He had always avoided walking in the procession next to this man, though once or twice he had been paired with him. But on this morning he took his place beside him. It was hard; but he did not wince.

"I 've done *that*," he said, when it was over, "and now I can stand anything!"

Over the ocean, through New York and Chicago, Neil Durnan sped. He cared neither for the Brooklyn Bridge, nor Niagara Falls, nor the great buildings in the western metropolis; he was intent on his son,—full of love, full of envy, jealous as any father could be, and hoping that a cyclone or some horror might have made this proud son of

his dependent on him. Of what use was the goodly sum to his credit in the bank, if Maurice had a greater sum?

He found Maurice grave, cordial, quiet; a man of consequence, and of sound judgment; he was large, handsome, red-haired,—of the type of his mother. The old man's worst fears were fulfilled: the Wisconsin farm of over five hundred acres was in perfect condition. And, in this month of July, all modern appliances were in use to develop its richness.

Neil Durnan had to go to his comfortable room, to groan and almost to weep. The spectacle of his proud son's success, in which he had no hand, was like a dagger to his heart. His three grandsons were called Lewis, John, and Maurice,—not one Neil among them. His son's wife was very sweet in her manner to him, "too much of a lady, entirely," he said. There was no denying that his grandsons were fine, affectionate little boys, well instructed in their religion. The smallest of the three was gentle, and somewhat delicate,—"like the one that died," his mother said, softly. Neil found great consolation in this boy. He told him of the leprechauns, and of all the wonderful things that happened over in Ireland, in the old days. Still his heart was bitter; he would not pray; his beads hung against the wall, untouched. His son had dared to make for himself a world of his own,—and he was outside of it.

He had promised to meet his little grandson at a stream near the graveyard; the church, red brick, with a Gothic tower, was at the edge of his son's farm. In this stream grandfather and grandson fished with the gaudy flies brought from Ireland. During the long, sultry afternoons, this spot, covered by great spruce trees, was cool, and though not even a minnow bit at the elaborate flies, the two were happy. On this afternoon the little boy came, flushed and bright-eyed, carrying a bunch of orange lilies.

"For you, grandpapa!" he called out.

Neil Durnan stood like a bull at the sight of red. Then he tore the obnoxious flowers from the child's hand, threw them upon the ground, and trampled upon them. The boy opened his blue eyes, horrified, amazed, by the angry face and brutal gestures of his grandfather.

"O grandpapa!" he cried, "how can you! They were for you; I gathered them at—"

But Neil Durnan had gone off, muttering. Everywhere he was to endure insults, and from his own kin!

"My son did this," he said, bitterly, "or his Yankee wife!"

He strode into the graveyard, not knowing where he was. He would leave this place; he would go at once, he resolved. And when he resolved to act in any matter, it was hard to move him. He would not say good-bye; a cold hand seemed to clutch at his heart as he thought of the tear-filled eyes of the little Maurice; but he would go,—and at once.

There was a trailing mock-orange vine in his path, and as he made his next step, a tendril-coil of it caught his foot; he went down, and lay for a moment prone, in a bed of the splendid yellow-and-red flowers his heart detested. He tore them away from him, and saw that they clustered about a small stone cross; he read

NEIL DURNAN:
AGED TWELVE: 1896.
MAY HE REST IN PEACE.

"Neil Durnan!" His proud son had indeed named the dead little boy for him. He forgot the yellow splendor about him, and read the name again; tears ran down his wind-reddened cheeks. He knelt for a moment; then he plucked a handful of the flowers that grew on this sacred grave, those hated flowers that dotted in a dozen places the green of the graveyard. He clasped the long leaves almost tenderly, and went back to the place where his little grandson had begun to fish, in a sober and subdued way, with the gorgeous flies.

"Here, Maurice," he said, "are some of the flowers you brought me just now. I know where you got them. Tell me about your little brother—Neil." The old man's voice choked.

Maurice smiled brightly, and began to talk of the dear, little brother who had died almost a year ago. And so

they sat there, lovingly, the whole twelfth of July afternoon, with the orange lilies between them, symbols, not of war, but of victory.

THE SHAMROCK.

When April rains make flowers bloom
  And Johnny-jump-ups come to light,
And clouds of color and perfume
  Float from the orchards pink and white,
I see my shamrock in the rain,
  An emerald spray with raindrops set,
Like jewels on Spring's coronet,
  So fair, and yet it breathes of pain.

The shamrock on an older shore
  Sprang from a rich and sacred soil
Where saint and hero lived of yore,
  And where their sons in sorrow toil;
And here, transplanted, it to me
  Seems weeping for the soil it left,
The diamonds that all others see
  Are tears drawn from its heart bereft.

When April rain makes flowers grow,
  And sparkles on their tiny buds
That in June nights will overflow
  And fill the world with scented floods,
The lonely shamrock in our land—
  So fine among the clover leaves—
For the old springtime often grieves—
  I feel its tears upon my hand.

ROBERT EMMET.

(1778—1803.)

Robert Emmet was born in Cork March 4, 1778. He was originally intended for the bar and entered Trinity College, but in 1798 he had joined the Society of United Irishmen and in a speech at the Debating Society of the college said : "When a people advancing rapidly in knowledge and power perceive at last how far their government is lagging behind them, what then, I ask, is to be done in such a case? What but to pull the government up to the people?" The result was that Emmet was expelled.

He then went to live with his brother at Fort George, and afterward traveled through Spain, Holland, and Switzerland, and visited Paris, where he became the confidant of the Jacobins and the center of a select circle of exiles who were both Irish patriots and French republicans.

Buoyed up with promises of assistance from France, Emmet once more returned to Ireland and did all in his power to organize an insurrection. His patriotism was measured not only by words but by deeds. The death of his father had put him in possession of stock to the amount of £1,500 ($7,500). This he converted into cash, and, taking a house in Patrick Street, Dublin, he had pikes, rockets, and hand-grenades made and stored there in great quantities. An explosion occurred which destroyed a portion of the house, killing one man and injuring others ; but Emmet, instead of being discouraged by this disaster, only redoubled his care and resided entirely on the premises. At this time he wrote : "I have little time to look at the thousand difficulties which stand between me and the completion of my wishes. That these difficulties will disappear I have an ardent and, I trust, rational hope. But if it is not to be the case, I thank God for having gifted me with a sanguine disposition. To that disposition I run from reflection : and if my hopes are without foundation—if a precipice is opened under my feet, from which duty will not suffer me to run back—I am grateful for that sanguine disposition which leads me to the brink and throws me down, while my eyes are still raised to those visions of happiness which my fancy has formed in the air."

On July 23, 1803, the day appointed for the rising, not more than a hundred insurgents assembled, and they were at once joined by a noisy rabble, who, in passing through the streets to attack the Castle, shot dead one Colonel Brown and rushed upon a carriage containing Lord Kilwarden, the Lord Chief-Justice of Ireland, his daughter, and the Rev. Mr. Wolfe. Lord Kilwarden and Mr. Wolfe were savagely murdered, but Emmet, on hearing of the outrage, rushed from the head of his party and bore the lady to an adjoining house for safety. The leaders now lost all control over the mob, and in utter disgust Emmet and his companions left them and fled to the Wicklow Hills.

His friends did their best to aid in his escape, and all preparations were made, but he refused to quit Ireland without first seeing and bidding farewell to Miss Sarah Curran, daughter of John Philpot Curran, to whom he was betrothed. The delay was fatal, and he was arrested. Only the pathetic lines of Moore can depict the feelings of Miss Curran on this event :—

"Oh! what was love made for, if 't is not the same
Thro' joy and thro' torments, thro' glory and shame?
I know not, I ask not, if guilt 's in that heart,
I but know that I love thee whatever thou art!

"Thou hast called me thy angel in moments of bliss,
Still thy angel I 'll be 'mid the horrors of this,—
Thro' the furnace, unshrinking, thy steps to pursue,
And shield thee, and save thee, or perish there too."

While in prison, Emmet tried to induce his jailer by a gift of money to deliver a letter to Miss Curran, but the official gave it to the Attorney-General instead. On hearing of this, he offered to the authorities to plead guilty and speak no word of defense if they would permit his letter to reach its intended destination, but the offer was refused. He was brought to trial in September for high treason and sentenced to be executed, a sentence which was immediately carried out.

Thomas Moore, who was the intimate friend of Emmet at college, says of him in his 'Life of Lord Edward Fitzgerald': "Were I to number the men among all I have ever known who appeared to me to combine in the greatest degree pure moral worth with intellectual power, I should among the highest of the few place Robert Emmet."

LAST SPEECH OF ROBERT EMMET.

My Lords,—I am asked what have I to say why sentence of death should not be pronounced on me, according to law. I have nothing to say that can alter your predetermination, nor that it will become me to say, with any view to the mitigation of that sentence which you are to pronounce, and I must abide by. But I have that to say which interests me more than life, and which you have labored to destroy. I have much to say why my reputation should be rescued from the load of false accusation and calumny which has been cast upon it. I do not imagine that, seated where you are, your mind can be so free from prejudice as to receive the least impression from what I am going to utter. I have no hopes that I can anchor my character in the breast of a court constituted and trammeled as this is.

I only wish, and that is the utmost that I expect, that your lordships may suffer it to float down your memories untainted by the foul breath of prejudice, until it finds some more hospitable harbor to shelter it from the storms by which it is buffeted. Was I only to suffer death, after being adjudged guilty by your tribunal, I should bow in silence, and meet the fate that awaits me without a murmur; but the sentence of the law which delivers my body to the executioner will, through the ministry of the law, labor in its own vindication to consign my character to obloquy; for there must be guilt somewhere, whether in the sentence of the court or in the catastrophe time must determine. A man in my situation has not only to encounter the difficulties of fortune, and the force of power over minds which it has corrupted or subjugated, but the difficulties of established prejudice. The man dies, but his memory lives. That mine may not perish, that it may live in the respect of my countrymen, I seize upon this opportunity to vindicate myself from some of the charges alleged against me. When my spirit shall be wafted to a more friendly port—when my shade shall have joined the bands of those martyred heroes who have shed their blood on the scaffold and in the field in the defense of their country and of virtue, this is my hope—I wish that my memory and name may animate those who survive me, while I look down with complacency on the destruction of that perfidious government which upholds its domination by blasphemy of the Most High—which displays its power over man, as over the beasts of the forest—which sets man upon his brother, and lifts his hand, in the name of God, against the throat of his fellow who believes or doubts a little more or a little less than the government standard—a government which is steeled to barbarity by the cries of the orphans and the tears of the widows it has made.

[Here Lord Norbury interrupted Mr. Emmet, saying—"that the mean and wicked enthusiasts who felt as he did, were not equal to the accomplishment of their wild designs."]

I appeal to the immaculate God—I swear by the Throne of Heaven, before which I must shortly appear—by the blood of the murdered patriots who have gone before me—that my conduct has been, through all this peril, and

through all my purposes, governed only by the conviction which I have uttered, and by no other view than that of the emancipation of my country from the superinhuman oppression under which she has so long and too patiently travailed; and I confidently hope that, wild and chimerical as it may appear, there is still union and strength in Ireland to accomplish this noblest of enterprises. Of this I speak with confidence, of intimate knowledge, and with the consolation that appertains to that confidence. Think not, my lords, I say this for the petty gratification of giving you a transitory uneasiness. A man who never yet raised his voice to assert a lie, will not hazard his character with posterity by asserting a falsehood on a subject so important to his country, and on an occasion like this. Yes, my lords, a man who does not wish to have his epitaph written until his country is liberated, will not leave a weapon in the power of envy, or a pretense to impeach the probity which he means to preserve, even in the grave to which tyranny consigns him.

[Here he was interrupted. Lord Norbury said he did not sit there to hear treason.]

I have always understood it to be the duty of a judge, when a prisoner has been convicted, to pronounce the sentence of the law. I have also understood that judges sometimes think it their duty to hear with patience and to speak with humanity; to exhort the victim of the laws, and to offer, with tender benignity, their opinions of the motives by which he was actuated in the crime of which he was adjudged guilty. That a judge has thought it his duty so to have done, I have no doubt; but where is the boasted freedom of your institutions—where is the vaunted impartiality, clemency, and mildness of your courts of justice, if an unfortunate prisoner, whom your policy, and not justice, is about to deliver into the hands of the executioner, is not suffered to explain his motives sincerely and truly, and to vindicate the principles by which he was actuated? My lords, it may be a part of the system of angry justice to bow a man's mind by humiliation to the purposed ignominy of the scaffold; but worse to me than the purposed shame, or the scaffold's terrors, would be the shame of such foul and unfounded imputations as have been laid against me in this court. You, my lord, are a

judge; I am the supposed culprit. I am a man; you are a man also. By a revolution of power we might change places, though we never could change characters. If I stand at the bar of this court, and dare not vindicate my character, what a farce is your justice! If I stand at this bar and dare not vindicate my character, how dare you calumniate it? Does the sentence of death, which your unhallowed policy inflicts on my body, condemn my tongue to silence and my reputation to reproach? Your executioner may abridge the period of my existence; but while I exist I shall not forbear to vindicate my character and motives from your aspersions; and, as a man to whom fame is dearer than life, I will make the last use of that life in doing justice to that reputation which is to live after me, and which is the only legacy I can leave to those I honor and love, and for whom I am proud to perish. As men, my lords, we must appear on the great day at one common tribunal; and it will then remain for the Searcher of all hearts to show a collective universe who was engaged in the most virtuous actions or swayed by the purest motives....

I am charged with being an emissary of France. An emissary of France! and for what end? It is alleged that I wished to sell the independence of my country; and for what end? Was this the object of my ambition? And is this the mode by which a tribunal of justice reconciles contradiction? No; I am no emissary; and my ambition was to hold a place among the deliverers of my country, not in power nor in profit, but in the glory of the achievement. Sell my country's independence to France! and for what? Was it a change of masters? No, but for my ambition. Oh, my country, was it personal ambition that could influence me? Had it been the soul of my actions, could I not, by my education and fortune, by the rank and consideration of my family, have placed myself amongst the proudest of your oppressors? My Country was my idol. To it I sacrificed every selfish, every endearing sentiment; and for it I now offer up myself, O God! No, my lords; I acted as an Irishman, determined on delivering my country from the yoke of a foreign and unrelenting tyranny, and the more galling yoke of a domestic faction, which is its joint partner and perpetrator in the patricide,—from the ignominy existing with an exterior of splendor and a conscious de-

pravity. It was the wish of my heart to extricate my country from this doubly riveted despotism—I wished to place her independence beyond the reach of any power on earth. I wished to exalt her to that proud station in the world. Connection with France was indeed intended, but only as far as mutual interest would sanction or require.

Were the French to assume any authority inconsistent with the purest independence, it would be a signal for their destruction. We sought their aid—and we sought it as we had assurance we should obtain it—as auxiliaries in war and allies in peace. Were the French to come as invaders or enemies, uninvited by the wishes of the people, I should oppose them to the utmost of my strength. Yes! my countrymen, I should advise you to meet them upon the beach with a sword in one hand and a torch in the other. I would meet them with all the destructive fury of war. I would animate my countrymen to immolate them in their boats, before they had contaminated the soil of my country. If they succeeded in landing, and if forced to retire before superior discipline, I would dispute every inch of ground, burn every blade of grass, and the last entrenchment of liberty should be my grave. What I could not do myself, if I should fall, I should leave as a last charge to my countrymen to accomplish; because I should feel conscious that life, any more than death, is unprofitable when a foreign nation holds my country in subjection. But it was not as an enemy that the succors of France were to land. I looked, indeed, for the assistance of France; but I wished to prove to France and to the world that Irishmen deserved to be assisted—that they were indignant at slavery, and ready to assert the independence and liberty of their country; I wished to procure for my country the guarantee which Washington procured for America—to procure an aid which, by its example, would be as important as its valor; disciplined, gallant, pregnant with science and experience; that of a people who would perceive the good and polish the rough points of our character. They would come to us as strangers and leave us as friends, after sharing in our perils and elevating our destiny. These were my objects; not to receive new taskmasters, but to expel old tyrants. It was for these ends I sought aid from France; because France, even as an enemy, could not be

more implacable than the enemy already in the bosom of my country.

I have been charged with that importance in the emancipation of my country as to be considered the keystone of the combination of Irishmen; or, as your lordship expressed it, "the life and blood of the conspiracy." You do me honor overmuch; you have given to the subaltern all the credit of a superior. There are men engaged in this conspiracy who are not only superior to me, but even to your own conceptions of yourself, my lord—men before the splendor of whose genius and virtues I should bow with respectful deference, and who would think themselves disgraced by shaking your blood-stained hand.

What, my lord, shall you tell me, on the passage to the scaffold, which that tyranny (of which you are only the intermediary executioner) has erected for my murder, that I am accountable for all the blood that has and will be shed in this struggle of the oppressed against the oppressor—shall you tell me this, and must I be so very a slave as not to repel it? I do not fear to approach the Omnipotent Judge to answer for the conduct of my whole life; and am I to be appalled and falsified by a mere remnant of mortality here? By you, too, although if it were possible to collect all the innocent blood that you have shed in your unhallowed ministry in one great reservoir, your lordship might swim in it.

Let no man dare, when I am dead, to charge me with dishonor; let no man attaint my memory, by believing that I could have engaged in any cause but that of my country's liberty and independence; or that I could have become the pliant minion of power, in the oppression and misery of my country. The proclamation of the provisional government speaks for our views; no inference can be tortured from it to countenance barbarity or debasement at home, or subjection, humiliation, or treachery from abroad. I would not have submitted to a foreign oppressor, for the same reason that I would resist the domestic oppressor. In the dignity of freedom I would have fought upon the threshold of my country, and its enemy should enter only by passing over my lifeless corpse. And am I, who lived but for my country, and who have subjected myself to the dangers of the jealous and watchful oppressor and the

bondage of the grave, only to give my countrymen their rights and my country her independence, am I to be loaded with calumny, and not suffered to resent it? No; God forbid!

[Here Lord Norbury told Mr. Emmet that his sentiments and language disgraced his family and his education, but more particularly his father, Dr. Emmet, who was a man, if alive, that would not countenance such opinions. To which Mr. Emmet replied:—]

If the spirits of the illustrious dead participate in the concerns and cares of those who were dear to them in this transitory life, oh! ever dear and venerated shade of my departed father, look down with scrutiny upon the conduct of your suffering son, and see if I have even for a moment deviated from those principles of morality and patriotism which it was your care to instil into my youthful mind, and for which I am now about to offer up my life. My lords, you are impatient for the sacrifice. The blood which you seek is not congealed by the artificial terrors which surround your victim—it circulates warmly and unruffled through the channels which God created for noble purposes, but which you are now bent to destroy, for purposes so grievous that they cry to heaven. Be yet patient! I have but a few more words to say—I am going to my cold and silent grave—my lamp of life is nearly extinguished—my race is run—the grave opens to receive me, and I sink into its bosom. I have but one request to make at my departure from this world, it is—the charity of its silence. Let no man write my epitaph; for as no man, who knows my motives, dare now vindicate them, let not prejudice or ignorance asperse them. Let them rest in obscurity and peace! Let my memory be left in oblivion, and my tomb remain uninscribed, until other times and other men can do justice to my character. When my country takes her place among the nations of the earth, *then*, and *not till then*, let my epitaph be written. I have done.

LINES BY ROBERT EMMET.

WRITTEN ON ARBOR HILL BURYING-GROUND, DUBLIN, WHERE THE BODIES OF INSURGENTS SHOT IN 1798 WERE INTERED.

No rising column marks this spot,
Where many a victim lies;
But oh! the blood which here has streamed,
To Heaven for justice cries.

It claims it on the oppressor's head,
Who joys in human woe,
Who drinks the tears by misery shed,
And mocks them as they flow.

It claims it on the callous judge,
Whose hands in blood are dyed,
Who arms injustice with the sword,
The balance throws aside.

It claims it for this ruined isle,
Her wretched children's grave;
Where withered Freedom droops her head,
And man exists—a slave.

O sacred Justice! free this land
From tyranny abhorred;
Resume thy balance and thy seat—
Resume—but sheathe thy sword.

No retribution should we seek—
Too long has horror reigned;
By mercy marked may freedom rise,
By cruelty unstained.

Nor shall a tyrant's ashes mix
With those our martyred dead;
This is the place where Erin's sons
In Erin's cause have bled.

And those who here are laid at rest,
Oh! hallowed be each name;
Their memories are forever blest—
Consigned to endless fame.

Unconsecrated is this ground,
  Unblest by holy hands;
No bell here tolls its solemn sound,
  No monument here stands.

But here the patriot's tears are shed,
  The poor man's blessing given;
These consecrate the virtuous dead,
  These waft their fame to heaven.

MRS. ESLER.

Mrs. E. Rentoul Esler was born in County Donegal. She is a daughter of the Rev. Dr. A. Rentoul. She was educated privately and in France and Germany. In 1883 she married Dr. Robert Esler of London and Ballymenor. She has published 'The Way of Transgressors,' 'The Way They Loved at Grimpat,' 'A Maid of the Manse,' 'Mid Green Pastures,' 'The Wardlaws,' 'Youth at the Prow,' and 'The Awakening of Helena Thorpe.' Her studies of North Ireland life, of that Presbyterian portion of it which is as different as possible from the Catholic, are vivid and true.

THE CRIMINALITY OF LETTY MOORE.

Mary Willett had decided to emigrate. As this is not her story, it is unnecessary at this juncture to explain why.

It was an October afternoon, but chilly; the frost had come too soon, and the leaves were too russet and too brown for the time of year, and the breath of the north wind was cold.

Mary stood by the window of Letty Moore's kitchen, looking out. One takes a careless attitude sometimes when not quite at ease with the topic under discussion. Letty sat facing the light, which fell fully on her small-featured, large-eyed face, and showed the anxiety there.

"I wouldn't go, if I were you," Letty said.

"If you were me you just would," Mary answered with a short laugh.

"You are so young," Letty went on wistfully.

"That is a fault one outgrows with time."

"And you are so pretty."

"That should help me."

"I don't know that it does, always, when a girl has her way to make."

"It is decided that I am going, anyway, so there is no use in seeing the worst side of things now."

Letty began to cry. "Does John approve?" she asked. John was Mary's brother.

"Of course he does; but for him I couldn't go—he will find the money; he says it is only fair, since I am set on it."

Letty wiped away her fast-falling tears. "I wish—I wish—" she said miserably.

"It there was any good in wishing," Mary interrupted

in a hard tone, "I should wish that home was a happier place for us young ones, and that John might marry you."

"That has been nothing but your fancy ever," Letty said firmly, and for the moment the bright flush of color in her face made her almost as pretty as her friend. "Because you like me you think he does, it 's nothing but that."

"I don't know that he 'll ever tell you of it," Mary went on, "having so little to offer you as things are, but he has always been fond of you."

A current of thought ran, like slow and harmless flame, through Letty's mind; she had not a fortune, it was true, but she had her industry—that meant money, and a home of her own, in case John thought the paternal home was too full already. But girls do not enunciate thoughts of this kind, even to their closest intimates. Letty seemed to think in lightning flashes, but when she spoke her words were measured, and quite irrelevant to the subject of her thoughts.

"When do you mean to go?" she asked.

"Next week, if I am living."

"Oh, dear," Letty said with a bursting sigh, "and the weather growing colder every day, and—everything!"

Mary shrugged her shoulders.

"I 'll give you my fur cloak," said Letty, hurriedly. "It 'll not need much altering to fit you, and it 's that warm it 'll keep the life in you, and I 'll make you a hood for the journey, a lined one, to fit close round your face."

Mary threw her arms about her friend's neck, and burst into tears, all her wounded pride, her resentment, perhaps her dread of the enterprise before her, finding utterance thus.

Letty Moore was a professional; that is to say, she had been trained to dressmaking, and lived by it exclusively, in which respect she differed from several others at Grimpat, who worked at the business fitfully, and had some income apart from it. But there was not a fortune in the industry even to a professional. No Grimpat woman ever thought of more than one new dress in the year, and, where that was a good one, such as a silk, why, it did for several subsequent years, of course. But this involved few changes of fashion, and on the whole was for the peace of mind of dressmakers.

There were times when Letty wished that she was not the best dressmaker, which goes to prove that she was a little more of a woman and a little less of an artist than might have been believed, and that was when accident brought her now and then a sudden rush of work and responsibility. It was on the very evening of Mary's visit to her that old Mr. Tedford died, and as he was very well-to-do, and of the highest respectability, it seemed as if the whole neighborhood claimed kindred with him and went into mourning. Letty stitched and stitched, and fitted, and altered, and sent home parcels all day long, so that the eve of her friend's departure had arrived before she found time to make in her fur cloak the few alterations she had spoken of.

When these were completed she locked up her house and took the carrier's cart to Nutford. She was bound to supply the hood she had promised, and there was no suitable material to be procured nearer home. Owing to work and preoccupation, Letty had forgotten that the day was a Thursday, and that the Nutford shops closed early on Thursdays. When she found the windows all shuttered and the doors all barricaded, Letty's natural conclusion was that Nutford was also in mourning for Mr. Tedford. But after a moment the reasonable explanation occurred to her, and she sped from house to house and from street to street—in vain; such shops as remained open offered nothing better than could be found at Grimpat.

Letty went home in a kind of despair. She had promised that hood, and Mary was depending on it, and to present herself before Mary in the morning without it was a prospect she had not the moral courage to face. Arrived at her own house, she opened every trunk, and drawer, and receptacle. She studied the possibilities of every remnant, but there was nothing that would be of the slightest service. Scarlet satin, striped yellow and black silk, and patchwork were equally out of the question. She could not send her friend out into the world barred like a zebra or gay as a parrokeet.

"To think of disappointing her, and her so fond of me!" said Letty, with a sob. She recalled Mary's quick rush of rapture at the mention of the hood, her half-whispered words, "If only everybody was as good as you!" and felt

that to break her promise was too grievous to think about.

"I don't know how I 'll face her, and that 's the truth," she said.

The floor was littered with scraps, cuttings, and odds and ends. She began to sort them mechanically, putting the larger pieces back whence they had been taken, gathering the smaller bits into a covered basket that she kept for refuse, opening and shutting the drawers mechanically, scarcely knowing what she did.

Suddenly she paused, and a kind of tremor stole over her. In one of the drawers was a piece of silk which she had been commissioned to keep till the spring. Old Mrs. Smith had bought it as a present for her niece, and had intrusted it to the dressmaker pending her niece's next visit. Letty withdrew the silk from its wrappings of tissue paper and laid it on the bed. On the outer cover was the vendor's name, "John Marshall, Nutford."

"If only I had been in time," said Letty, "I could have got a bit of that; it 's the very thing."

She drew forth a fold of the silk and touched it with caressing fingers. The ground was black, with a pattern of triangular patches of pink—a quaint, old-fashioned pattern, the mode of an hour, a pretty but ephemeral thing; but Letty did not know that. She took her yard-measure and ran along the length of the piece. "Nine yards," she said. Those were not the days of voluminous sleeves or bouffant skirts. "Three-quarters of a yard would make the hood, and I have the lining, and the wadding, and black strings that would do, and I could match the silk to-morrow at Marshall's and put it back. It wouldn't be a sin; I don't think it would be a sin. It is for Mary's sake, not to disappoint her, and her so fond of me. Oh, dear! I hope it 's not a sin; I wouldn't do a sin for anything." But she had taken up the scissors, and had cut off the length of silk required, even while she protested.

Until late in the night she sewed feverishly. When the hood was finished, she tried it on herself. "It makes me just bonnie!" she said with a gay little laugh, and truly at the moment her eyes were as bright as stars and her cheeks like roses. Letty did not know that the fever of a first misdoing was in her veins.

She slept little that night, because she had Mary, and the hood, and John Willett, and all the others to think about. The thought that when Mary had gone she would scarcely hear of John, and certainly never anything intimate concerning him, added a conscious element to her depression.

There was much excitement at the Willetts' when Letty arrived there, almost as much as if the occasion had involved a marriage or a funeral. The neighbors had come to say good-bye; a few of the more intimate would remain to speed Mary's departure, the others left their little gifts and good wishes and went away.

To dispose of gifts at the last moment, when one is starting on a journey to another continent, involves trouble; Mary was very busy and excited, half-laughing, half-tearful, her sisters disposed to envy her, and to promise that they would join her as soon as she advised them to do so, while Mrs. Willett moved about like a large and solemn Minerva, talking mournfully of wilful children and dangers that awaited those who were ungrateful for a home.

Letty had determined to go with Mary to Nutford; she wanted her to wear the cloak on her journey to Liverpool, but she did not want her to wear it at Grimpat, where it would be recognized. When she had said good-bye to her friend she would go to Marshall's and match the silk. She did not acknowledge this even to herself, but it is possible that amid her sorrow and her fears she found it not altogether unpleasant to travel half an hour side by side with Mary's brother.

The leavetakings were over at last, and Mary, a little despondent, a little elated, steamed away towards the New World. Letty watched her out of sight, wiped her tears, and then took her way briskly towards the draper's. The practical trod hard on the heels of the dramatic, as always happens in this mixed life of ours.

Mr. Marshall could not match the silk; he said it was useless even to attempt to do so; that the dress was one of a set purchased in lengths and so retailed, that he bought the lot at a clearance sale, and had not the faintest idea where they had been made.

Letty thought she would faint when she received this information; floating darkness seemed to shut the man's unimaginative face away from her, and the breath on her

lips felt cold. Mr. Marshall was frightened—he caught at her hastily across the counter, and helped her to seat herself. "You are not well," he said.

"Not just too well," she answered dully. "I have been working very hard lately, owing to Mr. Tedford's death, you know, and then to see Mary Willett go away has been a kind of trial; she is my oldest friend."

"The world is full of trouble," said Mr. Marshall; the occasion demanded speech, and he could not think of any more apt or apposite.

Letty said nothing; she leaned her arms on the counter and contemplated him in pale dismay.

"You don't know even if that bit of silk was French or English?" she asked, after a pause.

"I don't know a thing about it but what I have told you. Is it very important that it should be matched?"

"The dress length is a bit short for what I want; I can't make it the way it was intended, unless I get three-quarters of a yard more."

"Then you 'll have to make it some other way," the man answered pleasantly. "What would you say to a bit of black or a bit of pink for trimming?"

Letty shook her head as she rose. "No, no," she said, "it wouldn't be a bit of good; nothing will be any good but just the silk itself."

Mr. Marshall looked after her as she went down the shop. "She works too hard," he said, "and she is a nice little body—getting on, too, when one comes to think of it. She has been a regular customer of mine for seven or eight years." Then Mr. Marshall sighed, though neither he nor any one else could have told why.

Letty went down the street like one in a dream. The cold north wind ruffled her hair and fluttered her trim skirts, and blew coldly into her distended eyes. "I am a thief," she was saying to herself, "a thief!" Taking the silk when she believed she could put it back scarcely seemed a liberty, much less a crime; now its aspect was altogether different.

"I wonder what I 'm to do!" the girl said to herself. There were women to whom she would have gone immediately and made confession, and offered anything in compensation for the missing material; but in Mrs. Smith's

case this was not to be thought of. Mrs. Smith would simply tell the whole parish that Letty Moore was not honest, or to be trusted, because she had stolen a piece of her silk gown. Then the thought of John Willett came into Letty's mind, and of how he would receive this tidings. "What will become of me, any way?" she said.

"I 'll not charge her for anything but the bare making," said Letty. "I 'll put in all the lining and bone free, and give her value that way, and I 'll line the bottom of the skirt with a bit of silk; if she notices it, I 'll say I had it by me, and she is welcome to it." Then she sighed again; it struck her already that the path of the wrong-doer is a tortuous one, and Letty was very fond of plain dealing and straight ways.

When she reached home, she took out the piece of silk and looked at it; then she began to cry in a tired way. "To think of me being a thief; but it 's just what I am. I suppose it 's this way people begin to rob banks and get sent to prison. I wonder will she find out? If she doesn't I 'll—" she did not know what wild condition she wanted to offer to destiny, she only knew that she was ready to promise anything provided she escaped the consequences of this one misdoing. Meantime, Mrs. Smith had also been to Nutford, and had also had an errand to John Marshall's, and thus, by one of the evil chances which overtake certain unfortunates, she sat down in the very chair poor Letty had vacated, and was welcomed by Mr. Marshall with just the same smile and the same insinuating movement of the hands. Mrs. Smith laid her reticule on the counter, opened it, took out her list, and spoke first of bombazine.

While Mr. Marshall waited on her, she picked up abstractedly the strip of silk Letty had left behind, and wound it absent-mindedly round the finger of her cotton glove. When her purchases were effected and she was about to open her purse, the bit of silk caught her attention for the first time.

"Another bit of my silk, Mr. Marshall," she said, unbending. "Have you got a new consignment of them dress lengths? I wouldn't mind a black one for myself, if you have a black as good a bargain."

Mr. Marshall shook his head. "It 's a rare chance to

get such goods as they were, so cheap. One doesn't do that twice in half a dozen years. I could sell them ten times over if I had more. There was a young lady in to match one of them a while ago, and she is just distracted that there is not more to be had. That's her pattern round your finger."

"Mr. Marshall," said Mrs. Smith impressively, "you told me you had just one pink and black, and that you sold it to me, yet here's another pink and black of somebody else's!"

"Whatever I told you at the time was the truth," said Mr. Marshall, with dignity. "There is no need to say what isn't, to sell my goods."

"But here's another pattern of the same," Mrs. Smith persisted. "Who brought this pattern?"

"It was Miss Moore."

"Letty Moore the dressmaker! Well, now, to think of that! Fancied my silk for herself, I suppose, and thought to match it. But you haven't another, you say? Well, I'm glad of that; set her up, indeed, with a gown like my niece's. Now she's cut this pattern off my piece; I don't call that dealing on the square, do you?"

"Miss Moore is a very respectable young woman, and wouldn't do anything she couldn't stand over, I'm sure," said Mr. Marshall, with decision. "I have done business with her for a very long time, and I have a great regard for her."

"That's as may be, Mr. Marshall; but if she's cut a pattern off my stuff, I don't call it on the square, and so I'll tell her."

Letty was not feeling at all well that afternoon. There are mental shocks that try the sensitive as much as a period of illness. In town communities the filching of a small piece of material would not seem a very serious matter; the culprit would regard it with indifference, and the defrauded person would probably not take it very much to heart. But Grimpat morals were very rigid; neither Letty nor anybody else regarded a breach of the eighth commandment lightly.

"She'll not want the gown till the spring, and in that time, maybe, the Lord will somehow give me a chance of putting things right," the girl said; but she was not hope-

ful. Letty meant to pray very hard, and to practice divers good deeds in anxious desire of a miracle. But instead of a miracle from the sky, came Mrs. Smith up the garden path—reticule, umbrella, and widow's weeds complete.

"I called to speak about that bit of silk that you took charge of for my niece," said Mrs. Smith, after an interchange of greetings. She had not failed to observe Letty's start of dismay, and the sudden pallor that followed it.

"Yes, Mrs. Smith."

"I 'm not sure when my niece will be coming, and so I thought I 'd as well send her the bit of stuff, and let her have it made up at home; so I 'll take it."

"I 'll send it," said Letty, "it 's too much for you to carry."

"Not a bit," said Mrs. Smith, "the weight of nine yards of silk is neither here nor there. I gave you no linings, did I?"

The girl answered "No," faintly.

"Then it will be lighter to carry."

Letty went upstairs and took out the piece of silk, and folded it neatly with hands that were as cold as ice. She knew she was going to be found out and ruined. At the moment she wished that she could die; if she were dead, her misdeed and Mrs. Smith's comments thereon would matter less. She stood with her hands resting on the folded parcel, waiting for some merciful miracle of this kind, but none came. Her heart beat slowly and faintly, but it kept on beating. When Letty saw that help would not come from this quarter, she went downstairs.

"You 've tied it up, have you?" said Mrs. Smith, a little suspiciously. "You mightn't have done that without measuring it, for fear you might give me somebody else's piece instead of my own."

"That 's your piece, right enough," said Letty dully. "There was only one of that sort." Then she clutched at her terror with desperation. "I 'll measure it for you, if you like, Mrs. Smith."

This offer reassured the elder lady. "Not at all, Miss Moore," she said with some cordiality. "It 's been all right in your hands, I 'm sure." Then she took her leave graciously enough.

Letty looked after the old woman's rigid figure as she

walked away. "Maybe she won't open it for a while, and in the interval I 'll make her a present worth twice the value of what I 've took, then she 'll know, if she thinks about it at all, that I 've paid her back."

But Mrs. Smith was not the type of person to act in such an irrelevant manner; she took off her bonnet and shawl and gloves when she reached home, but she measured the silk before she put them away, and the silk was three-quarters of a yard short.

"One never knows people," said the lady, nodding to herself. "I would have thought Letty Moore as honest as the sun. Well! I 'll show her up."

Drama was rather remote from Mrs. Smith's experience, but she saw a good many dramatic possibilities in the present situation, and they exhilarated her. Herself as a confiding and defrauded person, Letty Moore as an abashed culprit, who had long traded on the good faith of the community, and the whole of Grimpat for an admiring audience, afforded a striking situation. Mrs. Smith banked up the fire with ashes, because she intended to be absent some time; then she went back to Letty Moore's.

Letty was sitting behind the geraniums by the window. She did not feel able to work that evening, and so was thankful that work was rather slack. Thus it happened that she saw Mrs. Smith come in at the little gate. At the moment she was not able to meet her; like a terrified child she ran upstairs and hid her face in the pillow of her little bed.

Mrs. Smith knocked till she was tired, then she lifted the door latch and entered. The kitchen was empty, but the worthy woman concluded that Letty was at home, otherwise she would not have left the door on the latch; she therefore sat down to await her appearance.

Letty had heard the knocking; the lifting of the latch was a softer sound, and did not reach her. In the protracted silence which followed she concluded that Mrs. Smith had gone away, and so, after a time, she picked up courage to descend the stairs. But Mrs. Smith was sitting in wait for her at the stair-foot.

The good woman had rehearsed every form of accusation in the interval, and had thought of saying, "You stole my silk, give me back my silk;" but at sight of the girl, a

milder mood came over her, and she said, politely enough, "I called about that silk, it seems shorter than when I left it with you."

"It couldn't be shorter, Mrs. Smith," said Letty, looking at her antagonist with terrified eyes. "What could make it shorter?"

"That 's what I don't know," said the visitor firmly; "I only know that I gave you nine yards of silk, and that you gave me back eight and a quarter. I know, too, that you were trying to match it, for I found the pattern at Marshall's."

Letty sat down, her hands lying listlessly in her lap, her face pale and stricken. People have committed a murder and felt less overwhelmed, at the moment of arrest, than did honest, upright little Letty Moore, in face of the knowledge that she was discovered to have "conveyed" three-quarters of a yard of cheap silk.

"I needn't deny that I took it, Mrs. Smith, since you know all about it," she said slowly. "I didn't know it was a dress length. I thought it had been cut off the piece, and that I could match it. I knew it came from Marshall's."

"And what did you want with my silk—what had you to do with it?" said Mrs. Smith, her anger rising. "It was stealing, whatever you say."

"I had promised Mary Willett a hood, but with Mr. Tedford's death, and all, I was kept busy until the last minute; when I went to buy the silk the shops were all closed. If they had been Grimpat shops, I would have knocked and made them open, but I couldn't do that at Nutford. I felt as if I couldn't break my word to Mary. Your silk was here in the house, and when I was looking for something that would do I came on it; I thought if I took what I wanted off it I could put it back the next day, but Mr. Marshall says it can't be matched. I am quite willing to make it good to you in any way you like."

"I 'll have my bit of silk, or nothing," said Mrs. Smith frigidly. "I don't want your money, or your trimmings, or your matchings, I just want my material back again, and I 'll have it, or I 'll know why."

Letty said nothing, but her silence and her stricken attitude, instead of mollifying Mrs. Smith, goaded her to fury.

"If there 's law in the land or in the Church," she went

on, her voice rising, "I 'll take the mask off your face—a meek, pretentious, whited sepulchre. To think of the gowns, and cloaks, and linings folk have entrusted to you, Letty Moore, believing in you as if you were the Gospel; it 's easy to see now how you come to be so well-to-do, with three-quarters off here, and a yard off there, but I 'll open people's eyes."

Letty rose and stood before her accuser.

"You 'll have to do what you think right," she said, in a suffering, toneless voice. "I never took a thread or a hook-and-eye belonging to living woman in my life before. I have told you just the truth of how I came to do it this time."

Mrs. Smith gave a snort of infinite scorn. "Every thief who is caught says it was the first time. We 'll see how many folks have missed things when I show you up. And you teaching in the Sabbath School, too! Well, next Sabbath you can teach the eighth commandment. To think of such a—a whited sepulchre!" In her vocabulary Mrs. Smith could not at the moment find another term as scathing. As she spoke she went out, and banged the door heavily behind her.

Letty resumed the seat she had quitted, and leaning her elbows on the table, took her face between her hands. She felt quite cold, and her pulses beat in languid throbs. Mrs. Smith would tell every one that she had stolen her silk, and one and another would come to think, in time, that she had always been dishonest. It would ruin her business, but, a hundred times worse than that, it would ruin her good name. To think of all the people who trusted her learning that she was a thief! To think of the minister, and John Willett, and his mother, who, in her own way, had been disposed to favor her! The talk would creep to Nutford, too, and Mr. Marshall, who had always thought so well of her as a customer, would probably set some one in future to watch her when she entered, lest she should secrete the reels of cotton or remnants of ribbon that were lying loose.

At this thought two slow tears of bitter suffering ran slowly the length of her pale cheeks.

"God knows I didn't mean to steal," she said aloud, and the tones fell curiously on the still air. "God knows I never defrauded man or woman before of anything in all

the days of my life." Then after a long pause she added, "There is always God."

She faced the position with despairing patience. Even God could not bring her blamelessly through it, because she had taken the piece of silk; she *was* guilty. Had she been wrongly accused, she would have met whatever followed, confidently foreseeing her ultimate justification; but for the guilty justification was impossible. "I can never hold up my head again," she said blankly.

After a little, the sense of physical prostration passing away, she rose and resorted to her needlework mechanically. But it dropped from her limp hands—she felt too tired, too stupid, and uninterested.

It was towards dusk when the door opened, and the minister came in. The moment she saw him Letty knew what he had come to speak about.

Mr. Witherow was a tall, slim man with a clearly cut and rather rigid face, a face to which anxieties about his congregation had added as many lines as the years had done. In creed Mr. Witherow was a Calvinist of the Calvinists, whose ideas of Heaven, and Immortality, and the Day of Judgment were as clearly defined as his knowledge of week-day and Sacrament services. Mr. Witherow had never doubted once in his whole lifetime that, at the Day of Judgment, he would be called by name to answer before the assembled nations for each individual member of the congregation committed to his charge. In his dreams Mr. Witherow frequently heard himself asked in a voice that was like a thunder-peal, "Richard Witherow, what of Andrew Wilson? Richard Witherow, what of William Burt, committed to you in the long past?" This made him thankful that his congregation was small; it made the attendant anxieties less, and showed him a shorter period of reckoning on the Dread Day. But it kept his life here very strenuous, and loaded him with a sense of personal responsibility that is not generally felt in the profession.

"I have had a visit from Mrs. Smith," the minister began simply. "She is in a terrible state about three-quarters of a yard of silk that she says you cut off her dress length."

"I took it," said Letty slowly. "I told her I took it."

Mr. Witherow inclined his head sorrowfully. "I did not

mean to steal, and she knows that," Letty pursued steadily. "I offered her any compensation she would accept—"

"She wishes to have you made an example of; she says you ought to be excommunicated," said Mr. Witherow, and his thought was as serious as his words.

"If you will sit down, sir, I will tell you just how it happened," said Letty, "and then if you think well to cut me off from the means of grace—I sha'n't complain." Then she told all the story over again, amid slow, unheeded tears.

"It is very unfortunate," Mr. Witherow said with a sigh, when she had concluded. "To borrow a piece of silk without leave was a very small thing in itself, but it is an opening of the door to evil. When people borrow money in that way, meaning to put it back, the act sometimes brings them penal servitude."

Letty gave a shudder. "I have been thinking it all out," she said; "in old times people were hanged for as little as this."

"Indeed yes," said the minister thoughtfully, "people were hanged or transported for the merest trifles; a man got fourteen years' penal servitude once, and died under sentence, for stealing a potato-pie. We have reason to thank God we are not so cruel nowadays."

"I suppose she could have me arrested?" said Letty in a dreary voice.

"I dare say she could, and fined, but I don't think she will, though I hold her to be a rather bad kind of Christian; she only wants to expose you, and she will do that, talking among the neighbors."

"I think the best thing I can do is to restore sevenfold and then to go away from here," the girl said huskily. "I 'll make as good a living among strangers as I can do at Grimpat, once I have lost my character, and I would rather not wait for the old neighbors to give me the cold shoulder. I meant no harm, God knows, but I 'll have to take the consequences of doing harm, all the same."

"When Mrs. Smith came I reasoned with her," said the minister slowly. "I told her she was showing a very bad spirit, even if you were guilty, which I did not believe. I talked to her very seriously." Then he rose to go. "I will talk to her again," he said. "Have you any objection that I should offer to restore sevenfold? The Scriptures do not

speak of more, and fourfold was generally held to be sufficient."

"A hundredfold," said Letty with a sob. "I have a little money saved in all these years. I 'll give her anything she asks."

Mr. Witherow felt very depressed as he walked down the road, not so much by the thought of Letty's individual suffering as at the thought of all the suffering that so often follows inadequate causes. "No doubt it is because she belongs to the elect that her first step astray is punished so severely," he said with a sigh. Mr. Witherow firmly believed that the path of the elect here was thick with thorns, but in compensation he held that these made for the safety of pedestrians towards the Kingdom. Then his thoughts reverted to Mrs. Smith. She certainly was an unlovely Christian, but she had been placed in his care, and he was responsible for her. Her unloveliness would not justify him if he had one day to answer "I do not know" to the question "Richard Witherow, what has become of Sarah Smith?"

"I 'll tell her of Letty's offer," he said; "if she declines to accept it, I 'll excommunicate her for her lack of charity—and that will surprise her more than losing her silk," he added, smiling for the first time.

Mrs. Smith was having tea when Mr. Witherow called on her. She was looking bright and animated, because she anticipated interesting results from the several calls she intended to pay before bed-time.

Mr. Witherow took off his hat as he entered, but he did not accept the seat Mrs. Smith indicated, not intending to unbend to the intimacy implied in a sitting attitude.

"I have been to see Miss Moore," he began gravely, "and I have learned all particulars regarding your loss. Miss Moore is willing to restore the value of the silk sevenfold. What is its value?"

"The piece cost twenty-seven shillings."

"Then let us assume that what she took—borrowed under a misapprehension, actually—is worth half-a-crown. In lieu of that, she authorizes me to offer you seventeen-and-sixpence."

"I won't take it," said Mrs. Smith triumphantly. "I

would rather show her up than have the price of twenty silk dresses."

"If you don't accept Miss Moore's offer," said the minister imperturbably, "I will summon you before the Session. A woman who would want to destroy the character and prospects of a girl who has lived in our midst since childhood, and is a credit to the community—"

"A canting publican," interrupted Mrs. Smith.

"A credit to the community," Mr. Witherow repeated firmly. "The woman who would want to destroy her and her prospects for a half-crown matter, is not only a bad Christian, but a bad woman."

"Me!" said Mrs. Smith, with a shriek.

"If the matter comes before the Session we shall have no option but to excommunicate you," Mr. Witherow went on. "It will be a great grief to your children in America to learn that the church in which their father was an elder has been obliged to excommunicate their mother. It will be a blot on the family history."

"I want nothing but my own again, I have a right to that," Mrs. Smith maintained stoutly, but the usual color of her cheek looked thin and veinous, and her breath came hurriedly.

"To restore your own little bit of silk is impossible under the circumstances. Miss Moore acknowledges that she took it. The Bible exacts nothing but confession and fourfold restitution; Miss Moore offers sevenfold—you had better accept her offer."

"She 's got you on her side," said Mrs. Smith bitterly. "A sleek, canting—"

"Mrs. Smith," said the minister, "I hope I shall always be found on the side of the merciful. I desire nothing better either now or at the Last Day. The wish to ruin a poor young friendless girl could only be prompted by the devil, and as a minister of the Gospel I will oppose it, in every corner of the parish. This is my last word. I am very sorry that a woman of your age, so long held in esteem by the neighbors, should have ever wished to act such a cruel and evil part. Good-evening."

Mr. Witherow had scarcely reached the little gate outside the cottage ere Mrs. Smith was after him. "I will take that seventeen-and-sixpence," she said.

Mr. Witherow turned. "Do you understand what that binds you to?" he asked. "If you accept restitution, and subsequently talk of your loss, you will be guilty of slander, a serious offense in the eyes of the law of the land."

"I wouldn't be bothered with it," said Mrs. Smith fiercely. "To tie one hand and foot and tongue, and everything, and call this a free country, too!"

Mr. Witherow laid his hand on the old woman's trembling shoulder. "Mrs. Smith," he said, "your husband was one of the oldest elders in my congregation when I was ordained; his was a gentle and beautiful nature; he was one of the elect—his memory is yet fragrant in our midst. You are yourself a woman, the mother of other women; you have been young; possibly that experience is not so remote that you are unable to recall it. Try on that account to feel generously, and, because of all that is honorable in your life-history, to act generously towards a sister woman. No one ever regrets a good deed, while a deliberate cruelty cannot fail to plant a sharp thorn in that last pillow on which each of us must ultimately lay his or her dying head. You have now an opportunity of behaving nobly and making me proud of you. I will leave it to yourself to think whether or not you will embrace the opportunity."

Towards eight o'clock Letty Moore was reading her Bible; there are times when people find that the only refuge. "'I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help,'" she read aloud; as she did so, she turned her face involuntarily towards the window; but it was night, and the blind was down. At that moment there came a peremptory knock to the door. Letty opened it, and Mrs. Smith came in. To see the girl quail at her approach gave the old woman her last moment of evil pleasure.

"I came to speak about that silk," she said.

Letty did not answer; she only waited for the terrible announcement that was likely to follow. "I was thinking that maybe you might like to buy the whole of it," she went on. "It cost twenty-seven shillings new—you can have it for that."

Mrs. Smith was surprised and a little dismayed at the

passion of Letty's sudden burst of tears. "You are a good woman," she said between her sobs, "a good, good woman, though I thought hard things about you! I suppose it was because I was that miserable. You are a good woman!"

Letty always maintained that nobody knew the greatness of Mrs. Smith's nature till there was occasion to test it; in proof of her greatness she adduced that Mrs. Smith hated to be praised. When Letty married John Willett, Mrs. Smith sat beside the minister at the wedding-feast. Beyond the circle of those three, there never crept a whisper of Letty's misdoing; it is the solitary secret the latter ever kept from her husband. As to the piece of silk, it still lies in Letty's best-room bottom drawer, and when she wants to remind herself that well-meaning people may go far astray under sudden temptation, or that human hearts are often kinder than the careless would believe, she takes out the piece of silk and looks at it.

THOMAS ETTINGSALL

(1700?—1850.)

Thomas Ettingsall was born about the close of the eighteenth century. He kept a fishing-tackle establishment at Woods Quay, Dublin, about 1824, and afterward removed to Cork Hill. He was a clever and witty writer and contributed sketches and stories to *The Irish Penny Journal* (1840) and the Dublin *Penny Journal* (1832).

It was in the last-named magazine, Dec. 15, 1832, that his 'Darby Doyle's Voyage to Quebec,' which has been often erroneously attributed to Lover, appeared. He was concerned with H. B. Code in the authorship of 'The Angling Excursions of Gregory Greendrake,' which was published in Dublin in 1824. He was "Geoffrey Greydrake" of that work, which was reprinted from *The Warder*. He died, in poor circumstances it is said, about 1850.

DARBY DOYLE'S VOYAGE TO QUEBEC.

I tuck the road, one fine morning in May, from Inchegelagh, an' got up to the Cove safe an' sound. There I saw many ships with big broad boords fastened to ropes, every one ov them saying, "The first vessel for Quebec." Siz I to myself, "Those are about to run for a wager; this one siz she 'll be first, and that one siz she 'll be first." At any rate, I pitched on one that was finely painted, and looked long and slender like a corragh on the Shannon. When I wint on boord to ax the fare, who shou'd come up out ov a hole but Ned Flinn, an ould townsman ov my own. "Och, is it yoorself that 's there, Ned?" siz I; "are ye goin' to Amerrykey?" "Why, an' to be sure," siz he; "I 'm *mate* ov the ship." "Meat! that 's yer sort, Ned," siz I; "then we 'll only want bread. Hadn't I betther go and pay my way?" "You 're time enough," siz Ned; "I 'll tell you when we 're ready for sea—leave the rest to me, Darby." "Och, tip us your fist," siz I; "you were always the broath ov a boy; for the sake ov ould times, Ned, we must have a dhrop."

So, my jewel, Ned brought me to where there was right good stuff. When it got up to three o'clock I found myself mighty weak with hunger. I got the smell ov corn beef an'

cabbage that knock'd me up entirely. I then wint to the landleddy, and siz I to her, "Maybee your leddyship id not think me rood by axin' iv Ned and myself cou'd get our dinner ov that fine hot mate that I got a taste ov in my nose?" "In troath you can," siz she (an' she look'd mighty pleasant), "an' welkim." So, my darlin' dish and all came up. "That 's what I call a *flaugholoch*[1] mess," siz I. So we eat and drank away. Many 's the squeeze Ned gave my fist, telling me to leave it all to him, and how comfortable he 'd make me on the voyage. Day afther day we spint together, waitin' for the wind, till I found my pockets begin to grow very light.

At last, siz he to me, one day afther dinner, "Darby, the ship will be ready for sea on the morrow—you 'd betther go on boord, an' pay your way." "Is it jokin' you are, Ned?" siz I; "shure you tould me to leave it all to you." "Ah! Darby," siz he, "you 're for takin' a rise out o' me; shure enough, ye were the lad that was never without a joke—the very priest himself cou'dn't get over ye. But, Darby, there 's no joke like the thrue one. I 'll stick to my promise; but, Darby, you must pay your way." "O Ned," siz I, "is this the way you 're goin' to threat me afther all? I 'm a rooin'd man; all I cou'd scrape together I spint on you. If you don't do something for me, I 'm lost. Is there no place where you cou'd hide me from the captin?" "Not a place," siz Ned. "An' where, Ned, is the place I saw you comin' out ov?" "Oh, Darby, that was the hould where the cargo 's stow'd." "An' is there no other place?" siz I. "Oh, yes," siz he, "where we keep the wather casks." "An', Ned," siz I, "does any one live down there?" "Not a mother's soul," siz he. "An', Ned," siz I, "can't you cram me down there, and give me a lock ov straw an' a bit?" "Why, Darby," siz he (an' he look'd mighty pittyful), "I must thry. But mind, Darby, you 'll have to hide all day in an empty barrel, an' when it comes to my watch, I 'll bring you down some prog; but if you 're diskiver'd, it 's all over with me, an' you 'll be put on a dissilute island to starve." "O Ned," siz I, "leave it all to me." "Never fear, Darby, I 'll mind my eye." When night cum on I got down into the dark cellar, among the barrels; poor Ned fixt a place in a corner for me to sleep,

[1] *Flaugholoch*, princely—*i. e.* a fine mess.

an' every night he brought me down hard black cakes an' salt meat. There I lay snug for a whole month.

At last, one night, siz he to me, "Now, Darby, what 's to be done? we 're within three days' sail of Quebec; the ship will be overhauled, and all the passengers' names call'd over; if you are found, you 'll be sould as a slave for your passage money." "An' is that all that frets you, my jewel," siz I; "can't you leave it all to me? In throath, Ned, I 'll never forget your hospitality at any rate. But, what place is outside of the ship?" "Why, the sea, to be sure," siz he. "Och! botheration," siz I, "I mean what 's the outside the ship?" "Why, Darby," siz he, "part of it 's called the bulwark." "An' fire an' faggots," siz I, "is it bulls work the vessel along?" "No, nor horses," siz he, "neither; this is no time for jokin'; what do you mean to do?" "Why, I 'll tell you, Ned; get me an empty meal-bag, a bottle, an' a bare ham-bone, and that 's all I 'll ax." So, begad, Ned look'd very queer at me; so he got them for me, anyhow. "Well, Ned," siz I, "you know I 'm a great shwimmer; your watch will be early in the mornin'; I 'll jist slip down into the sea; do you cry out, there 's a man in the wather, as loud as you can, and leave all the rest to me."

Well, to be sure, down into the sea I dropt without so much as a splash. Ned roared out with the hoarseness of a brayin' ass—"a man in the sea! a man in the sea!" Every man, woman, and child came running up out of the holes, the captin among the rest, who put a long red barrel like a gun to his eye—gibbet me, but I thought he was for shootin' me! down I dived. When I got my head over the wather agen, what shou'd I see but a boat rowin' to me, as fast as a throut afther a pinkeen.[1] When it came up close enough to be heard, I roared out: "Bad end to yees, for a set ov spalpeen rascals, did ye hear me at last?" The boat now run 'pon the top ov me; down I dived agen like a duck afther a frog, but the minnit my skull came over the wather, I was gript by the scruff ov the neck, and dhragged into the boat. To be shure, I didn't kick up a row—"Let go my hair, ye blue devils," I roared; "it 's well ye have me in your marcy in this dissilute place, or by the powthers I 'd make ye feel the strinth ov my bones. What hard look

[1] *Pinkeen*, a small fish.

I had to follow yees, at all at all—which ov ye is the masther?" As I sed this every mother's son began to stare at me, with my bag round my neck, an' my bottle by my side, an' the bare bone in my fist. "There he is," siz they, pointin' to a little yellow man in a corner of the boat. "May the —— rise blisthers on your rapin'-hook shins," siz I, "you yallow-lookin' monkey, but it 's a'most time for you to think ov lettin' me into your ship—I 'm here plowin' and plungin' this month afther ye; shure I didn't care a *thrawneen* was it not that you have my best Sunday clothes in your ship, and my name in your books. For three sthraws, if I don't know how to write, I 'd leave my mark, an' that on your skull"; so saying I made a lick at him with the ham-bone, but I was near tumblin' into the sea agen. "An', pray, what is your name, my lad?" siz the captin. "What 's my name! What id you give to know?" siz I; "ye unmannerly spalpeen, it might be what 's your name, Darby Doyle, out ov your mouth—ay, Darby Doyle, that was never afraid or ashamed to own it at home or abroad!" "An', Mr. Darby Doyle," siz he, "do you mean to persuade us that you swum from Cork to this afther us?" "This is more ov your ignorance," siz I—"ay, an' if you sted three days longer and not take me up, I 'd be in Quebec before ye, only my purvisions were out, and the few rags ov bank notes I had all melted into paste in my pocket, for I hadn't time to get them changed. But stay, wait till I get my foot on shore; there 's ne'er a cottoner in Cork iv you don't pay for leavin' me to the marcy ov the waves."

All this time the blue chaps were pushin' the boat with sticks through the wather, till at last we came close to the ship. Every one on board saw me at the Cove, but didn't see me on the voyage; to be sure, every one 's mouth was wide open, crying out Darby Doyle. "The —— stop your throats," siz I, "it 's now you call me loud enough; ye wouldn't shout that way when ye saw me rowlin' like a tub in a millrace the other day forenenst your faces." When they heard me say that, some of them grew pale as a sheet—every thumb was at work till they a'most brought the blood from their forreds. But, my jewel, the captin does no more than runs to the book, an' calls out the names that paid, and them that *wasn't* paid—to be shure, I was one ov

them that didn't pay. If the captin looked at me before with *wondherment,* he now looked with astonishment!

Nothin' was tawk'd ov for the other three days but Darby Doyle's great shwim from the Cove to Quebec. One sed, "I always knew Darby to be a great shwimmer." "Do ye remimber," siz another, "when Darby's dog was nigh been drownded in the great duck hunt, when Darby peeled off and brought in the dog, and made afther the duck himself, and swum for two hours endways; and do ye remimber when all the dogs gother round the duck at one time; whin it wint down how Darby dived afther it, and sted down for a'most an hour—and sted below while the creathur was eatin' a few frogs, for she was weak an' hungry; and when everybody thought he was lost, up he came with the duck by the leg in his kithogue?"[1]

Begar, I agreed to all they sed, till at last we got to Amerrykey. I was now in a quare way; the captin wouldn't let me go till a friend of his would see me. By this time, my jewel, not only his friends came, but swarms upon swarms, starin' at poor Darby. At last I called Ned. "Ned, avic," siz I, "I want to go about my *bisness.*" "Be easy, Darby," siz he; "haven't ye your fill ov good aitin'? an' the captin's got mighty fond ov ye entirely." "Is he, Ned?" siz I; "but tell us, Ned, are all them crowds ov people goin' to sea?" "Augh, ye omadhaun,"[2] siz Ned, "sure they are come to look at you." Just as he said this, a tall yallow man, with a black curly head, comes and stares me full in the face. "You 'll know me agen," says I, "bad luck to yer manners and the schoolmasther that taught ye." But I thought he was goin' to shake hands with me, when he tuck hould ov my fist and opened every finger, one by one, then opened my shirt and look't at my breast. "Pull away, ma-bouchal," siz I, "I 'm no desarthur, at any rate." But never an answer he made, but walk'd down into the hole where the captin lived. "This is more ov it," siz I; "Ned, what cou'd that tallah-faced man mean?" "Why," siz Ned, "he was *lookin' to see* iv your fingers were webb'd, or had ye scales on your breast." "His impidence is great," siz I; "did he take me for a duck or a bream? But, Ned, what 's the meanin' ov the boords acrass the stick the people walk on, and the big white boord

[1] *Kithogue*, left hand. [2] *Omadhaun*, silly fellow.

up there?" "Why, come over and read," siz Ned. But, my jewel, I didn't know whether I was stannin' on my head or on my heels when I saw in great big black letters—

THE GREATEST WONDHER OF THE WORLD!!!

TO BE SEEN HERE,

A Man that beats out Nicholas the Diver!

He has swum from Cork to Amerrykey!!

Proved on oath by ten of the Crew and twenty Passengers.

Admittance Half a Dollar.

"Bloody wars! Ned," siz I, "does this mean your humble sarvint?" "Divil another," siz he,—so I makes no more ado, than with a hop, skip, and jump, gets over to the captin, who was now talkin' to the yallow fellow that was afther starin' me out ov countenance. "Pardon my rudeness, your honor," siz I, mighty polite, and makin' a bow —at the same time Ned was at my heels—so rising my foot to give the genteel scrape, sure I scraped all the skin off Ned's shins. "May bad luck to your brogues," siz he. "You 'd betther not curse the wearer," siz I, "or ——" "Oh, Darby!" siz the captin, "don't be unginteel, an' so many ladies and gintlemin lookin' at ye." "The never an other mother's soul shall lay their peepers on me till I see sweet Inchegelagh agen," says I. "Begar ye are doin' it well. How much money have ye gother for my shwimmin'?" "Be quiet, Darby," siz the captin, and he looked very much friekened. "I have plenty, an' I 'll have more for ye iv ye do what I want ye to do." "An' what is it, avic?" siz I. "Why, Darby," siz he, "I 'm afther houldin' a wager last night with this gintleman for all the worth ov my ship, that you 'll shwim against any shwimmer in the world; an', Darby, if ye don't do that, I 'm a gone man." "Augh, give us your fist," siz I; "did ye ever hear ov Paddy's dishaving any man in the European world yet—barrin' themselves?" "Well, Darby," siz he, "I 'll give you a hundred dollars; but, Darby, you must be to your word, and you shall have another hundred."

So sayin', he brought me down into the cellar; but, my jewel, I didn't think for the life ov me to see such a won-

dherful place—nothin' but goold every way I turned, and Darby's own sweet face in twenty places. Begar I was a'most ashamed to ax the gintleman for the dollars. "But," siz I to myself agen, "the gintleman has too much money. I suppose he does be throwin' it into the sea, for I often heard the sea was richer than the land, so I may as well take it anyhow." "Now, Darby," siz he, "here 's the dollars for ye." But, begar, it was only a bit of paper he was handin' me. "Arrah, none ov yer tricks upon thravelers," siz I; "I had betther nor that, and many more ov them, melted in the sea; give me what won't wash out ov my pocket." "Why, Darby," siz he, "this is an ordher on a merchant for the amount." "Pho, pho!" siz I, "I 'd sooner take your word nor his oath"—lookin' round mighty respectful at the goold walls. "Well, Darby," siz he, "ye must have the real thing." So, by the powthers, he reckon'd me out a hundred dollars in goold. I never saw the like since the stockin' fell out of the chimly on my aunt and cut her forred. "Now, Darby," siz he, "ye are a rich man, an' ye are worthy of it all—sit down, Darby, an' take a bottle ov wine." So to please the gintleman, I sat down. Afther a bit, who comes down but Ned. "Captin," siz he, "the deck is crowded; I had to block up the gangway to prevint any more from comin' in to see Darby. Bring him up, or, blow me, iv the ship won't be sunk." "Come up, Darby," siz the captin', lookin' roguish pleasant at myself. So, my jewel, he handed me up through the hall as tendher as iv I was a lady, or a pound ov fresh butther in the dog days.

When I got up, shure enough, I couldn't help starin'; such crowds of fine ladies and yallow gintlemen never was seen before in any ship. One ov them, a little rosy-cheek'd beauty, whispered the captin somethin', but he shuk his head, and then came over to me. "Darby," siz he, "I know an Irishman would do anything to please a lady." "In throth you may say that with yer own ugly mouth," siz I. "Well, then, Darby," siz he, "the ladies would wish to see you give a few strokes in the sea." "Och, an' they shall have them in welcome," siz I. "That 's a good fellow," siz he; "now strip off." "Decency, Katty," siz I; "is it in my mother-naked pelt before the ladies? Bad luck to the undacent brazen-faced—but no matther! Irish girls for-

ever, afther all!" But all to no use. I was made to peel off behind a big sheet, and then I made one race and jumpt ten yards into the wather to get out ov their sight. Shure enough, every one's eyes danced in their head, while they look'd on the spot where I went down. A thought came into my head while I was below, how I 'd show them a little divarsion, as I could use a great many thricks on the wather. So I didn't rise at all till I got to the tother side, and every one run to that side; then I took a hoult ov my two big toes, and, makin' a ring ov myself, rowled like a hoop on the top ov the wather all round the ship. I b'leeve I opened their eyes! Then I yarded, back-swum, an' dived, till at last the captin made signs for me to come out, so I got into the boat an' threw on my duds. The very ladies were breakin' their necks runnin' to shake hands with me. "Shure," siz they, "you 're the greatest man in the world!!" So for three days I showed off to crowds ov people, though I was *fryin'* in the wather for shame.

At last the day came that I was to stand the tug. I saw the captin lookin' very often at me. At last, "Darby," siz he, "are you anyway cow'd? The fellow you have to shwim agenst can shwim down watherfalls an' catharacts." "Can, he, avic?" siz I; "but can he shwim up agenst them? Wow, wow, Darby, for that! But, captin, come here; is all my purvisions ready?—don't let me fall short ov a dhrop ov the rale stuff above all things." An' who shou'd come up while I was tawkin' to the captin but the chap I was to shwim with, an' heard all I sed. Begar! his eyes grew as big as two oysther shells. Then the captin call'd me aside. "Darby," siz he, "do ye put on this green jacket an' white throwsers, that the people may betther extinguish you from the other chap." "With all hearts, avic," siz I, "green for ever—Darby's own favorite color the world over; but where am I goin' to, captin?" "To the shwimmin' place, to be shure," siz he. "Divil shoot the failers an' take the hindmost," siz I; "here 's at ye."

I was then inthrojuiced to the shwimmer. I look'd at him from head to foot. He was so tall that he could eat bread an' butther over my head—with a face as yallow as a kite's foot. "Tip up the mitten," siz I, "ma-bouchal," siz I. (But, begad, I was puzzled. "Begar," siz I to myself, "I 'm done. Cheer up, Darby! If I 'm not able to kill him,

I 'll frighten the life out ov him.") "Where are we goin' to shwim to?" But never a word he answered. "Are ye bothered, neighbor?" "I reckon I 'm not," siz he, mighty chuff. "Well, then," siz I, "why didn't ye answer your betthers? What id ye think iv we shwum to Keep Cleer or the Keep ov Good Hope?" "I reckon neither," siz he agen, eyein' me as iv I was goin' to pick his pockets. "Well, then, have ye any favorite place?" siz I. "Now, I 've heard a great deal about the place where poor Boney died; I 'd like to see it, iv I 'd any one to show me the place; suppose we wint there?" Not a taste of a word cou'd I get out ov him, good or bad.

Off we set through the crowds ov ladies an' gintlemen. Such cheerin' and wavin' ov hats was never seen even at *Dan's* enthry; an' then the row ov purty girls laughin' an' rubbin' up against me, that I cou'd har'ly get on. To be shure, no one cou'd be lookin' to the ground, an' not be lookin' at them, till at last I was thript up by a big loomp ov iron stuck fast in the ground with a big ring to it. "Whoo, Darby!" siz I, makin' a hop an' a crack ov my fingers, "you 're not down yet." I turn'd roun' to look at what thript me. "What d' ye call that?" siz I to the captin, who was at my elbow. "Why, Darby?" siz he; "that 's half an anchor." "Have ye any use for it?" siz I. "Not in the least," siz he; "it 's only to fasten boats to." "Maybee, you 'd give it to a body," siz I. "An' welkim, Darby," siz he; "it 's yours." "God bless your honor, sir," siz I, "it 's my poor father that will pray for you. When I left home the creather hadn't as much as an anvil but what was sthreeled away by the agint—bad end to them. This will be jist the thing that 'll match him; he can tie the horse to the ring, while he forges on the other part.

"Now, will ye obleege me by gettin' a couple ov chaps to lay it on my shoulder when I get into the wather, and I won't have to be comin' back for it afther I shake hans with this fellow." Begar, the chap turned from yallow to white when he heard me say this. An' siz he to the gintleman that was walkin' by *his* side, "I reckon I 'm not fit for the shwimmin' to-day—I don't feel *myself*." "An' murdher an Irish, if you 're yer brother, can't you send him for yerself, an' I 'll wait here till he comes? Here, man, take a

dhrop ov this before ye go. Here 's to yer betther health, and your brother's into the bargain." So I took off my glass, and handed him another; but the never a dhrop ov it he 'd take. "No force," siz I, "avic; maybee you think there 's poison in it—well, here 's another good luck to us. An' when will ye be able for the shwim, avic?" siz I, mighty complisant. "I reckon in another week," siz he. So we shook hands and parted. The poor fellow went home—took the fever—then began to rave. "Shwim up the catharacts!—shwim to the Keep ov Good Hope!—shwim to St. Helena!—shwim to Keep Cleer!—shwim with an anchor on his back!—Oh! oh! oh!"

I now thought it best to be on the move; so I gother up my winners; and here I sit undher my own hickory threes, as independent as any Yankee.

FRANCIS A. FAHY.

(1854 ——)

Francis A. Fahy was born in Kinvara, County Galway, Sept. 29, 1854. At the age of sixteen he wrote a play, 'The Last of the O'Learys,' which was performed in his native town. He went to London as a civil service clerk in 1873, where he still lives. He has taken an active part in various Irish literary movements in London, especially in the formation of the Southwark Irish Literary Club and the Irish Literary Society, which grew out of it. He wrote many poems for the Irish papers, signed "*Dreoilin*" (the Wren), and in 1887 published a collection of Irish songs and poems in Dublin.

His songs are eminently singable and many of them are well-known favorites in the concert-hall and drawing-room. They are not only artless, simple, and winning, but altogether Irish in their admixture of humor, sentiment, and pathos. Though in some respects his name may well be bracketed with that of Mr. A. P. Graves, he differs from him in that "*Dreoilin*" sings of the inner and home life of the people, while Mr. Graves' songs are almost all pastoral and deal with out-of-door life.

HOW TO BECOME A POET.

Of all the sayings which have misled mankind from the days of Adam to Churchill, not one has been more harmful than the old Latin one, "A poet is born, not made."

The human intellect, it is said, may, by patient toil and study, gather laurels in all fields of knowledge save one—that of poesy. You may, by dint of hard work, become a captain in the Salvation Army, a corporation crossing-sweeper—ay, even an unsuccessful Chief Secretary for Ireland; but no amount of labor or perseverance will win you the favor of the Muses unless those fickle-minded ladies have presided at your birth, wrapped you, so to speak, in the swadding clothes of metre, and fashioned your first yells according to the laws of rhythm and rhyme.

Foolish, fatal fallacy! How many geniuses has it not nipped in the bud—how many vaulting ambitions has it not brought to grief, what treasures of melody has it not shut up for ever to mankind!

Hence the paucity of poetical contributions to the press, the eagerness of publishers to secure the slightest scrap of

verse, the bashfulness and timidity of authors, who yet in their hearts are quite confident of their ability to transcend the best efforts of the "stars" of ancient or modern song.

Now the first thing that will strike you in reading poetical pieces is the fact that nearly all the lines end in rhymed words, or words ending in similar sounds, such as "kick, lick, stick," "drink, ink, wink," etc.

This constitutes the *real* difference between prose and poetry. For instance, the phrase, "The dread monarch stood on his head," is prose, but

"The monarch dread
Stood on his head."

is undeniable poetry.

Rhyme, is, in fact, the chief or only feature in modern poetry. Get your endings to rhyme and you need trouble your head about little else. A certain amount of common sense is demanded by severe critics; the general public, however, never look for it, would be astonished to find it, and, as a matter of fact, seldom or never do find it.

By careful study of the best authors you will soon discover what words rhyme with each other, and these you should diligently record in a small note-book, procurable at any respectable stationers' for the ridiculously small sum of one penny.

Few researches afford keener intellectual pleasure than the discovery of rhymes, in such words, say, as "cat, rat, Pat, scat," "shed, head, said, dead," and it is excellent elementary training for the young poet to combine such words into versed sentences, and even sing them to a popular operatic air.

For example—

"With that the cat
Sprang at the rat,
Whereat poor Pat
Yelled out 'Iss-cat.'
The roof of the shed
Fell plop on his head,
No more he said,
But fell down dead."

These first efforts of your muse are of high interest, and, although it would not be advisable to rush to press with

them, they should be sedulously preserved for the use of future biographers, when fame, honors, and emoluments shall have showered in upon you.

A little caution is needed in the use of such rhymes as "fire, higher, Maria," "Hannah, manner, dinner," "fight, riot, quiet." There is excellent authority for these, but it is well to recognize that an absurd prejudice does exist against them.

You will soon make the profitable discovery that there is a host of words, the members of which run, like beagles, in couples, the one invariably suggesting the other, such as "peeler, squealer"; "lick, stick"; "Ireland, sireland"; "ocean, commotion," and so on.

"'Twas then my bold peeler
Made after the squealer;"
"He fetched him a lick
Of a murdering stick;"
"His shriek spread from Ireland,
My own beloved sireland;"
"And raised a commotion
Beyond the wide ocean."

Were it not for such handy couplets as these, most of our modern bards would be forced to earn their bread honestly.

Of equal importance is "apt alliteration's artful aid." It consists in stringing together a number of words beginning with the same letter. A large school of our bards owe their fame to this figure. You should make a free use of it. How effective are such phrases as "For Freedom, Faith, and Fatherland we fight or fall"; "Dear Dirty Dublin's damp and dreary dungeons"; "Softy shone the setting sun in Summer splendor"; "Blow the blooming heather"; "Winter winds are wailing wildly."

Of great effect at this stage of your progress will be the adroit and unstinted employment of such phrases as "I wis," "I wot," "I trow," "In sooth," "Methinks," "Of yore," "Erstwhile," "Alack," a plentiful sprinkling of which, like currants in a cake, will impart a quaint poetical flavor to your verses, making up for a total want of sense and sentiment. Observe their effect in the following admirable lines from Skott:—

"It were, I ween, a bootless task to tell
How here, of yore, in sooth, the foeman fell,
Erstwhile the Paynim sank with eerie yell,
Alack, in goodly guise, forsooth, to ——"

Of like value are words melodious in sound or poetical in suggestion, like "nightingale," "moonlight," "roundelay," "trill," "dreamy," and so on, which, freely used, throw a glamour over the imagination and lull thought, the chiefest value of verse nowadays.

"There trills the nightingale his roundelay
In dreamy moonlight till the dawn of day."

Note that in poetic diction you must by no means "call a spade a spade." The statement of a plain fact is highly objectionable, and a roundabout expression has to be resorted to. For example, if a girl have red hair, describe it as

"Glowing with the glory of the golden God of Day,"

or, if Nature has blest her with a "pug-nose," you should, like Tennyson, describe it as

"Tip-tilted like the petal of a flower."

For similar reasons words of mean significance have to be avoided. For instance, for "dead drunk," use "spirituously disguised"; for "thirty days in quod," "one moon in durance vile." You may now be said to have mastered the rudiments of modern poetry, and your future course is easy.

You may now choose, although it is not at all essential, to write on a subject conveying some meaning to your reader's mind. You would do well to try one of a familiar kind, or of personal or everyday interest, of which the following are specimens:—"Lines on beholding a dead rat in the street"; "Impromptu on being asked to have a drink"; "Reverie on being asked to stand one"; "Epitaph on my mother-in-law"; "Ode to my creditors"; "Morning soliloquy in a police cell"; "Acrostic on a shillelah." Through pieces of this character the soul of the writer permeates. Hence their abiding value and

permanency on second-hand book-stalls. Then you may seek "fresh woods and pastures new," and weave garlands in fields untrod by the ordinary bard. One of these is "Spring." Conceive the idea of that season in your mind. Winter gone, Summer coming, coughs being cured, overcoats put up the spout, streets dryer, coals cheaper, or—if you love nature—the strange facts of the leaves budding, winds surging, etc. Then probably the spirit (waterproof) of poesy will take possession of you, and you will blossom into song as follows:—

"'T is the Spring! 'T is the Spring!
Little birds begin to sing.
See! the lark is on the wing,
The sun shines out like anything;
And the sweet and tender lamb
Skips besides his great big dam,
While the rough and horny ram
Thinketh single life a sham.

"Now the East is in the breeze,
Now old maids begin to sneeze,
Now the leaves are on the trees,
Now I cannot choose but sing:
Oh, 't is Spring! 't is Spring! 't is Spring!"

Verses like the above have an intrinsic charm, but if you should think them too trivial, you may soar into the higher regions of thought, and expand your soul in epics on, say, "The Creation," "The Deluge," "The Fall of Rome," "The Future of Man." You possibly know nothing whatever of those subjects, but that is an advantage, as you will bring a fresh unhackneyed mind to bear upon them.

I need hardly tell you that there is one subject above all others whose most fitting garb is poetry, and that is—LOVE. Fall in love if you can. It is easy—nothing easier to a poet. He is mostly always in love, and with ten at a time. But if you cannot, or (hapless wretch!) if you find it an entirely one-sided affair—very little free trade, and no reciprocity—ay, even if you be a married man who walketh the floor of nights, and vainly seeketh to soothe the seventh olive-branch—despair not. To write of Love, needeth not to feel it. If not in love, imagine you are. Extol in unmeasured terms the beauty of your adored one

—matchless, as the pipe-bearing stranger in the street—peerless, as the American House of Representatives. Safely call on mankind to produce her equal, and inform the world that you would give up all its honors and riches (of which you own none) for the sake of your Dulcinea; but tell them not the fact that you would not forego your nightly pipe and glass of rum punch for the best woman that ever breathed. Cultivate a melancholy mood. Call the fair one all sorts of names, heartless, cold, exacting—yourself, a miserable wight, hurrying hot haste to an early grave, and bid her come and shed unavailing tears there. At the same time keep your strength up, and don't forget your four meals a day and a collation.

I need not touch on the number of feet required in the various kinds of verse, as if a verse lacks a foot anywhere you are almost sure to put yours in it.

And now to "cast your lines in pleasant places."

Having fairly mastered the gamut of poetical composition, you will be open to a few hints as to the publication of your effusions. It is often suggested that the opinion of a friend should be consulted at the outset as to their value. Of course you may do so, but, as friends go nowadays, you must be prepared to ignore his verdict. It is now you will discover that even the judgment of your dearest and most intellectual friend is not alone untrustworthy, but really below contempt, and that what he styles his candor is nothing less than brutality. I have known the greatest coolnesses ascribable to this cause, and the noblest offspring of the muse consigned to oblivion in weak deference to a friendly opinion. On the other hand, it is often of great value to read aloud your longest epics to some one who is in any way indebted to you and cannot well resent it.

Where the poet's corners of so many papers await you, the choice of a medium to convey your burning thoughts to the world will be easily made. You will scarcely be liable, I hope, to the confusion of mind of a friend of mine who, in mistake, sent his "Ode to Death" to the editor of a comic paper, and found it accepted as eminently suitable.

You should write your poem carefully on superfine paper with as little blotting, scratching, and bad spelling as you can manage.

To smooth the way to insertion, you might also write a conciliatory note to the editor, somewhat in this vein:—

"RESPECTED SIR,—It is with much diffidence that a young poet of seventeen (*no mention of the wife and five children*) begs to send you his first attempt to woo the Muses (*it may be your eighty-first, but no matter*). Hoping the same may be deemed worthy of insertion in the widely read columns of your admirable journal, with whose opinions I have the great pleasure of being in thorough accord (*you may have never read a line of it before*), I have the honor to be, respected sir, your obedient humble servant, HOMER.

"P.S.—If inserted, kindly affix my full name as A. B.; if not, my *nom-de-plume*, 'Homer.'

"N.B.—If inserted send me twenty copies of your valuable paper. —HOMER."

It will be vain to attempt to describe your feelings from the time you post that letter until you know the result of your venture. Your reason is unhinged; you cannot rest or sleep. You hang about that newspaper office for hours before the expected edition is out of the press. At last it appears. Trembling with eagerness you seize the coveted issue, and disregarding the "Double Murder and Suicide in ——," the "Collapse of the Bank of ——," the "Outbreak of War between France and Germany," you dash to the poet's corner and search with dazed eyes for your fate.

You may have vaguely heard, at some period of your life, of the mean, petty jealousies that befoul the clear current of journalism, and frown down new and aspiring talent, however promising, and you may have indignantly refused to believe such statements. Alas! now shall you feel the full force of their truth in your own person.

You look for your poem blindly, confusedly—amazed, bewildered, disgusted! You turn that paper inside out, upside down; you search in the Parliamentary debates, in the Money Market, in the Births, Deaths, and Marriages, in the advertisements—everywhere. No sign of it!

With your heart in your boots you turn to the "Answers to Correspondents," there to find your *nom-de-plume* heading some scurrilous inanity from the editorial chair, of one or other of the following patterns:—

"Homer—*Don't* try again!"

"Homer—Sweet seventeen. So young, so innocent. Hence we spare you."

"Homer—Have you no friends to look after you?"
"Homer—Do you really expect us to ruin this paper?"
"Homer—Send it to the *Telegraph* man. We have a grudge against him."
"Homer—The 71st *Ode to Spring* this year! And yet we live."

While it would be quite natural to indulge in any number of "cuss" words, your best plan will be to veil your wrath, and, refraining from smashing the editorial windows, write the editor a studiously polite letter, asking him to be good enough to point out for your benefit any errors or defects in the poem submitted to him. This will fairly corner him, and he will probably be driven to disclose his meanness in the next issue:—

"Homer—If you will engage to pay for the working of this journal during the twelve months it would take us to explain the defects in your poem, we are quite willing to undertake the job."

Insults and disappointments like these are the ordinary lot of rising genius, and should only nerve you to greater efforts. Perseverance will ultimately win, though it may not deserve, success.

And who shall paint the joy that will irradiate life when you find yourself in print for the first time? who shall describe the delirium of reading your own verses? a delight leading you almost to forgive the printer's error which turns your "blessèd rule" into "blasted fool," and your "Spring quickens" into "Spring chickens"; who will count the copies of that paper you will send to all your friends?

By-and-bye your fame spreads and you rank of the *élite;* you assume the air and manners of a poet. You wear your hair long (it saves barber's charges). You are fond of solitary walks, communing with yourself (or somebody else). You assume a rapt and abstracted air in society (when asked to stand a drink). You despise mere mundane matters (debts, engagements, and the like). Your eyes have a far-away look (when you meet a poor relation). When people talk of Tennyson, Browning, Swinburne, etc., you smile pityingly, and say: "Ah, yes! Poor Alfred (or Robert or Algernon, as the case may be); he means well—he means well"; and you ask your friends if they have read your "Spirit Reveries," and if not, you immediately pro-

duce it from your pocket, and read it (never be without copies of your latest pieces for this purpose).

And now farewell and God-speed. You are on the high road to renown.

> "Farewell, but whenever you welcome the hour,
> They crown you with laurels and throne you in power,
> Oh, think of the friend who first guided your way,
> And set you such rules you could not go astray,
> And who, as reward, doth but one favor claim,
> That you *won't* dedicate your first vol. to his name."

THE DONOVANS.

If you would like to see the height of hospitality,
The cream of kindly welcome, and the core of cordiality:
Joys of all the olden time—you 're wishing to recall again?
Come down to Donovans, and there you 'll meet them all again.

Céad míle fáilte[1] they 'll give you down at Donovans,
As cheery as the springtime and Irish as the *cannawaun*[2]
The wish of my heart is, if ever I had any one—
That every luck that lightens life may light upon the Donovans.

As soon as e'er you lift the latch, the little ones are meeting you;
Soon as you 're beneath the thatch, oh! kindly looks are greeting you:
Scarcely are you ready to be holding out the fist to them,
When down by the fireside you 're sitting in the midst of them.
Céad míle fáilte they 'll give you down at Donovans, &c.

There sits the *cailín deas*[3]—oh! where on earth 's the peer of her?
The modest face, the gentle grace, the humor and the cheer of her—
Eyes like the summer skies when twin stars beam above in them,
Oh! proud will be the boy that 's to light the lamp of love in them.
Céad míle fáilte they 'll give you down at Donovans, &c.

[1] *Céad míle fáilte*, a hundred thousand welcomes.
[2] *Cannawaun*, bog-cotton. [3] *Cailín deas*, pretty girl.

Then when you rise to go, it 's "Ah, then, now sit down again!"
"Isn't it the haste you 're in?" and "Won't you soon come round again?"
Your *caubeen* and your overcoat you 'd better put astray from them,
'T will take you all your time to try and tear yourself away from them.
Céad míle fáilte they 'll give you down at Donovans, &c.

IRISH MOLLY O.

Oh! fairer than the lily tall, and sweeter than the rose,
As modest as the violet in dewy dell that blows;
With heart as warm as summer noon, and pure as winter snow—
The pride of Erin's isle is she, dear Irish Molly O!

No linnet of the hazel grove than she more sweetly sang,
No sorrow could be resting where her guileless laughter rang,
No hall of light could half so bright as that poor cabin glow
Where shone the face of love and grace of Irish Molly O!

But fever's breath struck down in death her father strong and brave,
And who should now his little ones from want and sorrow save?
"Oh, never fear, my mother dear, across the seas I 'll go,
And win for ye a new home there," said Irish Molly O!

And far away 'mid strangers cold she toiled for many a year,
And no one heard the heart-wrung sigh or saw the silent tear,
But letters fond the seas beyond would kind and constant go,
With gold won dear, and words of cheer, from Irish Molly O!

And one by one she sent for all the loved ones o'er the foam,
And one by one she welcomed them to her fond heart and home,
And last and best her arms caressed the aged head of snow—
"Oh, mother, we 'll be happy now!" said Irish Molly O!

Alas! long years of toil and tears had chilled her young heart's glow,
And grief and care had blanched her hair and stilled her pulse's flow,
And when the spring bade wild birds sing and buds in beauty blow—
They made your grave where willows wave, poor Irish Molly O!

THE OULD PLAID SHAWL.

Not far from old Kinvara, in the merry month of May,
When birds were singing cheerily, there came across my way,
As if from out the sky above an angel chanced to fall,
A little Irish *cailín* in an ould plaid shawl.

She tripped along right joyously, a basket on her arm;
And, oh! her face, and, oh! her grace, the soul of saint would charm;
Her brown hair rippled o'er her brow, but greatest charm of all
Was her modest blue eyes beaming 'neath her ould plaid shawl.

I courteously saluted her—"God save you, miss," says I;
"God save you kindly, sir," said she, and shyly passed me by;
Off went my heart along with her, a captive in her thrall,
Imprisoned in the corner of her ould plaid shawl.

Enchanted with her beauty rare, I gazed in pure delight,
Till round an angle of the road she vanished from my sight;
But ever since I sighing say, as I that scene recall,
"The grace of God about you and your ould plaid shawl."

I've heard of highway robbers that, with pistols and with knives,
Make trembling travelers yield them up their money or their lives,
But think of me that handed out my heart and head and all
To a simple little *cailín* in an ould plaid shawl!

Oh! graceful the mantillas that the signorinas wear,
And tasteful are the bonnets of Parisian ladies fair,
But never cloak or hood or robe, in palace, bow'r, or hall,
Clad half such witching beauty as that ould plaid shawl.

Oh! some men sigh for riches, and some men live for fame,
And some on history's pages hope to win a glorious name;
My aims are not ambitious, and my wishes are but small—
You might wrap them all together in an ould plaid shawl.

I'll seek her all through Galway, and I'll seek her all through Clare,
I'll search for tale or tidings of my traveler everywhere,
For peace of mind I'll never find until my own I call
That little Irish *cailín* in her ould plaid shawl.

LITTLE MARY CASSIDY.

Oh, 't is little Mary Cassidy 's the cause of all my misery,
The raison that I am not now the boy I used to be;
Oh, she bates the beauties all that we read about in history,
Sure half the country side 's as lost for her as me.
Travel Ireland up and down, hill, village, vale, and town,
Girl like my colleen dhown you 'll be looking for in vain.
Oh, I 'd rather live in poverty with little Mary Cassidy,
Than Emperor without her be o'er Germany or Spain.

'T was at the dance at Darmody's that first I caught a sight of her,
And heard her sing the Drinan Donn, till tears came in my eyes,
And ever since that blessèd hour I 'm dreaming day and night of her;
The divil a wink of sleep at all I get from bed to rise.
Cheeks like the rose in June, song like the lark in tune,
Working, resting, night or noon, she never leaves my mind;
Oh, till singing by my cabin fire sits little Mary Cassidy,
'T is little aise or happiness I 'm sure I 'll ever find.

What is wealth, what is fame, what is all that people fight about,
To a kind word from her lips or a love-glance from her eye?
Oh, though troubles throng my breast, sure they 'd soon go to the right-about
If I thought the curly head of her would rest there by and by.
Take all I own to-day, kith, kin, and care away,
Ship them all across the say, or to the frozen zone;
Lave me an orphan bare—but lave me Mary Cassidy,
I never would feel lonely with the two of us alone.

FAIRY AND FOLK TALES OF IRELAND.

ANONYMOUS.

Following is a small selection from the vast and rich store of Anonymous Fairy and Folk Tales which have been current for centuries in Ireland. A much larger number of these stories is to be found elsewhere in this Library under the names of the authors who have written them down from traditional story-tellers and others, and who have published collections of them, from the time of Thomas Crofton Croker down to the present day.—[ED.

WILL O' THE WISP.

From 'Hibernian Tales,' a Chap-book.

In old times there was one Will Cooper, a blacksmith who lived in the parish of Loughile; he was a great lover of the bottle, and all that he could make by his trade went to that use, so that his family was often in a starving condition. One day as he was musing in his shop alone after a fit of drunkenness, there came to him a little old man, almost naked and trembling with cold. "My good fellow," said he to Will, "put on some coals and make a fire, that I may get myself warmed."

Will, pitying the poor creature, did so, and likewise brought him something to eat, and told him, if he thought proper, he was welcome to stay all night. The old man thanked him kindly, and said he had farther to go; "but," says he, "as you have been so kind to me, it is in my power to make you a recompense; make three wishes," says he, "for anything you desire most, and let it be what it will, you shall obtain it immediately." "Well," says Will, "since that is the case, I wish that any person who takes my sledge into their hand may never get free of it till I please to take it from them. Secondly, I have an armed chair, and I wish that any person sitting down on the same may never have power to rise until I please to take them off it. I likewise wish for the last," says Will, "that whatever money or gold I happen to put into my purse, no person may have power to take it out again but myself." "Ah! unfortunate Will!" cries the old man, "why did not you wish for Heaven?"

With that he went away from the shop, as Will thought, very pensive and melancholy, and never was heard of more. The old man's words opened Will's eyes; he saw it was in his power to do well had he made a good use of the opportunity, and when he considered that the wishes were not of the least use to him, he became worse every day, both in soul and body, and in a short time he was reduced to great poverty and distress.

One idle day as he was walking along through the fields he met the devil in the appearance of a gentleman, who told him if he would go along with him at the end of seven years, he should have anything he desired during that time. Will, thinking that it was as bad with him as it could be, although he suspected it was the devil, for the love of rising in the world, made bargain to go with him at the end of the seven years, and requested that he would supply him with plenty of money for the present. Accordingly, Will had his desire, and dreading to be observed by his neighbors to get rich on a sudden, he removed to a distance from where he was then living. However, there was nobody in distress or in want of money but Will was always ready to relieve, insomuch that in a short time he became noted, and went in that country by the name of Bill Money, in regard of the great sums he could always command. He then began to build houses, and before the seven years were expired he had built a town, which, in imitation of the name he then had, was called Ballymoney, and is to this day. However, to disguise the business, and that nobody might suspect him having any dealings with Satan, he still did something now and then at his trade.

The seven years being expired, he was making some article for a friend, when the devil came into the shop in his former appearance. "Well, Will," says he, "are you ready to go with me now?" "I am," says Will, "if I had the job finished; take that sledge," says he, "and give me a blow or two, for it is a friend that is to get it, and then I will go with you where you please." The devil took the sledge, and they soon finished the job. "Now," says Will, "stay you here till I run to my friend with this, and I will not stay a minute." Will then went out and the devil stopped in the shop till it was near night, but there was no sign

of Will coming near him, nor could he by any means get the sledge out of his hands. He thought if he was once in his old abode, perhaps there might be some of the smith trade in it who would disengage him of the sledge, but all that were in hell could not get it out of his hands, so he had to retain the shape he was then in as long as the iron remained in his hand. The devil, seeing he could get nobody to do anything for him, went in search of Will once more, but somehow or other he could not get near him for a month.

At length he met him coming out of a tavern, pretty drunk. "Well, Will," says he, "that was a pretty trick you put on me!" "Faith, no," says Will, "it was you that tricked me, for when I came back to the shop you were away, and stole my sledge with you, so that I could not get a job done ever since." "Well, Will," says Satan, "I could not help taking the sledge, for I cannot get it out of my hand; but if you take it from me I will give you seven years more before I ask you with me." Will readily took the sledge, and the devil parted from him well pleased that he had got rid of it. Will having now seven years to play upon, roved about through the town of Ballymoney, drinking and sporting, and sometimes doing a little at his trade to blindfold the people; yet there was many suspected he had dealings with Satan, or he could not do half of what he had done.

At length the seven years were expired, and the devil came for him and found him sitting at the fire smoking, in his own house, where he kept his wonderful chair. "Come, Will," says he, "are you ready to go with me now?" "I am," says Will, "if you sit down a little till I make my will and settle everything among my family, and then I will go with you wherever you please." So, setting the arm-chair to Satan, he sat down, and Will went into the chamber as if to settle his affairs; after a little he came up again, bidding the devil come along, for he had all things completed to his mind, and would ask to stay no longer. When Will went out the devil made an attempt to rise, but in vain; he could not stir from the chair, nor even make the least motion one way or other, so he was as much confounded to think what was the matter, as when he was first cast into utter darkness. Will, knowing what

would occur to Satan, stayed away a month, during which time he never became visible in the chair to any of the family, nor do we hear that any one else ever observed him at any time but Will himself. However, at the month's end Will, returning, pretended to be very much surprised that the devil did not follow him. "What," says Will, "kept you here all this time? I believe you are making a fool of me; but if you do not come immediately I will have the bargain broken, and never go with you again." "I cannot help it," says Satan, "for all I can do I cannot stir from my seat, but if you could liberate me I will give you seven years more before I call on you again." "Well," says Will, "I will do what I can." He then went to Satan and took him by the arm, and with the greatest ease lifted him out of the chair and set him at liberty once more.

No sooner was Satan gone than Will was ready for his old trade again; he sported and played, and drank of the best, his purse never failing, although he sunk all the property and income he had in and about Ballymoney long before; but he did not care, for he knew he could have recourse to the purse that never would fail, as I told you before. However, an accident happened the same purse, that a penny would never stay in it afterwards, and Will became one of the poorest men to be found. This was at the end of the seven years of his last bargain, when Satan came in quest of him again, but was so fearful of a new trick put upon him by Will that he durst not come near the house. At length he met him in the fields, and would not give him time to bid as much as farewell to his wife and children, he was so much afraid of being imposed upon. Will had at last to go, and traveling along the road he came to an inn, where many a good glass he had taken in his time. "Here 's a set of the best rogues," says Will, "in Ireland; they cheated me many a time, and I will give all I possess could I put a trick upon them." . . . "Well," says Satan, "I do not care if we stop." "But," says Will, "I have no money, and I cannot manage my scheme without it; but I will tell you what you can do—you can change yourself into a piece of gold; I will put you in my purse, and then you will see what a hand I will make for you and me both, before we are at our journey's end." Satan, ever willing to promote evil, consented to change himself into

gold, and when he had done so, Will put the piece into his purse and returned home.

Satan, understanding that Will did not do as he pretended, strove to deliver himself from confinement, but by the power of the purse he could never change himself from gold, as long as Will pleased to keep him in it, and no other person, as I have told you before, had power to take anything out of it but himself. Will would go to drink from one ale-house to another, and would pretend to be drunk when he was not, where he would lay down his purse and bid the waiters take what they pleased for the reckoning. Every person saw he had money plenty, yet all they could do they could never get one penny out of the purse, and he would get so drunk when they would give it back to him that he would not seem to understand anything, and so would sneak away. In this manner he cheated both town and country round, until Satan, weary of confinement, had recourse to a stratagem of his own, and changed himself from pieces of gold into a solid bar or ingot of the same metal, but could not get out of the purse.

This, however, put a great damp upon Will's trade, for when he had no coin to show he could get nothing from anybody, and how to behave he did not know. He took a notion that he would perhaps force him into coin again, and accordingly brought him to an iron forge, where he had the ingot battered, for the length of an hour, at a fearful rate; but all they could do they never changed it in the least, neither could they injure the purse, for the quality of it became miraculous after his wish, and the people swore the devil was surely in the purse, for they never saw anything like it. They were compelled at last to give over, and Will returned home and went to bed, putting the purse under his head. His wife was asleep, and the devil kept such a hissing, puffing, and blowing under the bolster that he soon awakened her, and she, almost frightened out of her wits, awakened Will, telling him that the devil was under his head. "Well, if he be," says Will, "I will take him to the forge, where I assure you he will get a sound battering." "Oh, no," says Satan, "I would rather be in hell than stay here confined in this manner, and if you let me go I will never trouble you again." "With all my

heart," says Will; "on that head you shall have your freedom," and opening the purse, gave Satan his liberty.

Will was now free from all dread or fear of anything, and cared not what he did. But I forgot to mention that at the time Will wished nobody might take anything out of the purse, he wished he might never put his hand in it himself but he would find money—but after Satan being in it he found it empty ever after. By this unlucky accident, he that had seen so much of the world for such a length of time was reduced to the most indigent state, and at length forced to beg his bread. In this miserable condition he spent many years until his glass was run, and he had to pay that debt to nature which all creatures have since the fall of Adam. However, his life was so ill-spent and his actions so bad that it is recorded he could get no entrance to any place of good after his decease, so that he was destined to follow his own master.

Coming to the gates of hell, he made a horrible noise to get in; then Satan bid the porter ask who it was that made such a din, and not to admit him till he would let him know. The porter did so, and he bade him tell his master that he was his old friend, Will Cooper, wanting to come to him once more. When Satan had heard who it was he ordered the gates to be strongly guarded; "for if that villain gets in," says he, "we are all undone." Will pleaded the distress he was in, that he could not get backward nor forward with the darkness he was surrounded with, and having lost his guide, if Satan would not let him in; and being loath to listen to the noise and confusion he was making at the gate, Satan sent one of his servants to conduct him back to earth again, and particularly not to quit him until he left him in Ireland.

"Now," says Satan to Will when he was going away, "you were a trusty servant to me a long time; now you are going to earth again, let me see you be busy, and gain all to me that you can; but remember how you served me when in the purse, and you shall never be out of darkness. I will give you a light in your hand to allure and deceive the weary traveler, so that he may become a prey to us." So lighting a wisp, he gave it to Will, and he was conducted to earth, where he wanders from that day to this, under the title of *Will o' the Wisp.*

LOUGHLEAGH (LAKE OF HEALING).

From the 'Dublin and London Magazine,' 1825.

"Do you see that bit of a lake," said my companion, turning his eyes towards the acclivity that overhung Loughleagh. "Troth, and as little as you think of it, and as ugly as it looks with its weeds and its flags, it is the most famous one in all Ireland. Young and ould, rich and poor, far and near, have come to that lake to get cured of all kinds of scurvy and sores. The Lord keep us our limbs whole and sound, for it 's a sorrowful thing not to have the use o' them. 'T was but last week we had a great grand Frenchman here; and, though he came upon crutches, faith he went home sound as a bell; and well he paid Billy Reily for curing him."

"And, pray, how did Billy Reily cure him?"

"Oh, well enough. He took his long pole, dipped it down to the bottom of the lake, and brought up on the top of it as much plaster as would do for a thousand sores!"

"What kind of plaster?"

"What kind of plaster? why, black plaster to be sure; for isn't the bottom of the lake filled with a kind of black mud which cures all the world?"

"Then it ought to be a famous lake indeed."

"Famous, and so it is," replied my companion, "but it isn't for its cures neather that it is famous; for, sure, doesn't all the world know there is a fine beautiful city at the bottom of it, where the good people live just like Christians? Troth, it is the truth I tell you; for *Shemus-a-sneidh* saw it all when he followed his dun cow that was stolen."

"Who stole her?"

"I 'll tell you all about it:—Shemus was a poor gossoon, who lived on the brow of the hill, in a cabin with his ould mother. They lived by hook and by crook, one way and another, in the best way they could. They had a bit of ground that gave 'em the preaty, and a little dun cow that gave 'em the drop o' milk; and, considering how times go, they weren't badly off, for Shemus was a handy gossoon to boot; and, while minden the cow, cut heath and made

brooms, which his mother sould on a market-day, and brought home the bit o' tobaccy, the grain of salt, and other nic-nackenes, which a poor body can't well do widout. Once upon a time, however, Shemus went farther than usual up the mountain, looken for long heath, for town's-people don't like to stoop, and so like long handles to their brooms. The little dun cow was a'most as cunning as a Christian sinner, and followed Shemus like a lap-dog everywhere he 'd go, so that she required little or no herden. On this day she found nice picken on a round spot as green as a leek; and, as poor Shemus was weary, as a body would be on a fine summer's day, he lay down on the grass to rest himself, just as we 're resten ourselves on the cairn here. Begad, he hadn't long lain there, sure enough, when, what should he see but whole loads of *ganconers*[1] dancing about the place. Some o' them were hurlen, some kicking a football, and others leaping a kick-step-and-a-lep. They were so soople and so active that Shemus was highly delighted with the sport, and a little tanned-skinned chap in a red cap pleased him better than any o' them, bekase he used to tumble the other fellows like mushrooms. At one time he had kept the ball up for as good as half-an-hour, when Shemus cried out, 'Well done, my hurler!' The word wasn't well out of his mouth when whap went the ball on his eye, and flash went the fire. Poor Shemus thought he was blind, and roared out, 'Mille murdher!'[2] but the only thing he heard was a loud laugh. 'Cross o' Christ about us,' says he to himself, 'what is this for?' and afther rubbing his eyes they came to a little, and he could see the sun and the sky, and, by-and-by, he could see everything but his cow and the mischievous ganconers. They were gone to their rath or mote; but where was the little dun cow? He looked, and he looked, and he might have looked from that day to this, bekase she wasn't to be found, and good reason why—the ganconers took her away with 'em.

"Shemus-a-sneidh, however, didn't think so, but ran home to his mother.

"'Where is the cow, Shemus?' axed the ould woman.

[1] Ir. *gean-canach*, love talker, a kind of fairy appearing in lonesome valleys, a dudeen (tobacco pipe) in his mouth, making love to milkmaids, etc. [2] *Mille murdher*, a thousand murders.

"'Och, musha, bad luck to her,' said Shemus, 'I donna where she is!'

"'Is that an answer, you big blaggard, for the likes o' you to give your poor ould mother?' said she.

"'Och, musha,' said Shemus, 'don't kick up saich a *bollhous*[1] about nothing. The ould cow is safe enough, I 'll be bail, some place or other, though I could find her if I put my eyes upon *kippeens,* and, speaking of eyes, faith, I had very good luck o' my side, or I had naver a one to look after her.'

"'Why, what happened your eyes, agrah?' axed the ould woman.

"'Oh! didn't the ganconers—the Lord save us from all hurt and harm!—drive their hurlen ball into them both! and sure I was stone blind for an hour.'

"'And may be,' said the mother, 'the good people took our cow?'

"'No, nor the devil a one of them,' said Shemus, 'for, by the powers, that same cow is as knowen as a lawyer, and wouldn't be such a fool as to go with the ganconers while she could get such grass as I found for her to-day.'"

In this way, continued my informant, they talked about the cow all that night, and next mornen both o' them set off to look for her. After searching every place, high and low, what should Shemus see sticking out of a bog-hole but something very like the horns of his little beast!

"Oh, mother, mother," said he, "I 've found her!"

"Where, alanna?" axed the ould woman.

"In the bog-hole, mother," answered Shemus.

At this the poor ould creathure set up such a *pullallue* that she brought the seven parishes about her; and the neighbors soon pulled the cow out of the bog-hole. You 'd swear it was the same, and yet it wasn't, as you shall hear by-and-by.

Shemus and his mother brought the dead beast home with them; and, after skinnen her, hung the meat up in the chimney. The loss of the drop o' milk was a sorrowful thing, and though they had a good deal of meat, that couldn't last always; besides, the whole parish *faughed*[2] upon them for eating the flesh of a beast that died without bleeden. But the pretty thing was, they couldn't eat

[1] *Bollhous*, rumpus. [2] *Faughed*, despised.

the meat after all, for when it was boiled it was as tough as carrion, and as black as a turf. You might as well think of sinking your teeth in an oak plank as into a piece of it, and then you 'd want to sit a great piece from the wall for fear of knocking your head against it when pulling it through your teeth. At last and at long run they were forced to throw it to the dogs, but the dogs wouldn't smell to it, and so it was thrown into the ditch, where it rotted. This misfortune cost poor Shemus many a salt tear, for he was now obliged to work twice as hard as before, and be out cutten heath on the mountain late and early. One day he was passing by this cairn with a load of brooms on his back, when what should he see but the little dun cow and two red-headed fellows herding her.

"That 's my mother's cow," said Shemus-a-sneidh.

"No, it is not," said one of the chaps.

"But I say it is," said Shemus, throwing the brooms on the ground, and seizing the cow by the horns. At that the red fellows drove her as fast as they could to this steep place, and with one leap she bounced over, with Shemus stuck fast to her horns. They made only one splash in the lough, when the waters closed over 'em, and they sunk to the bottom. Just as Shemus-a-sneidh thought that all was over with him, he found himself before a most elegant palace built with jewels, and all manner of fine stones. Though his eyes were dazzled with the splendor of the place, faith he had gomsh [1] enough not to let go his holt, but in spite of all they could do, he held his little cow by the horns. He was axed into the palace, but wouldn't go.

The hubbub at last grew so great that the door flew open, and out walked a hundred ladies and gentlemen, as fine as any in the land.

"What does this boy want?" axed one o' them, who seemed to be the masther.

"I want my mother's cow," said Shemus.

"That 's not your mother's cow," said the gentleman.

"Bethershin!" [2] cried Shemus-a-sneidh; "don't I know her as well as I know my right hand?"

"Where did you lose her?" axed the gentleman. And so Shemus up and told him all about it: how he was on

[1] *Gomsh*, otherwise "gumption"— *i.e.*, sense, cuteness.
[2] *B'édir sin*, "that is possible."

the mountain—how he saw the good people hurlen—how the ball was knocked in his eye, and his cow was lost.

"I believe you are right," said the gentleman, pulling out his purse, "and here is the price of twenty cows for you."

"No, no," said Shemus, "you 'll not catch ould birds wid chaff. I 'll have my cow and nothen else."

"You 're a funny fellow," said the gentleman; "stop here and live in a palace."

"I 'd rather live with my mother."

"Foolish boy!" said the gentleman; "stop here and live in a palace."

"I 'd rather live in my mother's cabin."

"Here you can walk through gardens loaded with fruit and flowers."

"I 'd rather," said Shemus, "be cutting heath on the mountains."

"Here you can eat and drink of the best."

"Since I 've got my cow, I can have milk once more with the praties."

"Oh!" cried the ladies, gathering round him, "sure you wouldn't take away the cow that gives us milk for our tea?"

"Oh!" said Shemus, "my mother wants milk as bad as any one, and she must have it; so there is no use in your palaver—I must have my cow."

At this they all gathered about him and offered him bushels of gould, but he wouldn't have anything but his cow. Seeing him as obstinate as a mule, they began to thump and beat him; but still he held fast by the horns, till at length a great blast of wind blew him out of the place, and in a moment he found himself and the cow standing on the side of the lake, the water of which looked as if it hadn't been disturbed since Adam was a boy—and that 's a long time since.

Well, Shemus-a-sneidh drove home his cow, and right glad his mother was to see her; but the moment she said "God bless the beast," she sunk down like the *brccsha*[1] of a turf rick. That was the end of Shemus-a-sneidh's dun cow.

"And, sure," continued my companion, standing up, "it

[1] *Briseadh*, breaking.

is now time for me to look after my brown cow, and God send the ganconers haven't taken her!"

Of this I assured him there could be no fear; and so we parted.

DONALD AND HIS NEIGHBORS.

From 'Hibernian Tales,' a Chap-book.

Hudden and Dudden and Donald O'Nery were near neighbors in the barony of Balinconlig, and plowed with three bullocks; but the two former, envying the present prosperity of the latter, determined to kill his bullock, to prevent his farm being properly cultivated and labored, that going back in the world he might be induced to sell his lands, which they meant to get possession of. Poor Donald, finding his bullock killed, immediately skinned it, and throwing the skin over his shoulder, with the fleshy side out, set off to the next town with it, to dispose of it to the best of his advantage. Going along the road a magpie flew on the top of the hide and began picking it, chattering all the time. The bird had been taught to speak and imitate the human voice, and Donald, thinking he understood some words it was saying, put round his hand and caught hold of it. Having got possession of it, he put it under his great-coat, and so went on to the town.

Having sold the hide, he went into an inn to take a dram, and following the landlady into the cellar, he gave the bird a squeeze which made it chatter some broken accents that surprised her very much. "What is that I hear?" said she to Donald; "I think it is talk, and yet I do not understand." "Indeed," said Donald, "it is a bird I have that tells me everything, and I always carry it with me to know when there is any danger. Faith," says he, "it says you have far better liquor than you are giving me." "That is strange," said she, going to another cask of better quality, and asking him if he would sell the bird. "I will," said Donald, "if I get enough for it." "I will fill your hat with silver if you leave it with me." Donald was glad to hear the news, and taking the silver, set off, rejoicing at his good luck.

He had not been long at home until he met with Hudden and Dudden. "Mister," said he, "you thought you did me a bad turn, but you could not have done me a better, for look here what I have got for the hide," showing them the hatful of silver; "you never saw such a demand for hides in your life as there is at present." Hudden and Dudden that very night killed their bullocks, and set out the next morning to sell their hides. On coming to the place they went through all the merchants, but could only get a trifle for them. At last they had to take what they could get, and came home in a great rage, and vowing revenge on poor Donald. He had a pretty good guess how matters would turn out, and he being under the kitchen window, he was afraid they would rob him, or perhaps kill him when asleep, and on that account, when he was going to bed he left his old mother in his place and lay down in her bed, which was on the other side of the house; and taking the old woman for Donald, they choked her in her bed, but he making some noise they had to retreat and leave the money behind them, which grieved them very much.

However, by daybreak Donald got his mother on his back and carried her to town. Stopping at a well, he fixed his mother with her staff, as if she was stooping for a drink, and then went into a public-house convenient and called for a dram. "I wish," said he to a woman that stood near him, "you would tell my mother to come in; she is at yon well trying to get a drink, and she is hard of hearing. If she does not observe you, give her a little shake and tell her that I want her." The woman called her several times, but she seemed to take no notice; at length she went to her and shook her by the arm, but when she let her go again, she tumbled on her head into the well, and, as the woman thought, was drowned. She, in great surprise and fear at the accident, told Donald what had happened. "Oh, mercy," said he, "what is this?" He ran and pulled her out of the well, weeping and lamenting all the time, and acting in such a manner that you would imagine he had lost his senses. The woman, on the other hand, was far worse than Donald, for his grief was only feigned, but she imagined herself to be the cause of the old woman's death.

The inhabitants of the town, hearing what had happened,

agreed to make Donald up a good sum for his loss, as the accident happened in their place; and Donald brought a greater sum home with him than he got for the magpie. They buried Donald's mother, and as soon as he saw Hudden and Dudden he showed them the last purse of money he had got. "You thought to kill me last night," said he, "but it was good for me it happened on my mother, for I got all that purse for her to make gunpowder."

That very night Hudden and Dudden killed their mothers, and the next morning set off with them to town. On coming to the town with their burthen on their backs, they went up and down crying, "Who will buy old wives for gunpowder?" so that every one laughed at them, and the boys at last clodded them out of the place. They then saw the cheat, and vowing revenge on Donald, buried the old women, and set off in pursuit of him. Coming to his house, they found him sitting at his breakfast, and seizing him, put him in a sack, and went down to drown him in a river at some distance.

As they were going along the highway they raised a hare, which they saw had but three feet, and throwing off the sack, ran after her, thinking by appearance she would be easily taken. In their absence there came a drover that way, and hearing Donald singing in the sack, wondered greatly what could be the matter. "What is the reason," said he, "that you are singing, and you confined?" "Oh, I am going to heaven," said Donald, "and in a short time I expect to be free from trouble." "Oh, dear," said the drover, "what will I give you if you let me to your place?" "Indeed, I do not know," said he; "it would take a good sum." "I have not much money," said the drover, "but I have twenty head of fine cattle, which I will give you to exchange places with me." "Well," says Donald, "I do not care if I should; loose the sack, and I will come out." In a moment the drover liberated him and went into the sack himself, and Donald drove home the fine heifers, and left them in his pasture.

Hudden and Dudden having caught the hare, returned, and getting the sack on one of their backs, carried Donald, as they thought, to the river, and threw him in, where he immediately sank. They then marched home, intending to take immediate possession of Donald's property; but

how great was their surprise when they found him safe at home before them, with such a fine herd of cattle, whereas they knew he had none before. "Donald," said they, "what is all this? We thought you were drowned, and yet you are here before us." "Ah," said he, "if I had but help along with me when you threw me in, it would have been the best job ever I met with, for of all the sight of cattle and gold that ever was seen is there, and no one to own them; but I was not able to manage more than what you see, and I could show you the spot where you might get hundreds." They both swore they would be his friend, and Donald accordingly led them to a very deep part of the river, and lifted up a stone. "Now," said he, "watch this," throwing it into the stream; "there is the very place, and go in one of you first, and if you want help you have nothing to do but call." Hudden, jumping in and sinking to the bottom, rose up again, and making a bubbling noise, as those do that are drowning, attempted to speak, but could not. "What is that he is saying now?" says Dudden. "Faith," says Donald, "he is calling for help; don't you hear him? Stand about," said he, running back, "till I leap in. I know how to do better than any of you." Dudden, to have the advantage of him, jumped in off the bank, and was drowned along with Hudden. And this was the end of Hudden and Dudden.

A QUEEN'S COUNTY WITCH.

From the 'Dublin University Review,' 1839.

It was about eighty years ago, in the month of May, that a Roman Catholic clergyman, near Rathdowney, in the Queen's County, was awakened at midnight to attend a dying man in a distant part of the parish. The priest obeyed without a murmur, and having performed his duty to the expiring sinner, saw him depart this world before he left the cabin. As it was yet dark, the man who had called on the priest offered to accompany him home, but he refused, and set forward on his journey alone. The gray dawn began to appear over the hills. The good priest was highly enraptured with the beauty of the scene, and rode

on, now gazing intently at every surrounding object, and again cutting with his whip at the bats and big beautiful night-flies which flitted ever and anon from hedge to hedge across his lonely way. Thus engaged, he journeyed on slowly, until the nearer approach of sunrise began to render objects completely discernible, when he dismounted from his horse, and slipping his arm out of the rein, and drawing forth his "Breviary" from his pocket, he commenced reading his "morning office" as he walked leisurely along.

He had not proceeded very far, when he observed his horse, a very spirited animal, endeavoring to stop on the road, and gazing intently into a field on one side of the way where there were three or four cows grazing. However, he did not pay any particular attention to this circumstance, but went on a little farther, when the horse suddenly plunged with great violence, and endeavored to break away by force. The priest with great difficulty succeeded in restraining him, and, looking at him more closely, observed him shaking from head to foot, and sweating profusely. He now stood calmly, and refused to move from where he was, nor could threats or entreaty induce him to proceed. The father was greatly astonished, but recollecting to have often heard of horses laboring under affright being induced to go by blindfolding them, he took out his handkerchief and tied it across his eyes. He then mounted, and, striking him gently, he went forward without reluctance, but still sweating and trembling violently. They had not gone far, when they arrived opposite a narrow path or bridle-way, flanked at either side by a tall, thick hedge, which led from the high road to the field where the cows were grazing. The priest happened by chance to look into the lane, and saw a spectacle which made the blood curdle in his veins. It was the legs of a man from the hips downwards, without head or body, trotting up the avenue at a smart pace. The good father was very much alarmed, but, being a man of strong nerve, he resolved, come what might, to stand, and be further acquainted with this singular specter. He accordingly stood, and so did the headless apparition, as if afraid to approach him.

The priest, observing this, pulled back a little from the entrance of the avenue, and the phantom again resumed

its progress. It soon arrived on the road, and the priest now had sufficient opportunity to view it minutely. It wore yellow buckskin breeches, tightly fastened at the knees with green ribbon; it had neither shoes nor stockings on, and its legs were covered with long, red hairs, and all full of wet, blood, and clay, apparently contracted in its progress through the thorny hedges. The priest, although very much alarmed, felt eager to examine the phantom, and for this purpose summoned all his philosophy to enable him to speak to it. The ghost was now a little ahead, pursuing its march at its usual brisk trot, and the priest urged on his horse speedily until he came up with it, and thus addressed it—

"Hilloa, friend! who art thou, or whither art thou going so early?"

The hideous specter made no reply, but uttered a fierce and superhuman growl, or "Umph."

"A fine morning for ghosts to wander abroad," again said the priest.

Another "Umph" was the reply.

"Why don't you speak?"

"Umph."

"You don't seem disposed to be very loquacious this morning."

"Umph," again.

The good man began to feel irritated at the obstinate silence of his unearthly visitor, and said, with some warmth—

"In the name of all that 's sacred, I command you to answer me, Who art thou, or where art thou traveling?"

Another "Umph," more loud and more angry than before, was the only reply.

"Perhaps," said the father, "taste of whipcord might render you a little more communicative;" and so saying, he struck the apparition a heavy blow with his whip on the breech.

The phantom uttered a wild and unearthly yell, and fell forward on the road, and what was the priest's astonishment when he perceived the whole place running over with milk. He was struck dumb with amazement; the prostrate phantom still continued to eject vast quantities of milk from every part; the priest's head swam, his eyes got dizzy;

a stupor came all over him for some minutes, and on his recovering, the frightful specter had vanished, and in its stead he found stretched on the road, and half drowned in milk, the form of Sarah Kennedy, an old woman of the neighborhood, who had been long notorious in that district for her witchcraft and superstitious practices, and it was now discovered that she had, by infernal aid, assumed that monstrous shape, and was employed that morning in sucking the cows of the village. Had a volcano burst forth at his feet, he could not be more astonished; he gazed awhile in silent amazement—the old woman groaning, and writhing convulsively.

"Sarah," said he, at length, "I have long admonished you to repent of your evil ways, but you were deaf to my entreaties; and now, wretched woman, you are surprised in the midst of your crimes."

"Oh, father, father," shouted the unfortunate woman, "can you do nothing to save me? I am lost; hell is open for me, and legions of devils surround me this moment, waiting to carry my soul to perdition."

The priest had not power to reply; the old wretch's pains increased; her body swelled to an immense size; her eyes flashed as if on fire, her face was black as night, her entire form writhed in a thousand different contortions; her outcries were appalling, her face sunk, her eyes closed, and in a few minutes she expired in the most exquisite tortures.

The priest departed homewards, and called at the next cabin to give notice of the strange circumstances. The remains of Sarah Kennedy were removed to her cabin, situate at the edge of a small wood at a little distance. She had long been a resident in that neighborhood, but still she was a stranger, and came there no one knew from whence. She had no relation in that country but one daughter, now advanced in years, who resided with her. She kept one cow, but sold more butter, it was said, than any farmer in the parish, and it was generally suspected that she acquired it by devilish agency, as she never made a secret of being intimately acquainted with sorcery and fairyism. She professed the Roman Catholic religion, but never complied with the practices enjoined by that church, and her remains were denied Christian sepulture, and were buried in a sand-pit near her own cabin.

On the evening of her burial, the villagers assembled and burned her cabin to the earth. Her daughter made her escape, and never after returned.

THE FAIRY GREYHOUND.

Paddy M'Dermid was one of the most rollicking boys in the whole county of Kildare. Fair or pattern[1] wouldn't be held barring he was in the midst of it. He was in every place, like bad luck, and his poor little farm was seldom sowed in season; and where he expected barley, there grew nothing but weeds. Money became scarce in poor Paddy's pocket; and the cow went after the pig, until nearly all he had was gone. Lucky however for him, if he had *gomch* (sense) enough to mind it, he had a most beautiful dream one night as he lay tossicated (drunk) in the Rath[2] of Monogue, because he wasn't able to come home. He dreamt that, under the place where he lay, a pot of money was buried since long before the memory of man. Paddy kept the dream to himself until the next night, when, taking a spade and pickaxe, with a bottle of holy water, he went to the Rath, and, having made a circle round the place, commenced diggin' sure enough, for the bare life and sowl of him, thinkin' that he was made for ever and ever. He had sunk about twice the depth of his knees, when *whack* the pickaxe struck against a flag, and at the same time Paddy heard something breathe quite near him. He looked up, and just fornent him there sat on his haunches a comely looking greyhound.

"God save you," said Paddy, every hair in his head standing up as straight as a sally twig.

"Save you kindly," answered the greyhound—leaving out God, the beast, bekase he was the divil. Christ defend us from ever seeing the likes o' him.

"Musha, Paddy M'Dermid," said he, "what would you be looking after in that grave of a hole you 're diggin' there?"

[1] *Pattern*, a merry-making in the honor of some patron saint.
[2] *Raths*, little fields enclosed by circular ditches. They are thought to have been the sheep-folds and dwellings of an ancient people.

"Faith, nothing at all, at all," answered Paddy; bekase you see he didn't like the stranger.

"Arrah, be easy now, Paddy M'Dermid," said the greyhound; "don't I know very well what you are looking for?"

"Why then in truth, if you do, I may as well tell you at wonst, particularly as you seem a civil-looking gentleman, that 's not above speaking to a poor gossoon like myself." (Paddy wanted to butter him up a bit.)

"Well then," said the greyhound, "come out here and sit down on this bank," and Paddy, like a gomulagh (fool), did as he was desired, but had hardly put his brogue outside of the circle made by the holy water, when the beast of a hound set upon him, and drove him out of the Rath; for Paddy was frightened, as well he might, at the fire that flamed from his mouth. But next night he returned, full sure the money was there. As before, he made a circle, and touched the flag, when my gentleman, the greyhound, appeared in the ould place.

"Oh ho," said Paddy, "you are there, are you? but it will be a long day, I promise you, before you trick me again;" and he made another stroke at the flag.

"Well, Paddy M'Dermid," said the hound, "since you will have money, you must; but say, how much will satisfy you?"

Paddy scratched his coulaan,[1] and after a while said—

"How much will your honor give me?" for he thought it better to be civil.

"Just as much as you consider reasonable, Paddy M'Dermid."

"Egad," says Paddy to himself, "there 's nothing like axin' enough."

"Say fifty thousand pounds," said he. (He might as well have said a hundred thousand, for I 'll be bail the beast had money gulloure.)

"You shall have it," said the hound; and then, after trotting away a little bit, he came back with a crock full of guineas between his paws.

"Come here and reckon them," said he; but Paddy was up to him, and refused to stir, so the crock was shoved alongside the blessed and holy circle, and Paddy pulled it

[1] *Coulaan*, head of hair, wig.

in, right glad to have it in his clutches, and never stood still until he reached his own home, where his guineas turned into little bones, and his ould mother laughed at him. Paddy now swore vengeance against the deceitful beast of a greyhound, and went next night to the Rath again, where, as before, he met Mr. Hound.

"So you are here again, Paddy?" said he.

"Yes, you big blaggard," said Paddy, "and I 'll never leave this place until I pull out the pot of money that 's buried here."

"Oh, you won't," said he. "Well, Paddy M'Dermid, since I see you are such a brave venturesome fellow I 'll be after making you up if you walk downstairs with me out of the could"; and sure enough it was snowing like murder.

"Oh may I never see Athy if I do," returned Paddy, "for you only want to be loading me with ould bones, or perhaps breaking my own, which would be just as bad."

"'Pon honor," said the hound, "I am your friend; and so don't stand in your own light; come with me and your fortune is made. Remain where you are and you 'll die a beggar-man." So bedad, with one palaver and another, Paddy consented; and in the middle of the Rath opened up a beautiful staircase, down which they walked; and after winding and turning they came to a house much finer than the Duke of Leinster's, in which all the tables and chairs were solid gold. Paddy was delighted; and after sitting down, a fine lady handed him a glass of something to drink; but he had hardly swallowed a spoonful when all around set up a horrid yell, and those who before appeared beautiful now looked like what they were—enraged "good people" (fairies).

Before Paddy could bless himself, they seized him, legs and arms, carried him out to a great high hill that stood like a wall over a river, and flung him down. "Murder!" cried Paddy; but it was no use, no use; he fell upon a rock, and lay there as dead until next morning, where some people found him in the trench that surrounds the *mote* of Coulhall, the "good people" having carried him there; and from that hour to the day of his death he was the greatest object in the world. He walked double, and had his mouth (God bless us!) where his ear should be.

THE COUNTESS KATHLEEN O'SHEA.

From a London-Irish newspaper.

A very long time ago, there suddenly appeared in old Ireland two unknown merchants of whom nobody had ever heard, and who nevertheless spoke the language of the country with the greatest perfection. Their locks were black, and bound round with gold, and their garments were of rare magnificence.

Both seemed of like age; they appeared to be men of fifty, for their foreheads were wrinkled and their beards tinged with gray.

In the hostelry where the pompous traders alighted it was sought to penetrate their designs; but in vain—they led a silent and retired life. And whilst they stopped there, they did nothing but count over and over again out of their money-bags pieces of gold, whose yellow brightness could be seen through the windows of their lodging.

"Gentlemen," said the landlady one day, "how is it that you are so rich, and that, being able to succor the public misery, you do no good works?"

"Fair hostess," replied one of them, "we didn't like to present alms to the honest poor, in dread we might be deceived by make-believe paupers. Let want knock at our door, we shall open it."

The following day, when the rumor spread that two rich strangers had come, ready to lavish their gold, a crowd besieged their dwelling; but the figures of those who came out were widely different. Some carried pride in their mien; others were shame-faced.

The two chapmen traded in souls for the demon. The soul of the aged was worth twenty pieces of gold, not a penny more; for Satan had had time to make his valuation. The soul of a matron was valued at fifty, when she was handsome, and a hundred when she was ugly. The soul of a young maiden fetched an extravagant sum; the freshest and purest flowers are the dearest.

At that time there lived in the city an angel of beauty, the Countess Kathleen O'Shea. She was the idol of the people and the providence of the indigent. As soon as she learned that these miscreants profited by the public

misery to steal away hearts from God, she called to her butler.

"Patrick," said she to him, "how many pieces of gold in my coffers?"

"A hundred thousand."

"How many jewels?"

"The money's worth of the gold."

"How much property in castles, forests, and lands?"

"Double the rest."

"Very well, Patrick; sell all that is not gold; and bring me the account. I only wish to keep this mansion and the demesne that surrounds it."

Two days afterwards the orders of the pious Kathleen were executed, and the treasure was distributed to the poor in proportion to their wants. This, says the tradition, did not suit the purposes of the Evil Spirit, who found no more souls to purchase. Aided by an infamous servant, they penetrated into the retreat of the noble dame, and purloined from her the rest of her treasure. In vain she struggled with all her strength to save the contents of her coffers; the diabolical thieves were the stronger. If Kathleen had been able to make the sign of the Cross, adds the legend, she would have put them to flight, but her hands were captive. The larceny was effected.

Then the poor called for aid to the plundered Kathleen, alas, to no good: she was able to succor their misery no longer; she had to abandon them to the temptation.

Meanwhile, but eight days had to pass before the grain and provender would arrive in abundance from the western lands. Eight such days were an age. Eight days required an immense sum to relieve the exigencies of the dearth, and the poor should either perish in the agonies of hunger, or, denying the holy maxims of the Gospel, vend, for base lucre, their souls, the richest gift from the bounteous hand of the Almighty. And Kathleen hadn't anything, for she had given up her mansion to the unhappy. She passed twelve hours in tears and mourning, rending her sun-tinted hair, and bruising her breast, of the whiteness of the lily; afterwards she stood up, resolute, animated by a vivid sentiment of despair.

She went to the traders in souls.

"What do you want?" they said.

"You buy souls?"

"Yes, a few still, in spite of you. Isn't that so, saint, with the eyes of sapphire?"

"To-day I am come to offer you a bargain," replied she.

"What?"

"I have a soul to sell, but it is costly."

"What does that signify if it is precious? The soul, like the diamond, is appraised by its transparency."

"It is mine."

The two emissaries of Satan started. Their claws were clutched under their gloves of leather; their gray eyes sparkled; the soul, pure, spotless, virginal of Kathleen—it was a priceless acquisition!

"Beauteous lady, how much do you ask?"

"A hundred and fifty thousand pieces of gold."

"It 's at your service," replied the traders, and they tendered Kathleen a parchment sealed with black, which she signed with a shudder.

The sum was counted out to her.

As soon as she got home she said to the butler, "Here, distribute this: with this money that I give you the poor can tide over the eight days that remain, and not one of their souls will be delivered to the demon."

Afterwards she shut herself up in her room, and gave orders that none should disturb her.

Three days passed; she called nobody, she did not come out.

When the door was opened, they found her cold and stiff; she was dead of grief.

But the sale of this soul, so adorable in its charity, was declared null by the Lord; for she had saved her fellow-citizens from eternal death.

After the eight days had passed, numerous vessels brought into famished Ireland immense provisions in grain. Hunger was no longer possible. As to the traders, they disappeared from their hotel without any one knowing what became of them. But the fishermen of the Blackwater pretend that they are enchained in a subterranean prison by order of Lucifer, until they shall be able to render up the soul of Kathleen, which escaped from them.

RENT-DAY.

"Oh, ullagone! ullagone! this is a wide world, but what will we do in it, or where will we go?" muttered Bill Doody, as he sat on a rock by the Lake of Killarney. "What will we do? To-morrow 's rent-day, and Tim the Driver swears if we don't pay our rent, he 'll cant every *ha'perth* we have; and then, sure enough, there 's Judy and myself, and the poor *grawls*,[1] will be turned out to starve on the high-road, for the never a halfpenny of rent have I! —Oh hone, that ever I should live to see this day!"

Thus did Bill Doody bemoan his hard fate, pouring his sorrows to the reckless waves of the most beautiful of lakes, which seemed to mock his misery as they rejoiced beneath the cloudless sky of a May morning. That lake, glittering in sunshine, sprinkled with fairy isles of rock and verdure, and bounded by giant hills of ever-varying hues, might, with its magic beauty, charm all sadness but despair; for alas,

> "How ill the scene that offers rest
> And heart that cannot rest agree!"

Yet Bill Doody was not so desolate as he supposed; there was one listening to him he little thought of, and help was at hand from a quarter he could not have expected.

"What 's the matter with you, my poor man?" said a tall, portly-looking gentleman, at the same time stepping out of a furze-brake. Now Bill was seated on a rock that commanded the view of a large field. Nothing in the field could be concealed from him, except this furze-brake, which grew in a hollow near the margin of the lake. He was, therefore, not a little surprised at the gentleman's sudden appearance, and began to question whether the personage before him belonged to this world or not. He, however, soon mustered courage sufficient to tell him how his crops had failed, how some bad member had charmed away his butter, and how Tim the Driver threatened to turn him out of the farm if he didn't pay up every penny of the rent by twelve o'clock next day.

"A sad story, indeed," said the stranger; "but surely, if

[1] *Grawls*, children.

you represented the case to your landlord's agent, he won't have the heart to turn you out."

"Heart, your honor; where would an agent get a heart!" exclaimed Bill. "I see your honor does not know him; besides, he has an eye on the farm this long time for a fosterer of his own; so I expect no mercy at all at all, only to be turned out."

"Take this, my poor fellow, take this," said the stranger, pouring a purse full of gold into Bill's old hat, which in his grief he had flung on the ground. "Pay the fellow your rent, but I 'll take care it shall do him no good. I remember the time when things went otherwise in this country, when I would have hung up such a fellow in the twinkling of an eye!"

These words were lost upon Bill, who was insensible to everything but the sight of the gold, and before he could unfix his gaze, and lift up his head to pour out his hundred thousand blessings, the stranger was gone. The bewildered peasant looked around in search of his benefactor, and at last he thought he saw him riding on a white horse a long way off on the lake.

"O'Donoghue, O'Donoghue!" shouted Bill; "the good, the blessed O'Donoghue!" and he ran capering like a madman to show Judy the gold, and to rejoice her heart with the prospect of wealth and happiness.

The next day Bill proceeded to the agent's; not sneakingly, with his hat in his hand, his eyes fixed on the ground, and his knees bending under him; but bold and upright, like a man conscious of his independence.

"Why don't you take off your hat, fellow? don't you know you are speaking to a magistrate?" said the agent.

"I know I 'm not speaking to the king, sir," said Bill; "and I never takes off my hat but to them I can respect and love. The Eye that sees all knows I 've no right either to respect or love an agent!"

"You scoundrel!" retorted the man in office, biting his lips with rage at such an unusual and unexpected opposition, "I 'll teach you how to be insolent again; I have the power, remember."

"To the cost of the country, I know you have," said Bill, who still remained with his head as firmly covered as if he was the Lord Kingsale himself.

"But, come," said the magistrate; "have you got the money for me? this is rent-day. If there 's one penny of it wanting, or the running gale that 's due, prepare to turn out before night, for you shall not remain another hour in possession."

"There is your rent," said Bill, with an unmoved expression of tone and countenance; "you 'd better count it, and give me a receipt in full for the running gale and all."

The agent gave a look of amazement at the gold; for it was gold—real guineas! and not bits of dirty ragged small notes, that are only fit to light one's pipe with. However willing the agent may have been to ruin, as he thought, the unfortunate tenant, he took up the gold, and handed the receipt to Bill, who strutted off with it as proud as a cat of her whiskers.

The agent, going to his desk shortly after, was confounded at beholding a heap of gingerbread cakes instead of the money he had deposited there. He raved and swore, but all to no purpose; the gold had become gingerbread cakes, just marked like the guineas, with the king's head; and Bill had the receipt in his pocket; so he saw there was no use in saying anything about the affair, as he would only get laughed at for his pains.

From that hour Bill Doody grew rich; all his undertakings prospered; and he often blesses the day that he met with O'Donoghue, the great prince that lives down under the lake of Killarney.

CONVERSION OF KING LAOGHAIRE'S DAUGHTERS.

Once when Patrick and his clericks were sitting beside a well in the Rath of Croghan, with books open on their knees, they saw coming towards them the two young daughters of the King of Connaught. 'T was early morning, and they were going to the well to bathe.

The young girls said to Patrick, "Whence are ye, and whence come ye?" and Patrick answered, "It were better for you to confess to the true God than to inquire concerning our race."

"Who is God?" said the young girls, "and where is God, and of what nature is God, and where is His dwelling-place? Has your God sons and daughters, gold and silver? Is he everlasting? Is he beautiful? Did Mary foster her son? Are His daughters dear and beauteous to men of the world? Is He in heaven, or on earth, in the sea, in rivers, in mountainous places, in valleys?"

Patrick answered them, and made known who God was, and they believed and were baptized, and a white garment put upon their heads; and Patrick asked them would they live on, or would they die and behold the face of Christ? They chose death, and died immediately, and were buried near the well Clebach.

GEORGE FARQUHAR.

(1678—1707.)

George Farquhar, the actor-author, was born in Londonderry in 1678, and there he received the rudiments of education. In 1694 he entered at Trinity College in Dublin, but was not graduated. He became intimate with the actor Wilks, and went on the stage in 1695. His appearance was successful, and he would doubtless have remained an actor all his life, but he accidentally wounded a brother actor in a fencing-scene. He then left the stage and secured a commission in the army through the Earl of Orrery.

He afterward went to London, renewed his acquaintance with Wilks, and wrote his first comedy, 'Love and a Bottle.' This appeared in 1698 and was well received. In 1700, the year of jubilee at Rome, he produced his 'Constant Couple; or, Trip to the Jubilee,' in which Wilks made a great hit as Sir Harry Wildair.

In 1702 he published his 'Miscellanies; or, Collections of Poems, Letters, and Essays,' in which may be found many humorous and pleasant sallies of fancy; and in 1703 he produced 'The Inconstant,' a play which has ever since kept the stage.

'The Stage Coach,' a farce, was produced in 1704 and was well received. In 1705 his comedy 'The Twin Rivals' appeared, and in 1706 the comedy called 'The Recruiting Officer.' His last and perhaps his best known work was 'The Beaux' Stratagem,' which he did not live to see produced. Financial troubles broke him down completely, and in April, 1707, while 'The Beaux' Stratagem' was being rehearsed at Drury Lane, he sank into his last sleep.

After his death the following letter to Wilks was found among his papers: "Dear Bob, I have not anything to leave thee to perpetuate my memory but two helpless girls; look upon them sometimes, and think of him that was to the last moment of his life, thine, George Farquhar."

Farquhar has been called "one in the shining list of geniuses that adorn the biographical page of Ireland, his style is pure and unaffected, his wit natural and flowing, his plots generally well contrived." His works were so successful in book form, as well as on the stage, that within fifty years of his death they had gone through more than eight editions. "Farquhar's gentlemen are Irish gentlemen," says Cowden Clarke, "frank, generous, eloquent, witty, and with a cordial word of gallantry always at command." Hazlitt had a high opinion of Farquhar, who, he says, "has humor, character, and invention. . . . His incidents succeed one another with rapidity, but without premeditation; his wit is easy and spontaneous; his style animated, unembarrassed and flowing; his characters full of life and spirit."

THE COUNTERFEIT FOOTMAN.

From 'The Beaux' Stratagem.'

SCRUB, *a Footman, and* ARCHER, *a Supposed Footman.*

Enter MRS. SULLEN *and* DORINDA.

(*They walk to the opposite side. Mrs. Sullen drops her fan; Archer runs, takes it up, and gives it to her.*)

Archer. Madam, your ladyship's fan.

Mrs. Sullen. Oh, sir, I thank you. What a handsome bow the fellow made!

Dorinda. Bow! Why, I have known several footmen come down from London, set up here as dancing-masters, and carry off the best fortunes in the country.

Archer. (*Aside.*) That project, for aught I know, had been better than ours. Brother Scrub, why don't you introduce me?

Scrub. Ladies, this is the strange gentleman's servant, that you saw at church to-day; I understand he came from London, and so I invited him to the cellar, that he might show me the newest flourish in whetting my knives.

Dorinda. And I hope you have made much of him.

Archer. Oh, yes, madam; but the strength of your ladyship's liquor is a little too potent for the constitution of your humble servant.

Mrs. Sullen. What! then you don't usually drink ale?

Archer. No, madam; my constant drink is tea, or a little wine and water: 't is prescribed me by the physicians, for a remedy against the spleen.

Scrub. Oh, la! Oh, la! A footman have the spleen!

Mrs. Sullen. I thought that distemper had been only proper to people of quality.

Archer. Madam, like all other fashions it wears out, and so descends to their servants; though, in a great many of us, I believe, it proceeds from some melancholy particles in the blood, occasioned by the stagnation of wages.

Dorinda. How affectedly the fellow talks! How long, pray, have you served your present master?

Archer. Not long; my life has been mostly spent in the service of the ladies.

Mrs. Sullen. And, pray, which service do you like best?

Archer. Madam, the ladies pay best; the honor of serving them is sufficient wages; there is a charm in their looks that delivers a pleasure with their commands, and gives our duty the wings of inclination.

Mrs. Sullen. That flight was above the pitch of a livery: and, sir, would you not be satisfied to serve a lady again?

Archer. As groom of the chamber, madam, but not as a footman.

Mrs. Sullen. I suppose you served as footman before?

Archer. For that reason, I would not serve in that post again; for my memory is too weak for the load of messages that the ladies lay upon their servants in London. My Lady Howd'ye, the last mistress I served, called me up one morning, and told me, "Martin, go to my Lady Allnight, with my humble service; tell her I was to wait on her ladyship yesterday, and left word with Mrs. Rebecca, that the preliminaries of the affair she knows of are stopped, till we know the concurrence of the person I know of, for which there are circumstances wanting, which we shall accommodate at the old place; but that, in the meantime, there is a person about her ladyship, that, from several hints and surmises, was accessory at a certain time to the disappointments that naturally attend things, that to her knowledge are of more importance—

Mrs. Sullen and Dorinda. Ha, ha! Where are you going, sir?

Archer. Why, I haven't half done.

Scrub. I should not remember a quarter of it.

Archer. The whole howd'ye was about half an hour long; I happened to misplace two syllables, and was turned off, and rendered incapable—

Dorinda. The pleasantest fellow, sister, I ever saw. But, friend, if your master be married, I presume you still serve a lady?

Archer. No, madam; I take care never to come into a married family; the commands of the master and mistress are always so contrary that 't is impossible to please both.

Dorinda. There 's a main point gained. My lord is not married, I find.

Mrs. Sullen. But I wonder, friend, that in so many good services you had not a better provision made for you.

Archer. I don't know how, madam; I am very well as I am.

Mrs. Sullen. Something for a pair of gloves.

(*Offering him money.*)

Archer. I humbly beg leave to be excused. My master, madam, pays me; nor dare I take money from any other hand without injuring his honor and disobeying his commands.

Scrub. Brother Martin! brother Martin!

Archer. What do you say, brother Scrub?

Scrub. Take the money and give it to me.

(*Exeunt Archer and Scrub.*)

SIR SAMUEL FERGUSON.

(1810—1886.)

"Sir Samuel Ferguson, poet and antiquary, the third son of John Ferguson of Collon House, County Antrim, was born in Belfast, March 10, 1810. He was educated at the chief public school of Belfast, the Academical Institution, and thence proceeded to Trinity College, Dublin, where he was graduated B.A. 1826 and M.A. 1832, and was created LL.D. *honoris causâ* in 1864. In 1838 he was called to the Irish bar, and obtained some practice on the northeast circuit of Ireland. In 1859 he was made a Queen's counsel, but in 1867 he retired from practice on his appointment as a deputy keeper of the public records of Ireland. He was the first holder of the office, which entailed much investigation and arrangement of documents.

"Just before Ferguson's appointment one of the chief officials in charge of the records had publicly stated that the Irish statutes to the reign of Queen Anne were in Norman French, a language never used in Ireland after 1495, so little were the keepers acquainted with the records they kept. He thoroughly organized the department, and on March 17, 1878, was knighted in recognition of his services.

"From its first appearance in 1833 he was a contributor to *The Dublin University Magazine*. In it he published in 1834 an English metrical version of the 'Address of O'Byrne's Bard to the Clans of Wicklow,' 'The Lament over the Ruins of Timoleague Abbey,' 'The Fair Hills of Ireland,' and 'Forester's Complaint,' 1836, 'The Fairy Thorn,' and 'Willy Gilliland.' At the same period he published a series of tales in which verse is sometimes mingled with prose, called 'Hibernian Nights' Entertainments.' These stories have been edited by Lady Ferguson since their author's death, and were published in London in 1887, together with a reprint of his first volume of collected 'Poems' and the 'Remains of St. Patrick,' a translation into English blank verse of the 'Confessio' and 'Epistle to Coroticcus,' with a dissertation on the life of the saint. He wrote two political satires, 'Inheritor and Economist' and 'Dublin.'

"Other poems were published by him in *Blackwood's Magazine*, of which the best known is 'The Forging of the Anchor.' 'The Wet Wooing' was published in the same magazine in 1832, and in May, 1838, his amusing satirical dialogue, illustrative of the Irish educational schemes then prominent, 'Father Tom and the Pope.' This has been reprinted with other contributions of his in 'Tales from Blackwood.' In 1865 he published a volume of collected poems, 'Lays of the Western Gael'; in 1872 'Congal,' an epic poem in five books; in 1880 a third volume of 'Poems,' chiefly on subjects taken from Irish literature. Besides the contents of these three volumes a few separate poems of Ferguson's are in print. 'The Elegy on the Death of Thomas Davis' appeared in the 'Ballad Poetry of Ireland,' while the witty song of 'The Loyal Orangemen' was

never published, though privately circulated and often recited in Dublin. Besides these numerous contributions to literature, he wrote many essays on Irish antiquities, and carried on lengthy investigations in several parts of Ireland. In 1882 he was unanimously elected President of the Royal Irish Academy.

"He married, Aug. 16, 1848, Mary Catharine Guinness, and for many years he and his wife practiced an open, generous, delightful hospitality toward every one in Dublin who cared for literature, music, or art, at their house in North Great George's Street. He died, after an illness of some months, at Strand Lodge, Howth, in the county of Dublin, on Aug. 9, 1886. After a public funeral service in St. Patrick's Cathedral, his body was conveyed to his family burying-place at Donegore, County Antrim.

"As an antiquarian Ferguson's most important work was his collection of all the known Ogham inscriptions of Ireland and their publication ('Ogham Inscriptions in Ireland, Wales, and Scotland,' edited by Lady Ferguson, Edinburgh, 1887). He was laborious and accurate, and nearly all he wrote on antiquarian subjects deserves careful study.

"As a poet he deserves recollection in Ireland, for he strove hard to create modern poetry from the old Irish tales of heroes and saints, and history of places. Another Irish poet has maintained that the epic poem 'Congal' entitles Ferguson to live in Ireland as the national poet, and his long metrical versions of Irish sagas are praised by Miss M. Stokes and by Judge O'Hagan.

"He was not perfectly acquainted with the Irish language, and perhaps this accounts for the fact that, while sometimes giving the stories more beauties than he takes away, he misses something of the reality of ancient life, and seems to talk of a shadowy scene and not of the real deeds of men and women. Several of the poems of his own experiences are admirable, and will probably have a permanent popularity in Ireland. 'The Elegy on Thomas Davis,' 'Willy Gilliland,' and the 'Lines on the Liffey in Mesgedra,' are not faultless, but they are beautiful poems with a true Irish air. His antiquarian knowledge, his literary ability and attainments, made Ferguson's conversation delightful, while his high character and generous disposition endeared him to a large circle of friends."

Thus far we quote from Mr. Norman Moore, in 'The Dictionary of National Biography.'

Mr. Alfred P. Graves, in 'A Treasury of Irish Poetry,' says: "Omitting living writers, of whom it is too early to speak with confidence, Ferguson was unquestionably the Irish poet of the past century who has most powerfully influenced the literary history of his country. It was in his writings that the great work of restoring to Ireland the spiritual treasure it had lost in parting with the Gaelic tongue was decisively begun."

Mr. Aubrey de Vere observes: "Its qualities are those characteristic of the noble, not the ignoble poetry—viz., passion, imagination, vigor, an epic largeness of conception, wide human sympathies, vivid and truthful description—while with them it unites none of the vulgar stimulants for exhausted or morbid poetic appetite, whether the epicurean seasoning, the skeptical, or the revolutionary."

Professor Dowden, writing to Ferguson on the subject of his 'Congal,' says: "What seems to me most noteworthy in your poems is the union of culture with simplicity and strength. Their refinement is large and strong, not curious and diseased; and they have spaces and movements which give one a feeling like the sea or the air on a headland. I had not meant to say anything of 'Congal,' but somehow this came and said itself." And Mr. W. B. Yeats wrote: "The author of these poems is the greatest poet Ireland has produced, because the most central and most Celtic. Whatever the future may bring forth in the way of a truly great and national literature—and now that the race is so large, so widely spread, and so conscious of its unity, the years are ripe—will find its morning in these three volumes of one who was made by the purifying flame of national sentiment the one man of his time who wrote heroic poetry—one who, among the somewhat sybaritic singers of his day, was like some aged sea-king sitting among the inland wheat and poppies—the savor of the sea about him and its strength."

FERGUSON'S SPEECH ON ROBERT BURNS.

From 'Mr. Samuel Ferguson—Ireland of His Day.'

My Lord Mayor, Mr. Parker, and gentlemen, in calling upon me, on this occasion, you do me an honor, which I prize the more because I am hardly worthy of it; yet I may, without vanity, acknowledge that on this occasion, when you celebrate the memory of the great Scottish poet in the metropolis of Ireland, there is a certain propriety in your devolving that honorable task on one like me, who, although by the nativity of many generations an Irishman, am yet by lineage and descent a Scot. Six generations and more have passed since the district of Antrim, in which my infant ears first became familiar with the accents of Galloway, was peopled from that region which has since become famous as the land of Burns. Time has but slightly altered the Scottish accent on our lips; and saving our duty to our own country, our hearts still turn with pride and affection to that noble land, whose sons to-day throughout the civilized world offer tribute of a national homage to the great poet of Scotland. Such a homage has not been paid to any man of letters of modern times. Yet it is not in the extent merely of these demonstrations—although they embrace the whole circle of the globe, wherever Scotchmen have penetrated in the pursuit of duty, of fame, or of fortune—that we find the magnitude and the marvel

of the praise that you bestow upon him. It is in the character of the nation that bestows it, and that of the man to whose memory the tribute is offered, that we discern the greatness and the worthiness of your praise. A nation, eager, and eminently successful in the pursuit of practical objects, proverbially prudent, habituated to a rigorous self-control, selects for the object of its reverence—not a man like Bentham, or like Franklin,—not a divine, a philosopher, or an economist, but a child of impulse and of passion—a proud, an improvident, an unworldly man.

How comes this? By what spell is it that you are thus drawn together in hundreds and thousands, from rising to the setting of the sun, to swell the tribute of honor to the memory of this man with a contagious fervor which draws into the vortex of your own enthusiasm the sister capitals, and all the provincial towns in the United Kingdom? Whence comes it, asks the unobservant and thoughtless mind, that you should select for your highest honors a man apparently so dissimilar to yourselves? The answer to the inquiry—the spell that brings you together—lies in the depth of your own character. It is the old poetic fervor of your race, that faculty which lies at the basis of all enterprise and all fortune, although not discerned by those who merely view the surface of the Scottish character, which recognizes in the poet—in the man of fervid soul—the true representative of the character of the Scot in its highest and best aspect. Therefore it is that you have well and wisely chosen a poet as the representative of your race and of your nation, a poet who commands the admiration of mankind, a poet who has given utterance to the best sentiments of love, of tenderness, of generosity, of patriotism, and of piety—to the most charming humor and the brightest wit, in numbers perfectly melodious, and in language which, notwithstanding its dialectic peculiarities, is pre-eminently manly, direct, and intelligible. The sentiments belong to the world. The dialect and the poet are your own.

When it pleased God to ordain that the languages of mankind should be different, He left the hearts the same; and that speech which most directly stirs in the breast of man the common sympathies of our nature is the truest classic: and when we find that those sympathies are evoked

by language harmonious in its composition and melodious in its rhythmical arrangement, where rhyme reinforces time, and sense falls in with both, and emotion culminates at every turning-point of the composition, then, by the common consent of mankind, we acknowledge ourselves in the presence and the power of the poet, whether he speaks the language of Attica or of Ayrshire. This is the true test of poetic power, that it stirs the hearts of men deeply and widely by the direct agency of simple and intelligible language. Tried by this test, the poetry of Burns justifies the unexampled honors that to-day are paid to his memory. His poems have the breadth, the simplicity, the ease, and the force of operations of nature. And this is the characteristic of the poetry of the Augustan age of every school of literature, and these demonstrations of yours to-day will do more than all the criticisms of the reviews and magazines to recall our writers from that profitless search after recondite thought and curious felicities of expressions which of late in our literature have become too much the fashion, and in which the careful observers of the progress of the literature of older nations might well apprehend the approaching decay of letters in our own, if the tendency of our favorite writers to abandon the ancient models of simplicity and manliness be not arrested by such demonstrations as ours to-day.

If these meetings have no other effect than to warn our men of letters that the lasting praises of the generations are not to be obtained by intricate, conceited, and curious compositions, they would confer a boon on literature, and aid in maintaining the standard of taste. But, gentlemen, they have a wider, deeper significance. Men will not forget their nationalities—men will not lay down the ties of birth and of kindred at the chair of any science or of any quasi-science. We must be Scotchmen, we must be Irishmen, and we will honor the memories of the men whose genius has asserted and won for us our own places for ourselves in the temple of British fame. Honor, then, in full measure, heaped and overflowing, to the heaven-born peasant who has borne the harp of his country so high in that temple, that if it be placed a little below the lyre of Shakespeare, it is still so near that if you make the chords of one vibrate, those of the other will thrill in harmony, and who,

having achieved that position for the lyrical genius of his country, could say with the modest nobility of a truly manly nature, "I have been bred to the plow, and I am independent." Well was it for Burns that he was bred to the plow—that he spent the days of his dawning genius in familiarity with nature, and not amongst the fine ladies and fine gentlemen whose neglect of him has been deplored as a misfortune, but truly was a happy escape for him and for us all. Burns was not ashamed that he was born a son of toil. Why should he? All the pursuits of industry are honorable, especially those of the tiller of the soil. The hands of heroes have been familiar with the plow. Ulysses, the wisest of Homeric worthies, did not blush to confess his prowess in the fields. When reproached with idleness by one of the proud suitors of Penelope, you may remember the noble spirit in which, associating the toils of the husbandman with the glories of the soldier, he replied—

> "Forbear, Eurymachus; for were we matched
> In work against each other, thou and I
> Mowing in spring-time, when the days are long;
> Or if again it were our task to drive
> Yoked oxen in the plow; and were the field
> In size four acres; with a glebe through which
> The share might smoothly glide: then shouldst thou see
> How straight my furrow should be cut and true.
> Or if Saturnian Jove should now excite
> Here battle, or elsewhere; and were I armed
> With two bright spears, and with a shield, and bore
> A brazen casque well fitted to my brows:
> Me then thou shouldst behold mingling in fight
> Among the foremost chiefs, nor with the crime
> Of idle beggary shouldst reproach me more."

Ulysses, gentlemen, did not conceive that skill in the manual labors of the field detracted in aught from his position as a prince and chieftain; nor in the case of Burns has it detracted one tittle from his pre-eminence as a leader among the intellects of his country. Let no regrets mingle with your festive offerings to his memory. No one with truth can say his life was unhappy. As toil is incident to the eating of daily bread, despondency is incident to the poetic temperament; and he could not have had that keen enjoyment of existence had he not sometimes suffered those

fits of despondency which are inseparable from the poetic temperament. He who enjoyed in a measure so exalted the raptures of love, the delights of friendship, the enchantment of the fancy—no one can affirm that such a man was unhappy. Neither let the libation you pour to his memory be dashed by any bitter thought of supposed neglect or ingratitude in his country. Gentlemen, that is not so. Much as Burns has done for Scotland, Scotland, before Burns was born, had done more for him.

He was born the child of a proud, of a renowned and glorious country. For him, as for all the genius of future time, Wallace had made the banks of Irvine holy ground—for him Bruce shook his Carrick spear—for him, as for every child of genius that the soil of Scotland should produce to the end of time, the genius of Scottish music had made the hills and valleys of his country vocal with melodies soliciting to song—for him courageous-hearted ancestors, brave and pious men, had fought and bled—had watched and prayed on mountain and on moor—had offered up the sacrifice of their blood for Scotland's religious freedom,—that the cottier on his Saturday even might be free to open his big hall Bible by his own hearthstone, and that amid scenes of patriarchal simplicity, piety, and virtue, of manly self-reliance, and bold self-assertion, the young germ of genius might unfold itself in safety. Let no man, therefore, say that Scotland had not done her part. No, she has not been wanting. She is no unworthy mother of her noble son. In honoring him you honor her and yourselves. With full hearts, then, and with consciences discharged of all feeling of breach of duty towards the man whose memory we are met to celebrate, let us drain this bumper toast to the memory of Robert Burns.

THE FORGING OF THE ANCHOR.

Come, see the Dolphin's anchor forged; 't is at a white heat now:
The bellows ceased, the flames decreased; tho' on the forge's brow
The little flames still fitfully play thro' the sable mound;
And fitfully you still may see the grim smiths ranking round,

All clad in leathern panoply, their broad hands only bare;
Some rest upon their sledges here, some work the windlass there.

The windlass strains the tackle chains, the black mound heaves below;
And red and deep, a hundred veins burst out at every throe:
It rises, roars, rends all outright—O, Vulcan, what a glow!
'T is blinding white, 't is blasting bright; the high sun shines not so!
The high sun sees not, on the earth, such fiery fearful show;
The roof ribs swarth, the candent hearth, the ruddy lurid row
Of smiths that stand, an ardent band, like men before the foe;
As, quivering thro' his fleece of flame, the sailing monster, slow
Sinks on the anvil—all about, the faces fiery glow—
"Hurrah!" they shout, "leap out—leap out;" bang, bang, the sledges go:
Hurrah! the jetted lightnings are hissing high and low;
A hailing fount of fire is struck at every squashing blow;
The leathern mail rebounds the hail; the rattling cinders strow
The ground around; at every bound the sweltering fountains flow,
And thick and loud the swinking crowd at every stroke pant "ho!"

Leap out, leap out, my masters; leap out and lay on load!
Let 's forge a goodly anchor—a bower thick and broad;
For a heart of oak is hanging on every blow, I bode;
And I see the good ship riding, all in a perilous road—
The low reef roaring on her lee—the roll of ocean poured
From stem to stern, sea after sea; the mainmast by the board;
The bulwarks down, the rudder gone, the boats stove at the chains!
But courage still, brave mariners—the Bower yet remains,
And not an inch to flinch he deigns, save when ye pitch sky high,
Then moves his head, as tho' he said, "Fear nothing—here am I!"

Swing in your strokes in order, let foot and hand keep time;
Your blows make music sweeter far than any steeple's chime;
But, while ye sling your sledges, sing—and let the burden be,
The anchor is the anvil king, and royal craftsmen we!

Strike in, strike in—the sparks begin to dull their rustling red;

Our hammers ring with sharper din, our work will soon be sped;
Our anchor soon must change its bed of fiery rich array,
For a hammock at the roaring bows, or an oozy couch of clay;
Our anchor soon must change the lay of merry craftsmen here,
For the yeo-heave-o', and the heave-away, and the sighing seaman's cheer;
When, weighing slow at eve they go—far, far from love and home;
And sobbing sweethearts, in a row, wail o'er the ocean foam.

In livid and obdurate gloom he darkens down at last;
A shapely one he is, and strong, as e'er from cat was cast.—
O trusted and trustworthy guard, if thou hadst life like me,
What pleasures would thy toils reward beneath the deep green sea!
O deep-sea Diver, who might then behold such sights as thou?
The hoary-monster's palaces! methinks what joy 't were now
To go plumb plunging down amid the assembly of the whales,
And feel the churned sea round me boil beneath their scourging tails!
Then deep in tangle-woods to fight the fierce sea unicorn,
And send him foiled and bellowing back, for all his ivory horn;
To leave the subtle sworder-fish of bony blade forlorn;
And for the ghastly grinning shark to laugh his jaws to scorn:—
To leap down on the kraken's back, where 'mid Norwegian isles
He lies, a lubber anchorage for sudden shallowed miles,
Till, snorting, like an under-sea volcano, off he rolls;
Meanwhile to swing, a-buffeting the far astonished shoals
Of his back-browsing ocean-calves; or, haply in a cove,
Shell-strewn, and consecrate of old to some Undiné love,
To find the long-haired mermaidens; or, hard-by icy lands,
To wrestle with the sea-serpent, upon cerulean sands.

O broad-armed Fisher of the deep, whose sports can equal thine?
The Dolphin weighs a thousand tons, that tugs thy cable line;
And night by night 't is thy delight, thy glory day by day,
Through sable sea and breaker white, the giant game to play—
But shamer of our little sports! forgive the name I gave—
A fisher's joy is to destroy—thine office is to save.

O lodger in the sea-king's halls, couldst thou but understand
Whose be the white bones by thy side, or who that dripping band,

Slow swaying in the heaving wave, that round about thee bend,
With sounds like breakers in a dream blessing their ancient friend—
Oh, couldst thou know what heroes glide with larger steps round thee,
Thine iron side would swell with pride; thou 'dst leap within the sea!

Give honor to their memories who left the pleasant strand,
To shed their blood so freely for the love of Fatherland—
Who left their chance of quiet age and grassy church-yard grave,
So freely, for a restless bed amid the tossing wave—
Oh, though our anchor may not be all I have fondly sung,
Honor him for their memory, whose bones he goes among!

LAMENT OVER THE RUINS OF THE ABBEY OF TIMOLEAGUE.

Lone and weary as I wandered
By the bleak shore of the sea,
Meditating and reflecting
On the world's hard destiny;

Forth the moon and stars 'gan glimmer
In the quiet tide beneath,—
For on slumbering spray and blossom
Breathed not out of heaven a breath.

On I went in sad dejection,
Careless where my footsteps bore
Till a ruined church before me
Opened wide its ancient door,—

Till I stood before the portals,
Where of old were wont to be,
For the blind, the halt, and leper,
Alms and hospitality.

Still the ancient seat was standing
Built against the buttress gray
Where the clergy used to welcome
Weary travelers on their way.

There I sat me down in sadness,
'Neath my cheek I placed my hand,
Till the tears fell hot and briny
Down upon the grassy land.

There, I said in woful sorrow,
Weeping bitterly the while,
Was a time when joy and gladness
Reigned within this ruined pile:—

Was a time when bells were tinkling,
Clergy preaching peace abroad,
Psalms a-singing, music ringing
Praises to the mighty God.

Empty aisle, deserted chancel,
Tower tottering to your fall,
Many a storm since then has beaten
On the gray head of your wall!

Many a bitter storm and tempest
Has your roof-tree turned away,
Since you first were formed a temple
To the Lord of night and day.

Holy house of ivied gables,
That wert once the country's pride,
Houseless now in weary wandering
Roam your inmates far and wide.

Lone you are to-day, and dismal,—
Joyful psalms no more are heard
Where, within your choir, her vesper
Screeches the cat-headed bird.

Ivy from your eaves is growing,
Nettles round your green hearth-stone,
Foxes howl, where, in your corners,
Dropping waters make their moan.

Where the lark to early matins
Used your clergy forth to call,
There! alas no tongue is stirring,
Save the daws' upon the wall.

Refectory cold and empty,
  Dormitory bleak and bare,
Where are now your pious uses,
  Simple bed and frugal fare?

Gone your abbot, rule, and order,
  Broken down your altar stones;
Naught see I beneath your shelter
  Save a heap of clayey bones.

Oh! the hardship, oh! the hatred,
  Tyranny, and cruel war,
Persecution and oppression,
  That have left you as you are!

I myself once also prospered;—
  Mine is, too, an altered plight.
Trouble, care, and age have left me
  Good for naught but grief to-night.

Gone, my motion and my vigor,—
  Gone, the use of eye and ear;
At my feet lie friends and children,
  Powerless and corrupting here.

Woe is written on my visage
  In a nut my heart would lie—
Death's deliverance were welcome—
  Father, let the old man die.

OWEN BAWN.

This refers to the rigid prohibition of the intermarriage with the native Irish by William de Burghs, Earl of Ulster, in A.D. 1333, which led to the Irish return from beyond the river Bawn and the expulsion of the English from all Ulster.

My Owen Bawn's hair is of thread of gold spun;
Of gold in the shadow, of light in the sun;
All curled in a coolun the bright tresses are—
They make his head radiant with beams like a star!

My Owen Bawn's mantle is long and is wide,
To wrap me up safe from the storm by his side:

And I 'd rather face snowdrift, and winter-wind there,
Than lie among daisies and sunshine elsewhere.

My Owen Bawn Quinn is a bold fisherman,
He tracks the dun quarry with arrow and spear—
Where wild woods are waving, and deep waters flow,
Oh, there goes my love with the dun-dappled roe.

My Owen Bawn Quinn is a bard of the best,
He spears the strong salmon in midst of the Bann;
And rocked in the tempest on stormy Lough Neagh,
Draws up the red trout through the bursting of spray.

My Owen Bawn Quinn is a hunter of deer,
He wakes me with singing, he sings me to rest;
And the cruit[1] 'neath his fingers rings up with a sound,
As though angels harped o'er us, and fays underground.

They tell me the stranger has given command,
That crommeal[2] and coolun shall cease in the land,
That all our youths' tresses of yellow be shorn,
And bonnets, instead, of a new fashion worn.

That mantles like Owen Bawn's shield us no more,
That hunting and fishing henceforth we give o'er,
That the net and the arrow aside must be laid,
For hammer and trowel, and mattock and spade.

That the echoes of music must sleep in their caves,
That the slave must forget his own tongue for a slave's,
That the sound of our lips must be strange in our ears,
And our bleeding hands toil in the dew of our tears.

Oh sweetheart and comfort! with thee by my side,
I could love and live happy, whatever betide;
But thou, in such bondage, wouldst die ere a day—
Away to Tir-oën, then, Owen, away!

There are wild woods and mountains, and streams deep and clear,
There are loughs in Tir-oën as lovely as here;
There are silver harps ringing in Yellow Hugh's hall,
And a bower by the forest side, sweetest of all!

[1] *Cruit*, a small harp. [2] *Crommeal*, mustache.

We will dwell by the sunshiny skirts of the brake,
Where the sycamore shadows glow deep in the lake;
And the snowy swan stirring the green shadows there,
Afloat on the water, seems floating in air.

Away to Tir-oën, then, Owen, away!
We will leave them the dust from our feet for a prey,
And our dwelling in ashes and flames for a spoil—
'T will be long ere they quench them with streams of the Foyle!

CASHEL OF MUNSTER.

IRISH RUSTIC BALLAD.

I 'd wed you without herds, without money, or rich array,
And I 'd wed you on a dewy morning at day-dawn gray;
My bitter woe it is, love, that we are not far away
In Cashel town, though the bare deal boards were our marriage-bed this day.

Oh, fair maid, remember the green hillside;
Remember how I hunted about the valleys wide;
Time now has worn me; my locks are turned to gray,
The year 's scarce and I am poor, but send me not, love, away.

Oh, deem not my blood is of base strain, my girl,
Oh, deem not my birth was as the birth of the churl;
Marry me, and prove me, and say soon you will,
That noble blood is written on my right side still.

My purse holds no red gold, no coin of the silver white;
No herds are mine to drive through the long twilight!
But the pretty girl that would take me, all bare though I be, and lone,
Oh, I 'd take her with me kindly to the County Tyrone.

Oh, my girl, I can see 't is in trouble you are,
And, oh, my girl, I see 't is your people's reproach you bear;
"I am a girl in trouble for his sake with whom I fly,
And, oh, may no other maiden know such reproach as I!"

MOLLY ASTHORE.

O Mary dear, O Mary fair,
  O branch of generous stem,
White blossom of the banks of Nair,
  Though lilies grow on them;
You 've left me sick at heart for love,
  So faint I cannot see,
The candle swims the board above,
  I 'm drunk for love of thee.
O stately stem of maiden pride,
  My woe it is and pain,
That I still severed from thy side
  The long night must remain.

Through all the towns of Inisfail
  I 've wandered far and wide;
But from Downpatrick to Kinsale,
  From Carlow to Kilbride,
'Mong lords and dames of high degree,
  Where'er my feet have gone,
My Mary, one to equal thee
  I 've never looked upon;
I live in darkness and in doubt
  Whene'er my love 's away,
But were the blessed sun put out,
  Her shadow would make day.

'T is she indeed, young bud of bliss,
  And gentle as she 's fair,
Though lily-white her bosom is,
  And sunny-bright her hair,
And dewy-azure her blue eye,
  And rosy-red her cheek,
Yet brighter she in modesty,
  More beautifully meek;
The world's wise men from north to south
  Can never cure my pain,
But one kiss from her honey mouth,
  Would make me whole again.

CEAN DUBH DEELISH.[1]

Put your head, darling, darling, darling,
Your darling black head my heart above;
O mouth of honey with the thyme for fragrance,
Who with heart in breast could deny you love?

O many and many a young girl for me is pining,
Letting her locks of gold to the cold winds free,
For me, the foremost of the gay young fellows,
But I 'd leave a hundred, pure love, for thee.

Then put your head, darling, darling, darling,
Your darling black head my heart above;
O mouth of honey with the thyme for fragrance,
Who with heart in breast could deny you love?

THE LAPFUL OF NUTS.

Whene'er I see soft hazel eyes,
And nut-brown curls,
I think of those bright days I spent
Among the Limerick girls;
When up through Cratla woods I went
Nutting with thee;
And we plucked the glossy, clustering fruit
From many a bending tree.

Beneath the hazel boughs we sat,
Thou, love, and I,
And the gathered nuts lay in thy lap,
Below thy downcast eye.
But little we thought of the store we 'd won,
I, love, or thou,
For our hearts were full, and we dare not own
The love that 's spoken now.

O there 's wars for willing hearts in Spain,
And high Germanie!
And I 'll come back, if I ever come back,
With knightly fame and fee,

[1] *Cean dubh deelish*, dear black head.

And I 'll come back, if I ever come back,
Faithful to thee,
That sat, with thy white lap full of nuts,
Beneath the hazel-tree.

PASTHEEN FION.

From the Irish.

Oh, my fair Pastheen is my heart's delight;
Her gay heart laughs in her blue eye bright;
Like the apple blossom her bosom white,
And her neck like the swan's on a March morn bright!
Then, Oro, come with me! come with me! come with me!
Oro, come with me! brown girl, sweet!
And oh! I would go through snow and sleet
If you would come with me, my brown girl, sweet!

Love of my heart, my fair Pastheen!
Her cheeks are as red as the rose's sheen,
But my lips have tasted no more, I ween,
Than the glass I drank to the health of my queen!
Then, Oro, come with me! come with me! etc.

Were I in the town, where 's mirth and glee,
Or 'twixt two barrels of barley bree,
With my fair Pastheen upon my knee,
'T is I would drink to her pleasantly!
Then, Oro, come with me! come with me! etc.

Nine nights I lay in longing and pain,
Betwixt two bushes, beneath the rain,
Thinking to see you, love, once again;
But whistle and call were all in vain!
Then, Oro, come with me! come with me! etc.

I 'll leave my people, both friend and foe;
From all the girls in the world I 'll go;
But from you, sweetheart, oh, never! oh, no!
Till I lie in the coffin stretched, cold and low!
Then, Oro, come with me! come with me! etc.

THE FAIR HILLS OF IRELAND.

From the Irish.

A very close translation, in the original meter, of an Irish song of unknown authorship dating from the end of the seventeenth century. The refrain means "O sad lament."

A plenteous place is Ireland for hospitable cheer,
Uileacán dubh O!
Where the wholesome fruit is bursting from the yellow barley ear, *Uileacán dubh O!*
There is honey in the trees where her misty vales expand,
And her forest paths in summer are by falling waters fanned;
There is dew at high noontide there, and springs i' the yellow sand
On the fair hills of holy Ireland.

Curled he is and ringleted, and plaited to the knee,
Uileacán dubh O!
Each captain who comes sailing across the Irish Sea,
Uileacán dubh O!
And I will make my journey, if life and health but stand,
Unto that pleasant country, that fresh and fragrant strand,
And leave your boasted braveries, your wealth and high command,
For the fair hills of holy Ireland.

Large and profitable are the stacks upon the ground,
Uileacán dubh O!
The butter and the cream do wondrously abound,
Uileacán dubh O!
The cresses on the water and the sorrels are at hand,
And the cuckoo 's calling daily his note of music bland,
And the bold thrush sings so bravely his song i' the forests grand
On the fair hills of holy Ireland.

LOOKING SEAWARD.

From 'Congal.'

He looking landward from the brow of some great sea-cape's head,
Bray or Ben-Edar—sees beneath, in silent pageant grand,
Slow fields of sunshine spread o'er fields of rich, corn-bearing land;

Red glebe and meadow margin green commingling to the view
With yellow stubble, browning woods, and upland tracts of blue;
Then, sated with the pomp of fields, turns seaward, to the verge
Where, mingling with the murmuring wash made by the far-down surge,
Comes up the clangorous song of birds unseen, that, low beneath,
Poised off the rock, ply underfoot; and, 'mid the blossoming heath,
And mint, sweet herb that loves the ledge rare-aired, at ease reclined,
Surveys the wide pale-heaving floor crisped by a curling wind;
With all its shifting, shadowy belts, and chasing scopes of green,
Sun-strown, foam-freckled, sail-embossed, and blackening squalls between,
And slant, cerulean-skirted showers that with a drowsy sound,
Heard inward, of ebullient waves, stalk all the horizon round;
And—haply, being a citizen just 'scaped from some disease
That long has held him sick indoors, now, in the brine-fresh breeze,
Health-salted, bathes; and says, the while he breathes reviving bliss,
"I am not good enough, O God, nor pure enough for this!"

GRACE NUGENT.

From the Irish of O'Carolan.

Brightest blossom of the spring
Grace the sprightly girl I sing;
Grace who bore the palm of mind
From all the rest of womankind.
Whomsoe'er the fates decree,
Happy fate for life to be,
Day and night my coolun near,
Ache or pain need never fear.

Her neck outdoes the stately swan,
Her radiant face the summer dawn;
Happy thrice the youth for whom
The fates design that branch of bloom.

Pleasant are thy words benign,
Rich those azure eyes of thine;
Ye who see my queen beware
Those twisted links of golden hair.

This is what I fain would say
To the bird-voiced lady gay—
Never yet conceived the heart,
Joy that grace could not impart,
Fold of jewels, case of pearls,
Coolun of the circling curls!
More I say not, but no less,
Drink your health and happiness.

MILD MABEL KELLY.

From the Irish of O'Carolan.

Whoever the youth who by Heaven's decree
Has his happy right hand 'neath that bright head of thine,
'T is certain that he
From all sorrow is free,
Till the day of his death, if a life so divine
Should not raise him in bliss above mortal degree.
Mild Mabel Ni Kelly, bright coolun of curls!
All stately and pure as the swan on the lake.
Her mouth of white teeth is a palace of pearls,
And the youth of the land are love-sick for her sake.

No strain of the sweetest e'er heard in the land
That she knows not to sing, in a voice so enchanting,
That the cranes on the sand
Fall asleep where they stand.
Oh, for her blooms the rose, and the lily ne'er waiting
To shed its mild luster on bosom or hand.
The dewy blue blossom that hangs on the spray
More blue than her eyes human eye never saw.
Deceit never lurked in its beautiful ray.
Dear lady, I drink to you, slainte go bragh![1]

To gaze on her beauty the young hunter lies
'Mong the branches that shadow her path in the grove.
But alas, if her eyes
The rash gazer surprise,

[1] *Slainte go bragh*, your health for ever.

All eyesight departs from the victim of love,
And the blind youth steals home with his heart full of sighs.
O, pride of the Gael of the lily-white palm!
O coolun of curls to the grass at your feet!
At the goal of delight and of honor I am
To boast such a theme for a song so unmeet.

THE COOLUN.[1]

Translated from the Irish of Maurice Dugan or O'Dugan.

O had you seen the Coolun,
Walking down by the cuckoo's street,
With the dew of the meadow shining
On her milk-white twinkling feet.
O my love she is, and my *cailin óg*,[2]
And she dwells in Bal'nagar;
And she bears the palm of beauty bright,
From the fairest that in Erin are.

In Bal'nagar is the Coolun,
Like the berry on the bough her cheek;
Bright beauty dwells for ever
On her fair neck and ringlets sleek;
O sweeter is her mouth's soft music
Than the lark or thrush at dawn,
Or the blackbird in the greenwood singing
Farewell to the setting sun.

Rise up, my boy! make ready
My horse, for I forth would ride,
To follow the modest damsel,
Where she walks on the green hillside:
For e'er since our youth were we plighted,
In faith, troth, and wedlock true—
O she 's sweeter to me nine times over,
Than organ or cuckoo!

O ever since my childhood
I loved the fair and darling child;
But our people came between us,
And with lucre our pure love defiled:

[1] *Anchúil-fhionn*, maiden of fair flowing locks. [2] *Cailin óg*, young girl.

O my woe it is, and my bitter pain,
And I weep it night and day,
That the *cailin bán* of my early love
Is torn from my heart away.

Sweetheart and faithful treasure,
Be constant still, and true;
Nor for want of herds and houses
Leave one who would ne'er leave you.
I 'll pledge you the blessèd Bible,
Without and eke within,
That the faithful God will provide for us,
Without thanks to kith or kin.

O love, do you remember
When we lay all night alone,
Beneath the ash in the winter storm,
When the oak wood round did groan?
No shelter then from the blast had we,
The bitter blast or sleet,
But your gown to wrap about our heads,
And my coat around our feet.

PERCY HETHERINGTON FITZGERALD.

(1834 ——)

Percy Hetherington Fitzgerald, M.A., F.S.A., was born in Fane Valley, County Louth, in 1834. He was educated at Stonyhurst College, Lancashire, and Trinity College, Dublin, after which he was called to the Irish bar and appointed Crown Prosecutor.

He is the author of many works of fiction, most of which originally appeared in *All the Year Round* and *Once a Week*.

Mr. Fitzgerald is a most industrious literary worker, and has published, besides 'The Lives of the Sheridans,' 'Charles Lamb, his Friends, his Haunts, and his Books,' 'Life of David Garrick,' 'The Kembles,' 'The Life of George IV.,' 'The Royal Dukes and Princesses of the Family of George III.,' 'Life and Times of William IV.,' and 'Fifty Years of Catholic Life and Social Progress.'

SHERIDAN AS ORATOR.

From 'The Lives of the Sheridans.'

Sheridan's oratorical reputation is mainly founded on those "set" and prepared speeches delivered on stirring occasions, which are to be read in collections. But these carefully studied efforts give little idea of his general powers. It is only by going very carefully through the series of reports furnished so dramatically and accurately by "Memory" Woodfall that we see what a conspicuous figure he was in the ordinary routine discussions of the House. Having carefully followed him through some of these conspicuous years, I find how industrious, versatile, and combative he showed himself. It was, in fact, as a "debater" that he here exhibited those gifts, being always ready with some brilliant, if not theatrical, attack on, or reply to Pitt—or to Burke, when the latter began to sit on the Treasury benches.

Wraxall has left a really admirable picture of him, with an acute analysis of the arts, gifts, and devices by which he gained his influence over the House: "Sheridan exposed an angry antagonist by sallies of wit, or attacked him with classic elegance of satire; performing this arduous task in the face of a crowded assembly, without losing for an instant either his presence of mind, his facility of expression, or his good humor. He wounded deepest, indeed, when he

smiled; and convulsed his hearers with laughter, while the object of his ridicule or animadversion was twisting under the lash. Nor did he, while thus chastising his adversary, alter a muscle of his own countenance; which, as well as his gestures, seemed to participate and display the unalterable serenity of his intellectual formation."

It will be noted what a happy and subtle art of description is here shown by this observer, who goes on:

"Rarely did he elevate his voice, and never except in subservience to the dictates of his judgment, with the view to produce a corresponding effect on his audience. Yet he was always heard, generally listened to with eagerness, and could obtain a hearing at almost any hour. Burke, who wanted Sheridan's nice tact and his amenity of manner, was continually coughed down; and on those occasions he lost his temper. Even Fox often tired the House by the repetitions which he introduced into his speeches. Sheridan never abused their patience.

"At this period of his life, when he was not more than thirty-three years of age, his countenance and features had in them something peculiarly pleasing; indicative at once of intellect, humor, and gayety. All these characteristics played about his lips when speaking, and operated with inconceivable attraction; for they anticipated, as it were, to the eye, the effect produced by his oratory on the ear; thus opening for him a sure way to the heart or the understanding. Even the tones of his voice, which were singularly mellifluous, aided the general effect of his eloquence; nor was it accompanied by Burke's unpleasant accent. Pitt's enunciation was unquestionably more imposing, dignified, and sonorous; Fox displayed more argument, as well as vehemence; Burke possessed more fancy and enthusiasm; but Sheridan won his way by a sort of fascination. At thirty-three it might be said of his aspect, as Milton does of the fallen angel's form,

> "'His face had not yet lost
> All her original brightness.'"

Lord Brougham, who had heard him speak, justly says: "His worst efforts were those which he preferred himself, full of imagery often far fetched, oftener gorgeous and loaded with point that drew the attention of the hearer

away from the thoughts to the words; and his best by far were those where he declaimed with his deep, clear voice, though somewhat thick utterance, with a fierce defiance of some adversary, or an unappeasable vengeance against some act; or reasoned rapidly, in a like tone, upon some plain matter of fact, and exposed as plainly to homely ridicule some puerile sophism. In all this his admirable manner was aided by an eye singularly piercing" (and he adds in a note that "it had the singularity of never winking") "and a countenance which, though coarse and even in some features gross, was animated and expressive, and could easily assume the figure of both rage and menace and scorn. With all his ingenious tropes and far-fetched similes (such as the picture of Napoleon having 'thrones for his watch-towers, and for the palisades of his castle scepters tipped or stuck with crowns')—for he experimented in various forms of the image—there came some natural burst, like that on the liberty of the Press, when he pictured both Houses as venal and corrupt, Court and Prince bad: 'Give me but an unfettered Press, and I will defy them to encroach a hair's-breadth upon the liberties of England!'" But it would take a volume to deal with the subject of this remarkable man's oratory.

On the other hand, from perpetual exhibition, we find much that is artificial and mechanical in his various methods; as, in contriving an apparently spontaneous reply to an adversary, if the latter used a quotation, he would hurry out to consult the book, and discover something preceding or following the quoted passage which would give it a new turn.

If a friend made a sally or used an original metaphor capable of political application, he would take it as his own on the first opportunity. He had also many pleasant thoughts carefully "cut and dried," as it is called, ready for application to certain characters. For some of his most telling replies his habit was to retire to a neighboring coffee-house and write the most lively, stinging passages, which he would fit in here and there among more *level* portions. All this sort of "workmanship" must have been soon found out, and no doubt impaired the weight and influence of his utterances. Latterly he must have been listened to with much the same feeling as have been cer-

tain licensed jesters and entertainers of the House in our own day.

In following him through those varied contests, we are struck by his airy pleasantry; though he is not to be compared with Burke, who showed a higher sincerity and more classical versatility, and who was "terribly in earnest" about principle, and utterly uncompromising in the smallest things. Sheridan, on the contrary, we find ready enough to make some light and airy retort, without much regard as to where he picked up the weapons; he varied the monotony of the contest by many a pleasant stroke, which must have been amusing to the House.

Another remarkable feature in most of his speeches was that he seemed to speak with effect only when making attacks on the special objects of his enmity. One of these was almost invariably Mr. Pitt, to whom he showed the rancor that men of loose life often have against purists whose character and success are a rebuke. Another was Mr. Dundas—until he came to defend himself as roughly as he was attacked—an object of dislike whom Sheridan assailed with a genuine vigor and venom. Windham, too, he did not spare. Indeed, it came at last to this—that some of his most telling efforts were directed against his own former friends, with whom he had completely broken.

It will be entertaining to note, as in the case of Burke, the scenes, the disputes he so often had with Mr. Pitt, and which were continued through a long course of years. These were trifling, and certainly unworthy of both, the time of the House being taken up with their frivolous altercations. Thus, when Pitt had once taunted him with his theatrical pursuits, Sheridan retorted by a very unbecoming form of jest, which was then in the height of popularity—viz., sneering at his well-known regularity and strictness of life. These insinuations were taken from the satires of the 'Rolliad,' of which they were the regular stock-in-trade. As in a debate that arose in May, 1787, Sheridan bitterly inveighed against Pitt, who, he said, was the real culprit, dealing in professions, not acts, Pitt scornfully replied that he believed that he (Sheridan) was sincere in *this* case—*i.e.,* in making a charge against him; and when it was thought what a field for ingenuity there was in spreading calumnies and reports against him, it was

no wonder he seized on *this* matter as an excuse. "I am glad he admits," said Sheridan, "that I generally speak with sincerity." "No," said Mr. Pitt, across the table; "not so; but merely in what you have said to-day against me." On which Sheridan went off into a rather rambling series of charges as to Pitt's inconsistency, his waste of public money, his bestowing titles and honors corruptly. "On the whole," he said, using the favorite sneer, "Mr. Pitt had always professed *purity*, but had acted with self-attention and neglect of others."

Again, in March, 1788, Pitt glanced at Sheridan, saying that "in most of his speeches there was much fancy, in many shining wit, in others very ingenious argument, in all great eloquence, and *in some few truth and justice*." Sheridan said he rejected such compliments with scorn. He insinuated that Pitt was fond of shiftiness. He was, he said, one of the dark, concealed, and secret band skulking behind the throne.

Next, on Pitt's announcing that he intended to reduce the duties on brandies, Sheridan taunted him with his old boastings, "that he would put down smuggling," and said that all his measures had failed. Pitt replied that he wondered which he ought to admire most—his display of confidence or his ignorance. The other retorted that he was now convinced he was right, from Pitt's showing himself so very angry. His behavior was not decent.

All through these squabbles we find Sheridan boldly criticising Bank Acts, loans, bullion, and topics of the kind. In reference to which Mr. Tierney told Moore that "Sheridan was generally wrong about financial matters. It was certainly a fine holiday-time for Mr. Pitt when he had no abler critic of his financial schemes than Sheridan. Pitt, however, had a very high idea of him, and thought him," Tierney added, "a far greater man than Mr. Fox." In the same spirit his friend Windham said of him "that he was ignorant of almost every subject he had to handle, and manfully confessed it."

In May, 1794, there was another scene, when Sheridan declared that those seditious conspiracies had no existence save "in the *foul imaginations* of Ministers." On which Pitt answered scornfully, that this sort of abuse of him had been too often repeated to have any novelty for him, or to

be entitled to any degree of importance either with him or his friends. Pitt was called on to make an apology, which he did, "where alone it is due,—to you, sir, and to the House." On which Sheridan angrily said this apology was disorderly, and a breach in itself of order, as it seemed to except *him*. Still, it was no matter; for he had received his apology with *the same contempt* with which he had the provocation. As to the "foul imaginations" of the Ministers, etc., he repeated the words, for the Speaker had not called him to order at the proper time. As to Pitt, he left the House to judge of the manliness of the person who sheltered himself in the shade of his situation, and who dealt in insinuations which, but for his situation, *he durst not make*. On such conduct he would utter no comment, because he knew there were expressions of scorn and disdain which the House would not permit him to use. He would now ask an apology from Pitt for the provocation given inside the House to all, and he was convinced "no *provocation would be given outside*." This was certainly blustering.

In January, 1794, there was yet another of these altercations on pensions, "jobbing," etc., in which Sheridan put himself forward to assail certain allowances—among others, some to his own friends. He declared, however, it was only the system, not individuals, he was aiming at. Burke indignantly commented on this distinction "between the jobber and the jobbed"; and after the matter had been shown to be wholly trivial, Mr. Pitt asked scornfully, "Would he now persevere in saying that he was only influenced by good will to the persons he incriminated? Or if he did, could he imagine that any one in the House would credit him?" Sheridan was eagerly rising, when Fox interfered, and said that, "in his opinion, founded on experience, Sheridan had as much credit as Mr. Pitt." Sheridan then said he was glad he had been prevented answering, as he might have said something unpalatable. As to the opinion of the House of his credit, he would not venture to say anything; *but it was only in the House* that Pitt would venture to tell him so. On which Mr. Stanley protested against these personalities; and Mr. Yorke, with excellent good sense, said it was hard for members, sent up from the country to mind their constit-

uents' business, "*to have to listen to such nonsense.*" Sheridan, therefore, who, in the common Irish phrase, had "blazed," it was clear, was eager to provoke the Minister to combat, as we find from his taunts on two or three occasions.

This hostility, however, was alternated with exercises of an agreeable pleasantry. Thus, when Pitt gravely proposed to levy a tax of a guinea on every horse starting for a race, this recognition of sport was too tempting to be passed by. "Lord Surrey," says Wraxall, "who possessed much racing knowledge, advised him to alter his tax, and to substitute in its place five pounds on the winning horse of any plate of fifty pounds' value. The Minister instantly adopted, with many acknowledgments, the Earl's suggestion. Sheridan, who sat close by Lord Surrey, then rising, after having paid some compliments to the Chancellor of the Exchequer on his dexterity and *jockeyship*, observed that whenever Lord Surrey should next visit Newmarket his sporting companions, who would be *sweated* by this new tax of his fabrication, instead of commending his ingenuity, would probably exclaim, Jockey of Norfolk, be not so bold! This convulsed the House; and even Pitt, whose features did not always relax on hearing Sheridan's jests, however brilliant or apposite they might be, joined in the laugh."

This was a specimen of that spontaneous gayety which made him so welcome to the House. He was not always so happy. One of his stock devices was to make some farcical pleasantry on names of statesmen; as on Mr. Bragge: "Brag is a good dog, but Holdfast is a better;" or when pressed to "name" some one to whom he was making allusion, he said he could do it as soon as you could say "Jack Robinson." Or he would tell of one "Paterson," who kept a shop at Manchester, and, having a tilted cart in use for his business, had the names of "Pitt and Paterson" painted on the front of it. This man, who was known to have no partner in his trade, was asked what he meant by the name of Pitt on his cart, as he had no share in the business. "Ah!" replied he, "he has indeed no share in the business; but a very large share in the profits of it." This seems a poor sort of wit. One who is ever looking out

for some superficial allusion of this kind to win a laugh will rarely enjoy respect.

Mr. Moore has laid open for us Sheridan's private laboratory where he compounded his oratory—the images, metaphors, prepared bursts—the accurately marked places where "Good God, sir!" was to come in. These "fireworks" kept by him for use do not belong to oratory, whose legitimate imagery is inspired by the emotion of the moment and belongs to the occasion. It is extraordinary the difference of feeling found when comparing his images with those of Burke, so genuine, so apropos, so forcible. "Burke," said Sir Gilbert Elliot, "abounds with these fine passages; but no man could ever perceive in him the least trace of preparation, and he never appears more incontestably inspired by the moment, and transported with the fury of the god within him, than in those finished passages which it would cost even Shakespeare long study and labor to produce."

On a superficial view, it is often customary to class Sheridan with the statesmen of his period. "Fox, Burke, Sheridan," etc., are named together, as though he had any equally important influence on the political events of his time.

But the truth, as we have before observed, is that Sheridan cannot be counted "*a serious politician.*" It would almost seem that he had few convictions. In all the abundant political memoirs of the time, of which there are scores, we rarely find his name mentioned as being *of account* at any crisis; though he figures largely in schemes, and in tortuous intrigues, or as a supposed adviser of "an illustrious personage." Mr. Croker truly says: "How many, after all, are the events in the public history of England with which posterity will, in any manner whatever, connect the name of Sheridan? In fact, the history of England might be written without a single introduction of his name, and in all probability hereafter it will be so written." Industrious, indeed, he was as a debater, and took part in discussing all manner of subjects; but having read all these efforts carefully, they seem generally conceived in a labored petty spirit, merely for the embarrassment of some Minister; or that he had "got up" his facts without having any particular interest in the question.

And in this estimate of Sheridan as a politician we must not overlook the fact that in those times of strict party spirit we always find him somehow estranged from members of his party, following the guide of his own interest and fighting for his own hand. The reason seems to be that unhappily he was ever pressed with debts and difficulties, now surmounting them, now overpowered by them; a struggle which is certain to lend a shifting tone to political views. It is difficult indeed for a man thus harassed to take up Spartan or heroic principles. This end, with so impulsive a character, seemed more likely to be gained by devotion to a person of such influence as was the Prince of Wales and Regent, than in barren service to the abstract principles of a party whose coming to power seemed hopeless; nor was it likely that a man pressed and straitened by debt, and notorious for the shifts and devices by which he strove to release himself from embarrassments, would be likely to be over scrupulous in matters of party.

WILLIAM JOHN FITZPATRICK.

(1830—1895.)

"The modern Suetonius," as the lively writer of 'Recollections of Dublin Castle,' calls W. J. Fitzpatrick, "was," he says, "perpetually groping among old papers, letters, and the like, and discovering awkward secrets. He would tell you in a cozy way, and in his high treble: 'I have just purchased a number of curious documents, in one of which there is a curious transaction relating to your grandfather. Did you ever know that he had a salary from the Government to act as spy, etc.? I have all the documents.'"

He certainly was an industrious student of his day of the careers of illustrious Irishmen, and one of the best authorities on the social life of the past in Ireland.

He was born Aug. 31, 1830, and was educated at Clongowes Wood College. His first work of any importance was 'The Life, Times, and Correspondence of Dr. Doyle' (1861). This was followed by a biography of Lord Cloncurry, and a work in defense of Lady Morgan entitled 'The Friends, Foes, and Adventures of Lady Morgan,' to which there came a sequel, 'Lady Morgan, her Career, Literary and Personal.' 'Anecdotal Memoirs of Archbishop Whately' next appeared; and this was followed by 'Lord Edward Fitzgerald and his Betrayers' (1869). 'Ireland before the Union' appeared in 1870, and was succeeded by a volume of even greater historical value, entitled 'The Sham Squire and the Informers of 1798.' The description of this remarkable figure in the history of Ireland is brought out clearly, and the whole story is a striking picture of the state of society at the troubled period immediately before and after the Act of Union. In 1873 a volume of pleasant gossip under the title of 'Irish Wits and Worthies, including Dr. Lanigan,' was published; a life of Lever also came from his pen. He wrote 'Historical Discoveries of the Days of Tone and Emmet,' and was a frequent contributor to periodical literature. His books make a long list, but one of the most important was 'The Secret Service under Pitt,' and the most curious perhaps was a pamphlet claiming for Thomas Scott, the brother of Sir Walter Scott, the chief credit for a large part of the Waverley Novels. He was a member of the Royal Irish Academy and of the Dublin Royal Society. He died in 1895.

ANECDOTES OF KEOGH, THE IRISH MASSILLON.

From 'Irish Wits and Worthies.'

That love of hospitable and convivial pleasure characteristic of the old school of Irish priesthood, and which our historian sought to vindicate against the aspersions of

Giraldus Cambrensis, was not only illustrated in Lanigan's own idiosyncracy, but in that of his friend, the Rev. M. B. Keogh, as well. The latter was hospitable to a fault, and would almost coin his heart into gold to give away; while legitimate creditors, as is often the fashion with literary men, were invariably left unpaid. A merchant to whom Mr. Keogh was indebted, knowing that he would have no chance of settlement if directly applied for, appealed to him with the representation that, as he was in great difficulties a pecuniary loan would be specially acceptable. The preacher replied that he could not give it just then, but if the applicant would come and dine with him on the following Sunday he would try meanwhile to make out the loan for him somehow or another. The money was duly produced, and the merchant, full of expressions of gratitude, reminding him of his old claim, returned the overplus to Father Keogh, who henceforth regarded him with feelings not altogether paternal.

As a natural consequence of the perverse principle which he cultivated, Father Keogh was constantly in debt and difficulties. One day, when disrobing after delivering a charity sermon in Whitefriar Street Chapel, where a vast crowd had congregated to hear him surpass himself, two bailiffs stalked into the sacristy, and placing him in a covered car drove off in triumph. Dr. Spratt good-naturedly accompanied his friend, and as they neared the sheriff's prison one of the officers, pulling out a pistol, said: "Father Keogh, I know your popularity, and in case you appeal to the mob, I draw the trigger." The idol of the people submitted to his fate with the desperate resignation he had so often inculcated in his sermons, and turning to Dr. Spratt said: "My dear friend, I am arrested at the suit evidently of B——, the coach-maker. Go to him and arrange it." The good priest did as requested, and returned to the prison with a receipt in full, which he considered equivalent to an order for the liberation of his friend. But the document proved futile; it turned out that Mr. Keogh was arrested at the suit of an utterly different creditor, and the glee of the coach-maker, who never expected to be paid, was only equaled by Mr. Keogh's dismay.

The late Rev. J. Lalor, P.P. of Athy, the former coadjutor of Father Keogh at Baldoyle, used to tell that his

curates, as they could never get one farthing from him, were generally most shabbily clad, and tried to console themselves by the reflection that in this respect they resembled our Lord's disciples, who were sent without scrip or staff. Mr. Lalor, at last losing patience, reefed the knee of his small-clothes, and furnished with this startling argument waited upon the pastor and claimed the price of a new one. "My dear fellow," was the reply, "I have not a farthing in the world; but if you go into that dressing-room yonder you may take your choice of four."

The late Dr. M——l was in the habit of paying Father Keogh, when in delicate health, a visit every Wednesday, and remaining to dine with him. One evening the doctor drank more than freely, and advised no end of draughts of less palatable flavor. When taking leave, Mr. Keogh placed a crumpled paper in his hand. The doctor's knock was heard betimes next morning. "I called," said he, "to represent a slight mistake. Only fancy, you gave me an old permit instead of a note." The reply was cool: "You cannot carry more than a certain amount of whisky without a permit; I saw that you had exceeded the proper quantum." Father Michael Keogh's powers of sarcasm, often most capriciously and dyspeptically exercised, were withering. A priest who had formerly been a Jesuit was lionized at a dinner where Mr. Keogh was present. "I think, sir," he exclaimed from the end of the table, "you were a Jesuit, but have since left the order." A stiff bow was the reply. "Judas was also in the society of Jesus," proceeded his tormentor, "but he took the cord and died a Franciscan."

But Father Keogh's forte, after pulpit oratory, was rare powers of histrionic mimicry. He was once invited by the late good though eccentric pastor of Duleek to preach a charity sermon. After delivering a powerful appeal, which melted many of the audience to tears, Father Keogh proceeded to read aloud some papers, containing parochial announcements, which the parish priest had placed in his hands for that purpose. But the most illiterate member of the assembled flock at once perceived that Mr. Keogh, by his tone and gesture, was mimicking the peculiarities of their primitive pastor. The latter was not slow in recognizing his own portrait, and starting up from a seat of

honor which he occupied beneath the pulpit, exclaimed: "You Dublin jackeen, was it for this I invited you to Duleek?"

How an ecclesiastic, whose brow when engaged in delivering a divine message seemed not unsuited for the miter, could sometimes suffer the cap and bells to usurp its place can be accounted for in no other way than that vagaries of this sort formed part of the eccentricity of his high genius. He had a keen eye to detect the weaknesses or absurdities of his neighbor, but was utterly blind to his own. In hearing these anecdotes of this remarkable Irishman—which are now told publicly for the first time—it is difficult to associate them with one whose prestige was of the most brilliant and exalted character. Since Dean Kirwan preached, there had not appeared a more irresistible or impressive pulpit orator. Hundreds of Protestants daily attended his controversial sermons; and we have heard them say that it was a rare treat to hear Father Keogh answering in the evening the polemical propositions enunciated from the pulpit by the Rev. Mortimer O'Sullivan in the morning. He was entitled to the receipts taken at some of these evening sermons. Father Murphy, his prior, handed him on one of these occasions £2 10*s*. "I viewed the congregation," said Mr. Keogh, "and there was more than £4 10*s*. present." "Granted," replied his superior, "but you owe me £2 for ten years, and I had no other means of getting paid." "Those who know me," observed Dr. Willis, in a communication to the author, "are aware that I never was given to weeping, especially in my younger days; but I do declare that during a course of Lenten sermons in Church Street, Keogh had every one of the congregation in tears, including myself, whom he had so often previously, in private, convulsed with laughter."

The old magazine from which an extract has been already culled opens with an elaborate sketch of the Rev. M. B. Keogh: "The practice of extemporary preaching, so judiciously encouraged or enforced by the Church of Rome," it states, "is admirably calculated to call forth the powers and the resources of such a mind as Mr. Keogh's. He is evidently of a quick and ardent temperament, swayed by sudden impulse, and often, in the hurrying moment of excitement, carried beyond himself by a species of inspira-

tion. To tie down such a man to his notes would be to extinguish half his enthusiasm; it would be a sort of intellectual sacrilege—an insult to the majesty of genius." Mr. Keogh's success as a preacher was not due to commanding appearance, for, like Curran's, it seems to have been far from prepossessing. He had the same powers of mind and eye as Curran, who was wont to observe that it cost him half-an-hour longer to reach the hearts of the jury than it would have taken a less repulsive-featured man with the same arguments. "See him in the season of Lent," observes a contemporary critic, "for, probably, the fortieth time, standing unrobed before the unornamented altar, without text, form, or genuflexion, starting solemnly but abruptly upon his subject. Mark the extending of his arm, the penetrating glance of his kindled eye; hear his deep, mellow, and impressive tones; listen to his rich, impassioned, spirit-stirring diction, and then say, if you can, that you feel the absence of fine features, courtly manners, or commanding stature." And yet we are not aware that the sermons of this great orator exist in any accessible form. Nor is the loss, perhaps, as great as might at first sight be supposed. As in the case of Dean Kirwan—whose printed sermons are unworthy of his high reputation—the great effect of Father Keogh's pulpit oratory seems, on *post mortem* examination, due rather to the manner than the matter. Dr. Spratt, having got a discourse of his reported, presented him with the proof-sheets for correction; but, although accurately taken down, Mr. Keogh would not believe that he had delivered it in that form, and, filled with disgust, tore up the sheets and irrevocably canceled the sermon.

Mr. Keogh, during his hours of relaxation, exhibited all the exuberance of a liberated school-boy on the playground. A gentleman, who we fear played cards rather for profit than pleasure, having one evening at Raheny pocketed pool after pool with complacent rapacity, at last, having secured an unusually large "haul," suddenly stood up and declared it was time to leave. Keogh, with the utmost good humor, replied that it was too early to break up, and that he should give his host and friends an opportunity of retrieving their losses. But the man of lucre, with pleasant banter, extricated himself from the playful "collar-

ing" of his friends; and just as he had reached the hall, Fr. Keogh caught him in his muscular grip, and, turning him upside down, the entire contents of his pockets fell in a loud avalanche to the ground. The money was gathered up, the gamester returned, and the play continued with varying success until a later hour. This anecdote was told by the butler of the house, who at least was a considerable gainer by the incident.

"An idle brain is the devil's workshop," was an apothegm of his own concoction, which his audience heard him utter more than once. Two other favorite expressions of his were, "tinseled vanity" and "feathered foppery," and he declared inextinguishable war against both. Like Curran, Moore, and other great contemporaries, Mr. Keogh's origin was humble. He never shrank from avowing it manfully, and, we rather think, used those avowals as physic to purge the pride engendered by public adulation. The father of the Irish Massillon was a coffin-maker in Cook Street.[1] A friend asked him one day, "How is your father?" "Oh," replied Keogh with a very long visage, "I left him working for death!"

Nevertheless, the sire saw the son down; and his death occurred under the following circumstances. In attempting to attain an almost celestial degree of perfection as deliverer of divine messages, he sank from Scylla into the jaws of Charybdis. Somewhat erroneously supposing that his articulation was not quite as distinct as formerly, he desired a dentist to pull out all his front teeth, and to insert a false set in their room. Dental science was not then in its prime—the cure proved far worse than the disease. The clumsy tusks which had been substituted for nature's teeth obstructed rather than facilitated the flow of his oratory; but, still worse, they refused to perform the office of mastication. Dyspepsia, with a hundred other ills, were fostered in this way, and Mr. Keogh rapidly sank beneath their sapping influence. One of his last letters, written from his father's house in Cook Street, where he died, was

[1] Mr. Keogh worked at the trade for a time himself. He used to say that when people faulted coffins, because of unsightly knots in the wood, he would reply: "Oh, I can hide them with an angel or two." Father Keogh inherited his talent from his mother, who kept a school. He was such an apt scholar that the usual period for theological study was considerably abridged in his favor.

addressed to Dr. Spratt, begging his prayers. But . . . Keogh also had his joke at that solemn hour. A priest, famous for following the fox-hounds, having paid him a visit, Keogh in a voice hardly audible muttered, "Ah, Father John, you were always in at the death." Mr. Keogh did not long survive his friend Dr. Lanigan. He died 9th September, 1831, aged forty-three years. A tablet to his memory, inscribed with a very eulogistic epitaph, is erected in the Roman Catholic Church, Baldoyle; but his remains repose in the vaults of SS. Michael and John, Exchange Street, Dublin.

ELLEN FITZSIMON.

(1805—1883.)

Ellen O'Connell, the eldest of the daughters of Daniel O'Connell, all remarkable both for beauty and for accomplishments, was born in Dublin Nov. 12, 1805. She married the late Christopher Fitzsimon, M.P., of Clencullen, County Dublin. In 1863 she published 'Derrynane Abbey,' and about 1876 she began to write 'Recollections of my Father and his Times,' but she did not live to finish it. She contributed poems to *The Citizen*, *The Nation*, *Duffy's Fireside Magazine*, etc., over the signature "L. N. F."

THE SONG OF THE IRISH EMIGRANT IN AMERICA.

OR THE WOODS OF CAILLINO.

My heart is heavy in my breast, my ears are full of tears,
My memory is wandering back to long departed years,—
To those bright days long, long ago,
When naught I dreamed of sordid care or worldly woe,
But roamed, a gay, light-hearted boy, the woods of Caillino.

There, in the spring-time of my life and spring-time of the year,
I 've watched the snowdrop start from earth, the first young buds appear,
The sparkling stream o'er pebbles flow,
The modest violet and golden primrose grow,
Within thy deep and mossy dells, beloved Caillino.

'T was there I wooed my Mary Dhuv and won her for my bride,
Who bore me three fair daughters and four sons, my age's pride;
Though cruel fortune was our foe,
And steeped us to the lips in bitter want and woe,
Yet cling our hearts to those sad days we passed near Caillino.

At length, by misery bowed to earth, we left our native strand,
And crossed the wide Atlantic to this free and happy land;
Though toils we had to undergo,
Yet soon content and happy peace 't was ours to know,
And plenty such as never blessed our hearts, near Caillino.

And Heaven a blessing has bestowed more precious far than
wealth,
Has spared us to each other, full of years, yet strong in health;
Across the threshold when we go,
We see our children's children round us grow,
Like sapling oaks within thy woods, far distant Caillino.

Yet sadness clouds our hearts to think that, when we are no
more,
Our bones must find a resting place far, far from Erin's shore;
For us, no funeral, sad and slow,
Within the ancient abbey's burial mound will go,—
No, we must slumber far from home, far, far from Caillino.

Yet, O, if spirits e'er can leave the appointed place of rest,
Once more will I revisit thee, dear Isle that I love best!
O'er thy green vales will hover slow,
And many a tearful parting blessing will bestow
On all,—but most of all, on *thee,* beloved Caillino!

RICHARD FLECKNOE.

(—— 1678.)

Richard Flecknoe, poet and dramatic writer, lived in the reign of Charles II. He was an Irishman by birth, and was originally a priest of the Order of Jesus. Flecknoe owes the rescue of his name from oblivion to the satirical genius of Dryden. The satirist availed himself of Flecknoe's name as a stalking-horse from behind which to assail the poetaster Shadwell, who had been appointed to replace him in the laureateship. The opening lines of this satire may be quoted as a specimen of the whole:—

> "All human things are subject to decay;
> And when fate summons, monarchs must obey.
> This Flecknoe found, who, like Augustus, young
> Was called to empire, and had governed long;
> In prose and verse was owned without dispute
> Throughout the realms of nonsense absolute."

It is but fair, however, to remark that, clever and effective as this poem is, it is in its application to Flecknoe utterly unjust. Flecknoe was a considerable traveler. He went to Lisbon about 1643, where he remained some time. From Lisbon, in 1646, he made a voyage to Brazil, and on his return in 1650 he wrote his 'Travels of Ten Years in Europe, Asia, Afrique, and America.' Flecknoe was the author of several plays, only one of which, 'Love's Dominion,' printed in 1654, was acted. This piece was republished in 1674 as 'Love's Kingdom,' a pastoral tragi-comedy. This was not the play as acted, but as rewritten and corrected. His minor pieces contain many happy turns of thought and felicities of expression His 'Damoiselles à la Mode,' printed in 1677 and addressed to the Duke and Duchess of Newcastle, and 'Sir W. Davenant's Voyage to the Other World' are witty exposures of the literary and dramatic foibles of the day. His unpopularity among the players, and the satire of Dryden, upon whom, nevertheless, Flecknoe composed a witty and graceful epigram, must have been in a great measure owing to his attacks on the immorality and general worthlessness of the English stage. An interesting but almost unknown production of Flecknoe's is 'The Idea of His Highness Oliver, late Lord Protector,' etc., London, 1659—an appreciative estimate of Cromwell's character, as evidenced in his Parliamentary career and his achievements as soldier and statesman. He also wrote 'Ermina, or the Chaste Lady,' 'The Marriage of Oceanus and Britannia,' 'Epigrams and Enigmatical Characters,' 1670, in 8vo; 'Miscellanea,' or poems of all sorts, with divers other pieces, 1653, in 12mo; 'Diarium, or the Journal,' divided into twelve Jornadas, in burlesque verse, London, 1656, in 12mo; and 'Discourse of the English Stage.' Flecknoe died in 1678.

OF DRINKING.

The fountains drink caves subterren,
  The rivulets drink the fountains dry;
Brooks drink those rivulets again,
  And them some river gliding by;
Until some gulping sea drink them,
And ocean drinks up that again.

Of ocean then does drink the sky;
  When having brewed it into rain,
The earth with drink it does supply,
  And plants do drink up that again.
When turned to liquor in the vine,
'T is our turn next to drink the wine.

By this who does not plainly see,
  How into our throats at once is hurled—
Whilst merrily we drinking be—
  The quintessence of all the world?
Whilst all drink then in land, air, sea,
Let us too drink as well as they.

ON TRAVEL.

It is not travel makes the man, 't is true,
Unless a man could travel, sir, like you,
By putting off the worst and putting on
The best of every country where they come;
Their language, manners, fashions, and their use,
Purged from the dross, and stript from the abuse,
Until at last in manners they become
New men and creatures at their coming home;
Whilst your pied traveler, who nothing knows
Of other countries' fashions but their clothes,
And speaks their language but as parrots do,
Only at best a broken word or two,
Goes and returns the same he went again,
By carrying England still along with him;
Or else returns far worse by bringing home
The worst of every land where he does come.

HENRY FLOOD.

(1732—1791.)

Henry Flood, one of the bright stars in the constellation of Irish orators which shone in the eighteenth century, was born in 1732, in the family mansion near Kilkenny. He was the son of the Right Hon. Warden Flood, Chief Justice of the Court of King's Bench in Ireland. He was early sent to school, on leaving which he entered Trinity College, Dublin, where he stayed but a short time, and about 1749 was sent to Oxford.

In 1760 he returned to Ireland and took his seat in the Irish House of Commons as member for Kilkenny, his native county, a seat which he exchanged for that of Callan, in the same county, in the new Parliament of 1761. At the time of his entrance on political life bribery and corruption were rife, and the House was so much under the control of the British Government that its independence was only in name. Flood took a bold stand against this state of affairs, and formed a party which advocated the freedom of the Irish Parliament and sought to overthrow the prevailing system of bribery. He became eminently distinguished for his eloquence, and for the zeal and perseverance with which he advocated every measure that he regarded as beneficial to his country.

He endeavored to obtain the repeal of a law dating from the time of Henry VII., called Poynings' law, by which the British Government had the power of altering or rejecting all the bills of the Irish legislature. He succeeded in carrying the Octennial bill, by which the duration of any Parliament was limited to eight years, a reform which was considered of great political advantage to Ireland ; and he strenuously advocated the establishment of a native militia in Ireland as a balance against the presence of a standing army. After leading the Opposition for some years, Flood changed his tactics, alternately supporting or opposing the measures brought forward by successive administrations up to 1780, as he considered them beneficial or otherwise ; and this line of conduct no doubt frequently drew upon him the charge of political inconsistency. In 1774 he had accepted the lucrative post of one of the Vice-Treasurers of Ireland, but it was only on condition of maintaining his principles, and when he found this no longer possible he resigned in 1781, and appeared once more as the opponent of the Government. But the old fervor of his eloquence, so long dormant, seemed slow to rouse, and he is said never to have spoken again with the power he had shown in earlier days.

There were now two leaders of the opposition in the Irish House of Commons, and the natural result ensued. Flood and Grattan quarreled ; the more violent of the party sided with Flood, the more moderate with Grattan, and several passages of arms took place in the House. One of these occurred in 1783, and was carried to a degree of animosity seldom equaled. Grattan, fixing his eyes upon Flood, exclaimed : "You have great talents, but you have infa-

mously sold them! for years you have kept silence that you might make gain! I declare before your country, before the whole world, before yourself, that you are a dishonest man!" Flood replied, but such was the strain of his invective that the Speaker interfered, and only allowed his justification to be made several days later.

The party adhering to Grattan gradually gained ascendency, and Flood turned his thoughts to England. Through the influence of the Duke of Chandos he became Member for Winchester, and took his seat in the British House of Commons in December, 1783. Owing to the reputation which he had acquired in Ireland, great things were expected from him. But his first appearance proved a failure which ever after crippled him. Entering the House toward the end of an important debate on Mr. Fox's East India bill, and when tired by a long journey, he was imprudent enough to attempt to speak on a subject of which at the very outset he confessed himself ignorant. His vigor failed him; his speech was tedious and awkward in delivery, though correct enough in diction; his eloquence seemed utterly to have left him, and he could only produce dry, worn-out arguments, based on general principles, and not on warm, living facts.

Before he had time to recover his reputation, a dissolution of Parliament took place, and, the Duke of Chandos refusing his support, Flood betook himself to the borough of Seaford. In the new Parliament he made several weighty and successful speeches, and was fast acquiring a good position in the House, when in 1790 he made the false move of introducing a reform bill. The time was most inopportune, as revolution and not reform was what was hoped for on one side and feared on the other. As a consequence the two great parties combined against him at the next election, and he was left without a seat. Stung to the quick, and suffering at the same time from an attack of gout, he retired to his estate of Farmley near Kilkenny. At this place a fire broke out, and, though still suffering from illness, in the excitement he exposed himself and was attacked by pleurisy, which carried him off on the 2d of December, 1791.

He had married Lady Frances Beresford in 1763, a lady who brought him fortune as well as a wide and influential connection. In 1769, while Member for Callan, he had an unfortunate dispute with his colleague, Mr. Agar, and in a duel which ensued the latter was killed. For this Flood was tried and acquitted at the spring assizes of 1770 in Kilkenny. By his will he bequeathed property to the value of £5,000 ($25,000) to the University of Dublin, but this bequest was ultimately set aside by an appeal to the law of mortmain.

As an orator Flood has been highly praised by his friends as he has been fiercely blamed by his enemies; but there must have been no small charm in his eloquence when it made his audience forget his rasping voice and irritating habit of lowering it at the end of his sentences. However famous he was in his native Parliament, there can be no doubt that he was there soon overshadowed by the towering figure of Grattan, between whom and Flood there were few things in common. Grattan's moving power was an enthusiastic love of country and a poetic nature, while Flood's was to a great extent vanity, although it must be admitted that he was a warm and un-

deviating lover of truth and honesty. While at Oxford he wrote a poem on the death of Frederick, Prince of Wales, one stanza of which was afterward echoed by Gray in his 'Elegy.' His 'Pindaric Ode to Fame' is nervous and vigorous, and his poem on the discovery of America contains several good passages. In addition to original work, he translated two speeches of Æschines and the Crown Oration of Demosthenes, after whom he tried to model his own style.

Mr. W. E. H. Lecky, in his 'Leaders of Public Opinion in Ireland,' says of Flood: "There is something inexpressibly melancholy in the life of this man. . . . Though he attained to a position which, before him, had been unknown in Ireland; though the unanimous verdict of his contemporaries pronounced him to be one of the greatest intellects that ever adorned the Irish Parliament; and though there is not a single act of his life which may not be construed in a sense perfectly in harmony with honor and with patriotism, yet his career presents one long series of disappointments and reverses. At an age when most statesmen are in the zenith of their influence he sank into political impotence. The party he had formed discarded him as its leader. The reputation he so dearly prized was clouded and assailed; the principles he had sown germinated and fructified indeed, but others reaped their fruit; and he is now scarcely remembered except as an object of a powerful invective in Ireland and as an example of a deplorable failure in England. A few pages of oratory, which probably at best only represent the substance of his speeches, a few youthful poems, a few labored letters, and a biography so meager and unsatisfactory that it scarcely gives us any insight into his character, are all that remain of Henry Flood."

FLOOD'S REPLY TO GRATTAN'S INVECTIVE.

From a Speech delivered in the Irish Parliament in 1783.

I rise, sir, in defense of an injured character; and when I recall the aspersions of that night,—while I despise them, they shall be recalled only to be disproved. As I have endeavored to defend the rights of this country for four-and-twenty years, I hope the house will permit me to defend my reputation. My public life, sir, has been divided into three parts—and it has been dispatched by three epithets. The first part, that which preceded Lord Harcourt's administration; the next, which passed between Lord Harcourt's and Lord Carlisle's; and the third, which is subsequent. The first has a summary justice done it by being said to be "intemperate,"—the second is treated in like manner by being said to be "venal,"—and the conduct of the third is said to be that of an "incendiary." . . .

With respect to that period of my life which is dispatched by the word "intemperate," I beg the house would consider the difficult situation of public men if such is to be their treatment. That period takes in a number of administrations, in which the public were pleased to give me the sentence of their approbation. Sir, it includes, for I wish to speak to facts, not to take it up on epithets, the administrations of the Duke of Bedford, Lord Halifax, the Duke of Northumberland, Lord Hertford, and Lord Townshend. Now, sir, as to the fact of "intemperate," I wish to state to you how that stands, and let the honorable members see how plain a tale will put him down. Of those five administrations there were three to which I was so far from giving an "intemperate" opposition, that I could not be said in any sense of the word to oppose them at all—I mean the three first. I certainly voted against the secretary (Mr. Hamilton) of the day, but oftener voted with him. In Lord Hertford's administration I had attained a certain view, and a decided opinion of what was fit in my mind to be done for Ireland. I had fixed on three great objects of public utility. I endeavored to attain them with that spirit and energy with which it is my character and nature to act and to speak,—as I must take the disadvantages of my nature, I will take the advantages of it too,—they were resisted by that administration. What was the consequence? A conflict arose between that administration and me: but that conflict ought not to be called opposition on my part; no, it ought rather to be called opposition on theirs. I was the propounder—they resisted my propositions. This may be called a conflict with, not an opposition to that administration. What were those three great objects? One was to prove that the constitution of parliament in this kingdom did still exist; that it had not been taken away by the law of Poynings, but that it was by an infamous perversion of that statute by which the constitution had suffered. The second was the establishment of a constitutional military force in superaddition to that of a standing army,—the only idea that ever occurred in England, or in any free country in Europe, was that of a constitutional militia. The third great object I took up, as necessary for Ireland, was a law for limiting the duration of parliaments in this country. These were three

great, salutary, and noble projects, worthy of an enlarged mind. I pursued them with ardor, I do not deny it, but I did not pursue them with intemperance. I am sure I did not appear to the public to do so, since they gave my exertions many flattering testimonies of their approbation; there is another proof, however, that I was not "intemperate"—I was successful. Intemperance and miscarriage are apt to go together, but temperance and success are associated by nature. This is my plain history with regard to that period. The clumsiness or virulence of invective may require to be sheathed in a brilliancy of figures, but plain truth and plain sense are best delivered in simple language.

I now come to that period in which Lord Harcourt governed, and which is stigmatized by the word "venal." If every man who accepts an office is "venal" and an "apostate," I certainly cannot acquit myself of the charge, nor is it necessary. If it be a crime universally, let it be universally ascribed; but it is not fair that one set of men should be treated by that honorable member as great friends and lovers of their country, notwithstanding they are in office, and another set of men should be treated as enemies and apostates. What is the truth? Everything of this sort depends on the principles on which office is taken, and on which it is retained. With regard to myself let no man imagine I am preaching up a doctrine for my own convenience; there is no man in this house less concerned in the propagation of it. . . . I beg leave to state briefly the manner in which I accepted the vice-treasureship:—

It was offered me in the most honorable manner, with an assurance not only of being a placeman for my own profit, but a misister for the benefit of my country. My answer was that I thought in a constitution such as the British an intercourse between the prince and the subject ought to be honorable. The circumstance of being a minister ought to redound to a man's credit, though I lament to say it often happens otherwise; men in office frequently forget those principles which they maintained before. I mentioned the public principles which I held, and added, if consistently with them, from an atom of which I could not depart, I could be of service to his majesty's government, I was ready to render it. I now speak in the pres-

ence of men who know what I say. After the appointment had come over to this kingdom, I sent in writing to the chief governor that I could not accept it unless on my own stipulations. Thus, sir, I took office. . . .

In Lord Harcourt's administration what did I do? I had the board of commissioners reduced to one, by which a saving of twenty thousand pounds a year was effected. I went further, I insisted on having every altered money bill thrown out, and privy-council bills not defended by the crown. Thus, instead of giving sanction to the measures I had opposed, my conduct was in fact to register my principles in the records of the court—to make the privy council witness the privileges of a parliament and give final energy to the tenets with which I commenced my public life. The right honorable member who has censured me, in order to depreciate that economy, said "that we had swept with the feather of economy the pens and paper off our table:" a pointed and brilliant expression which is far from a just argument. This country had no reason to be ashamed of that species of economy, when the great nation of Britain had been obliged to descend to a system as minute; it was not my fault if infinitely more was not done. If administrations were wrong on the *absentee tax,* they were wrong with the prejudices of half a century—they were wrong with every great writer than has treated of Irish affairs. . . . To show that I was not under any undue influence of office, when the disposition of the house was made to alter on the absentee tax, and when the administration yielded to the violence of parliament, I appeal to the consciousness and public testimony of many present whether I did *veer and turn with the secretary,* or whether I did not make a manly stand in its favor. After having pledged myself to the public I would rather break with a million of administrations than retract; I not only adhered to that principle, but, by a singular instance of exertion, found it a second time under the consideration of this house. . . .

The third, commencing with Lord Carlisle's administration, in which my conduct has been slandered as "incendiary." There was not a single instance in which the honorable gentleman (Mr. Grattan) did not co-operate. If I am an incendiary, I will gladly accept of the society of

that right honorable member, under the same appellation. If I was an incendiary it was for moving what the parliaments of both kingdoms have since given their sanction to. If that is to be an incendiary, God grant that I may continue so. Now, sir, I do not know that my dismission from office was thought any disgrace to me; I do not think this house or the nation thought me dishonored. The first day I declared those sentiments for which I was dismissed I thought it was my honor. Many very honorable and worthy gentlemen, one of whom is since dead, except in the grateful memory of his country—one who thought me so little the character of an "incendiary," that he crossed the house, together with others, to congratulate me on the honor of my conduct, and to embrace me in open parliament. At that moment I surely stood free of the imputation of an "incendiary!" But this beloved character (Mr. Burgh), over whose life nor over whose grave envy never hovered—he was a man wishing ardently to serve his country, but not to monopolize the service—wishing to partake and to communicate the glory of what passed!—He gave me in his motion for "free-trade," a full participation of the honor. On a subsequent occasion he said,—I remember the words well, they are traced with a pencil of gratitude on my heart,—"that I was a man whom the most lucrative office of the land had never warped in point of integrity." The words were marked, and I am sure I repeat them fairly; they are words I should be proud to have inscribed on my tomb. Consider the man from whom they came; consider the situation of the persons concerned, and it adds and multiplies the honor. My noble friend—I beg pardon, he did not live to be ennobled by patent, but he was ennobled by nature—was thus situated: he had found himself obliged to surrender his office and enter into active opposition to that government from whom he had obtained it; at the same time I remained in office, though under the circumstance of having sent in my resignation. That he did not know, but, careless to everything save honor and justice, he gave way to those sentiments of his heart, and he approved.

I have received this day from the united delegates of the province of Connaught an approbation, "WITH ONE VOICE," as they emphatically express it, of that conduct that has

been slandered by the epithet of "incendiary." An assemblage not one of whom I have ever seen, not one of whom I have even a chance of doing a service for, and, therefore, could have nothing in contemplation but the doing an act of justice. Sir, I had a similar expression of approbation from another province—Ulster. Therefore, if I am an incendiary, all Connaught are incendiaries—all Ulster are incendiaries! With two provinces at my back, and the parliament of England in my favor (by the act of remuneration), I think I need not fear this solitary accusation. . . .

It has been said by the right honorable member (Mr. Grattan) that "I am an outcast of government and of my prince;" it was certainly, sir, an extraordinary transaction, but it likewise happened to Mr. Pultney and the Duke of Devonshire; therefore it is not a decisive proof of a reprobated or factious character, and it is the first time it has been mentioned to disadvantage. . . . Sir, you have heard the accusation of the right honorable member. I appeal to you if I am that supposititious character he has drawn, if I am that character in any degree. I do not deprecate your justice, but I demand it. I exhort you for the honor of this house, I exhort you for the honor of your country, to rid yourselves of a member who would be unworthy to sit among you.

A DEFENSE OF THE VOLUNTEERS.

From a Speech delivered in the Irish Parliament in 1783.

Sir, I have not mentioned the bill as being the measure of any set of men or body of men whomsoever. I am as free to enter into the discussion of the bill as any gentleman in this house, and with as little prepossession of what I shall propose. I prefer it to the house as the bill of my right honorable friend who seconded me,—will you receive it from us?

(After a short pause Mr. Flood continued): In the last parliament it was ordered "That leave be given for the more equal representation of the people in parliament;"

this was in the Duke of Portland's administration, an administration the right honorable gentleman (Mr. Yelverton) professes to admire, and which he will not suspect of overturning the constitution.

I own, from the turn which has been given to this question, I enter on it with the deepest anxiety; armed with the authority of a precedent I did not think any one would be so desperate as to give such violent opposition to the simple introduction of a bill. I now rise for the first time to speak to the subject, and I call on every man, auditor or spectator, in the house or in the galleries, to remember this truth,—that if the volunteers are introduced in this debate, it is not I who do so. The right honorable gentleman says, "If the volunteers have approved it he will oppose it;" but I say I bring it in as a member of this house supported by the powerful aid of my right honorable friend (Mr. Brownlow) who sits behind me. We bring it in as members of parliament, never mentioning the volunteers. I ask you, will you receive it from us—from us, your members, neither intending by anything within doors or without to intimidate or overawe you? I ask, will you—will you receive it as our bill, or will you conjure up a military phantom of interposition to affright yourselves?

I have not introduced the volunteers, but if they are aspersed I will defend their character against all the world. By whom were the commerce and the constitution of this country recovered?—By the volunteers!

Why did not the right honorable gentleman make a declaration against them when they lined our streets—when parliament passed through the ranks of those virtuous armed men to demand the rights of an insulted nation? Are they different men at this day, or is the right honorable gentleman different? He was then one of their body, he is now their accuser! He who saw the streets lined, who rejoiced, who partook in their glory, is now their accuser! Are they less wise, less brave, less ardent in their country's cause, or has their admirable conduct made him their enemy? May they not say, We have not changed, but you have changed? The right honorable gentleman cannot bear to hear of volunteers; but I will ask him, and I will have a *starling taught to halloo in his ear*—Who

gave you the free-trade? who got you the free constitution? who made you a nation? The volunteers!

If they were the men you now describe them, why did you accept of their service? why did you not then accuse them? If they were so dangerous, why did you pass through their ranks with your speaker at your head to demand a constitution? why did you not then fear the ills you now apprehend?

ON A COMMERCIAL TREATY WITH FRANCE.

From a Speech delivered in the British Parliament (1787) in reply to Mr. Pitt, whose commercial system Flood combated.

One thing at least I think is clear, that France is one of the last countries in Europe with which you ought to have engaged; yet by this treaty you will make her the first, though she has taken care not to make you so. What is the consequence? She can now do against you what you cannot retaliate against her. She can use her influence with Spain—Is she not doing it?—With America—Is she not doing it?—and in every other country with which she communicates, to prevent them from entering into engagements with you. How easily can she prevail on them to insist upon preliminaries to which you cannot accede, and yet to which, if you do not accede, they will not negotiate. What follows? A decline of communication between you and those powers. And what follows from that? That what those powers must import from you they will choose to import indirectly through France rather than directly from you. Thus for so much she would become the medium and carrier of your trade, a circumstance in my mind devoutly to be deprecated. What is at present your confidence as to America? Is it not that she must return to you for the sake of that long credit which France cannot afford to her. But what will be the operation of this treaty? It will give English credit to France in the first instance, and in the second France can give it to America. Thus it will deprive you of your only advantage as to America, and transfer it to your rival, who has every other advantage. Thus it will cement the connection between France and America, and perpetuate

the disconnection between those states and Great Britain, whilst in Europe it will rivet the confederacy between France and Spain, and unrivet that between Great Britain and Portugal, if it does not even add it as a link to the chain of the house of Bourbon. As to Ireland, what is its policy? It shows more favor to France than was shown the other day to Ireland. And what does it do next? It sends France into Ireland to colonize in her towns, to line her western coast and the Atlantic, to become the medium between certain classes of her people and America, to encourage emigration in peace and separation in war.

Now turn your eyes to the East. What did France do in 1748? She made the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, and the day after she fortified in America. The day after this treaty she will fortify in Asia. What will follow? If she cannot rival your cotton manufacture in Europe, she will undo it in Asia. She will admit Asiatic cottons free from duty. She can do it without even an infraction of this treaty, for even that has not been guarded against by your negotiator. But she cannot do it without the ruin of your European manufactures. Would not this be an acceptable measure in Asia, I ask? If she were to contend with you for Bengal (which one day she will), could she do it upon a better foundation? With her intrigues among the Asiatic powers; with the connivance or co-operation of the Dutch, recruited and fortified as she then would be, might not your Asiatic Empire tremble? Is it so secure in its nature as to bid defiance to assault? Or is any man so credulous as to believe that to the glory of having stripped you of America, she would not wish to accumulate the renown of depriving you of Asia too? I am no reviler of France. I honor her genius, I honor her activity; but whilst I honor France I am devoted to Great Britain. Time and circumstances have made us rivals; let us be as generous rivals as you will; but let us not be counterfeiting friends. . . .

No man glories more than I do in the mighty exertions of this great nation in the last war, whilst no man more regrets the principle and the event of it. But I am not so credulous as to believe that our failure has rendered us more formidable to France. On the other hand, I see no reason to despond. For if Queen Elizabeth, amidst all her distresses, could place this country at the head of

Europe, as the common friend to justice and as the common enemy to oppression; if Oliver Cromwell, with the stain of usurper on his head, could continue this kingdom in the situation in which it had been placed by Elizabeth; and if both of them could do this without the aid of America, I do not see why we should despond now.

With these glories before my eyes, and remembering how nobly they have been augmented within these hundred years, I stand in astonishment at the preamble of this treaty, which calls on us, in a tone of triumph, to reverse the system of that century. I cannot help asking myself who these men are who thus summon a mighty nation to renounce its honors and to abdicate its superiority. But be they who they may, if they ask me to depose Great Britain, and to put France into the throne of Europe, I answer, No. If they ask me to repeal the revolution, I answer, No. Or the liberty that came with it, or the glory that followed it, or the maxims of government that have cherished and adorned them both, I continue to answer by a reiterated negative. I confide that you will do the same, and I conclude.

ELLEN FORRESTER.

(1828—1883.)

Miss Magennis was born in Clones, County Monaghan, about 1828. Her father was a schoolmaster, and her brother was also a writer of verse. When a girl she settled in England, where she married Mr. Forrester, a stone mason, and three of her children became poets. She wrote for *The Nation* and for several English newspapers, and published two volumes of verse, 'Simple Strains' and 'Songs of the Rising Nation.' She died at Salford, England, Jan. 6, 1883.

THE WIDOW'S MESSAGE TO HER SON.

"Remember, Denis, all I bade you say;
Tell him we 're well and happy, thank the Lord;
But of our troubles, since he went away,
You 'll mind, *avick*, and never say a word!
Of cares and troubles, sure, we 've all our share;
The finest summer isn't always fair.

"Tell him the spotted heifer calved in May;
She died, poor thing; but that you needn't mind;
Nor how the constant rain destroyed the hay;
But tell him God to us was ever kind;
And when the fever spread the country o'er,
His mercy kept the 'sickness' from our door.

"Be sure you tell him how the neighbors came
And cut the corn; and stored it in the barn;
'T would be as well to mention them by name—
Pat Murphy, Ned M'Cabe, and James M'Carn,
And big Tim Daly from behind the hill;
But say *agra*[1]—O say I miss him still!

"They came with ready hands our toil to share—
'T was then I missed him most—my own right hand;
I felt, although kind hearts were round me there,
The kindest heart beat in a foreign land.
Strong hand! brave heart! O severed far from me
By many a weary league of shore and sea!

"And tell him she was with us—he 'll know who:
Mavourneen,[2] hasn't she the winsome eyes?

[1] *Agradh*, O love! [2] *Mo-mhúirnín*, my darling.

The darkest, deepest, brightest, bonniest blue,
I ever saw except in summer skies.
And such black hair! it is the blackest hair
That ever rippled over neck so fair.

"Tell him old Pincher fretted many a day
And moped, poor dog, 't was well he didn't die;
Crouched by the roadside, how he watched the way,
And sniffed the travelers as they passed him by—
Hail, rain, or sunshine, sure 't was all the same,
He listened for the foot that never came.

"Tell him the house is lonesome-like, and cold,
The fire itself seems robbed of half its light;
But maybe 't is my eyes are growing old,
And things look dim before my failing sight:
For all that, tell him 't was myself that spun
The shirts you bring, and stitched them every one.

"Give him my blessing, morning, noon, and night;
Tell him my prayers are offered for his good,
That he may keep his Maker still in sight,
And firmly stand, as his brave father stood,
True to his name, his country, and his God,
Faithful at home, and steadfast still abroad."

GEORGE FOX.

VERY little is known about the life of George Fox beyond the fact that he was born in Belfast; was graduated from Trinity College, Dublin, B.A. 1842, M.A. 1847, and came to America in 1848.

He is well known, however, as the translator of 'The County of Mayo' from the Irish. His translation first appeared in a review of Hardiman's 'Irish Minstrelsy' in *The Dublin University Magazine*. The original is printed in the first named. Hardiman says that it was known sometimes as 'The Lament of Thomas Flavell,' having been composed by a seventeenth-century bard of that name. It is one of the most popular songs of the peasantry of the West of Ireland, and was, he says, combined with one of the sweetest of Irish melodies—the very soul of plaintive Irish music.

THE COUNTY OF MAYO.

From the Irish of Thomas Flavell.

On the deck of Patrick Lynch's boat I sat in woful plight,
Through my sighing all the weary day and weeping all the night.
Were it not that full of sorrow from my people forth I go,
By the blessèd sun, 't is royally I 'd sing thy praise, Mayo.

When I dwelt at home in plenty, and my gold did much abound,
In the company of fair young maids the Spanish ale went round.
'T is a bitter change from those gay days that now I 'm forced to go,
And must leave my bones in Santa Cruz, far from my own Mayo.

They are altered girls in Irrul now; 't is proud they 're grown and high,
With their hair-bags and their top-knots—for I pass their buckles by.
But it 's little now I heed their airs, for God will have it so,
That I must depart for foreign lands, and leave my sweet Mayo.

'T is my grief that Patrick Loughlin is not Earl in Irrul still,
And that Brian Duff no longer rules as Lord upon the Hill;
And that Colonel Hugh MacGrady should be lying dead and low,
And I sailing, sailing swiftly from the county of Mayo.

SIR PHILIP FRANCIS.

(1740—1818.)

"WHETHER 'Junius' or not, Sir Philip Francis was," says Mr. Leslie Stephen, "a man of great ability and of unflagging industry." He was born in Dublin in 1740. He was the son of Dr. Francis, the translator of Horace. When his father removed to England he was ten years old and he received his education at the Academy under his father and at St. Paul's School, London. Here he had for a schoolfellow, Henry S. Woodfall, afterward the printer of the 'Letters of Junius.' In 1756 Francis became a clerk in the Secretary of State's office. His ability attracted the notice of Mr. Pitt, who succeeded Lord Holland, and in 1758 he was on Pitt's recommendation appointed secretary to General Bligh, and was present at the capture of Cherbourg.

In 1760, through the same patronage, he became secretary to the Earl of Kinnoul, and accompanied that nobleman on his embassy to Lisbon. In 1763 he obtained a considerable post in the War office, which he resigned in 1772 in consequence of a difference with Lord Barrington. The greater part of this year was spent by Francis in a visit to the Continent, during which he had a long audience with the Pope, a curious account of which in his own handwriting is among the manuscripts in possession of his grandson. On his return he was appointed by Lord North one of the civil members of Council for the government of Bengal, and sailed for India in June, 1773. His conduct at the Council-board was marked by a constant and violent opposition to the policy of the Governor-General, Warren Hastings, which resulted in a duel with the latter, in which Francis was dangerously wounded. The resignation of his post, worth £10,000 ($50,000) a year, naturally followed.

He returned to England in 1781, and shortly after was elected Member of Parliament for Yarmouth in the Isle of Wight. In the House he supported Whig principles, joining the Opposition, then led by Fox. He actively promoted the proceedings which ended in the impeachment of Hastings, and afforded valuable information and advice to Burke and the other managers of the great trial. In 1807 he finally retired from Parliament. His speeches while a Member, notwithstanding a defect of utterance caused by an over-sensibility of temperament, are said to have been remarkable for refinement, simplicity, energy, and point. In 1806 he was created a Knight of the Bath, and in 1816, when the public curiosity on the subject of the 'Letters of Junius' had greatly subsided, attention was directed toward Sir Philip Francis, in consequence of the appearance of a pamphlet by Mr. John Taylor, in which strong evidence was adduced as to his being their author. Francis denied the authorship in a somewhat equivocal way, and in 1818, while the question was still hotly discussed, he died in his seventy-ninth year. He published a number of political speeches, 'Remarks on the Defense of Warren Hastings,' 'Letters

on the East India Company,' 'Reflections on the Currency,' etc., which were only of temporary interest and are now forgotten.

The secret of the authorship of the 'Letters of Junius,' like that of the personality of the 'Man in the Iron Mask,' has never really been penetrated. Although more than a century has elapsed since their publication; although volumes have been written on the subject, and the most prying curiosity and industrious ingenuity have been at work to collect evidence on the point, we have as yet no positive proof to decide the question who was their real author. More than fifty names of eminent men living at the period have been brought forward and advocated at various times, including those of Lord Chatham, Burke, Gibbon, Grattan, Pownall, Rich, Horne Tooke, Wilkes, and more especially Lord George Sackville, but there can be little doubt that the claim of authorship for Sir Philip Francis still remains the strongest. The arguments for this view may be briefly stated as: his absence on a journey to the Continent coincides with an interruption in the letters; his departure for India with a high appointment, with their cessation; his receiving that appointment without any apparent cause, just after leaving the War office; his station in the War office, with all details of which "Junius" is so familiar; his knowledge of speeches not reported; coincidences of thought and expression between passages of the letters and of speeches of Lord Chatham, reports of which had been furnished by Francis, and with his own speeches made after his return from India; his being known to be an able pamphleteer; and, finally, peculiar modes of spelling and of correcting the press, and resemblance of handwriting.

Macaulay deals with the authorship of these letters in his essay on Warren Hastings in his usually interesting manner. If, as he supposes, Sir Philip Francis was the author, he certainly had ample opportunity to realize abroad the meaning of the corruption he had denounced at home, for, as we have seen, he was in India from 1774 to 1780 as a member of the Council appointed to check Warren Hastings.

They first appeared in Woodfall's *Public Advertiser* at a time of great political excitement, and were directed against the principal men of the day connected with the Government, not sparing even royalty itself. Forty-four bear the signature of "Junius," the earliest of which is dated Jan. 21, 1769, the last Jan. 21, 1772. In the latter year they were collected (the collection including also fifteen letters signed "Philo-Junius," really written by the same person), revised by "Junius," who added notes, and published by Woodfall, with a Dedication to the English Nation and a Preface by the author. Another edition was afterward issued, containing not only the letters of "Junius" proper, but also his private letters to Mr. Woodfall, his correspondence with Wilkes, and other communications to the *Advertiser* by the same author under different signatures and relating to different subjects, but all marked with the same boldness, severity, and passion which characterize the 'Letters' themselves.

Numerous editions have since appeared, among others an enlarged and improved edition in 1850 in two volumes, edited by Mr. John

Wade, who in an essay prefixed makes out a strong case in favor of the authorship of Sir Philip Francis. A more recent work which supports the same view is 'The Handwriting of Junius Professionally Investigated by Mr. Charles Chabot, Expert,' with preface and collateral evidence by the Hon. Edward Twistleton (London, 1871).

TO THE DUKE OF GRAFTON.

July 8, 1769.

My Lord:

If nature had given you an understanding qualified to keep pace with the wishes and principles of your heart, she would have made you perhaps the most formidable minister that ever was employed under a limited monarch to accomplish the ruin of a free people. When neither the feelings of shame, the reproaches of conscience, nor the dread of punishment, form any bar to the designs of a minister, the people would have too much reason to lament their condition if they did not find some resource in the weakness of his understanding. We owe it to the bounty of Providence, that the completest depravity of the heart is sometimes strangely united with a confusion of the mind which counteracts the most favorite principles, and makes the same man treacherous without art and a hypocrite without deceiving. The measures, for instance, in which your Grace's activity has been chiefly exerted, as they were adopted without skill, should have been conducted with more than common dexterity.

But truly, my lord, the execution has been as gross as the design. By one decisive step you have defeated all the arts of writing. You have fairly confounded the intrigues of opposition and silenced the clamor of faction. A dark, ambiguous system might require and furnish the materials of ingenious illustration; and, in doubtful measures, the virulent exaggeration of party must be employed to rouse and engage the passions of the people. You have now brought the merits of your administration to an issue on which every Englishman of the narrowest capacity may determine for himself. It is not an alarm to the passions, but a calm appeal to the judgment of the people upon their own most essential interests. A more experienced minister would not have hazarded a direct invasion of the first principles of the constitution before he had made some

progress in subduing the spirit of the people. With such a cause as yours, my lord, it is not sufficient that you have the court at your devotion, unless you can find means to corrupt or intimidate the jury. The collective body of the people form that jury, and from their decision there is but one appeal.

Whether you have talents to support you at a crisis of such difficulty and danger should long since have been considered. Judging truly of your disposition, you have perhaps mistaken the extent of your capacity. Good faith and folly have so long been received as synonymous terms that the reverse of the proposition has grown into credit, and every villain fancies himself a man of abilities. It is the apprehension of your friends, my lord, that you have drawn some hasty conclusion of this sort, and that a partial reliance upon your moral character has betrayed you beyond the depth of your understanding. You have now carried things too far to retreat. You have plainly declared to the people what they are to expect from the continuance of your administration. It is time for your Grace to consider what you also may expect in return from their spirit and their resentment.

Since the accession of our most gracious sovereign to the throne, we have seen a system of government which may well be called a reign of experiments. Parties of all denominations have been employed and dismissed. The advice of the ablest men in this country has been repeatedly called for and rejected; and when the royal displeasure has been signified to a minister, the marks of it have usually been proportioned to his abilities and integrity. The spirit of the favorite had some apparent influence upon every administration; and every set of ministers preserved an appearance of duration as long as they submitted to that influence. But there were certain services to be performed for the favorite's security, or to gratify his resentments, which your predecessors in office had the wisdom or the virtue not to undertake. The moment this refractory spirit was discovered, their disgrace was determined. Lord Chatham, Mr. Grenville, and Lord Rockingham have successively had the honor to be dismissed for preferring their duty as servants of the public to those compliances which were expected from their sta-

tion. A submissive administration was at last gradually collected from the deserters of all parties, interests, and connections; and nothing remained but to find a leader for these gallant, well-disciplined troops. Stand forth, my lord; for thou art the man. Lord Bute found no resource of dependence or security in the proud, imposing, superiority of Lord Chatham's abilities, the shrewd, inflexible judgment of Mr. Grenville, nor in the mild but determined integrity of Lord Rockingham. His views and situation required a creature void of all these properties; and he was forced to go through every division, resolution, composition, and refinement of political chemistry before he happily arrived at the *caput mortuum* of vitriol in your Grace. Flat and insipid in your retired state; but, brought into action, you become vitriol again. Such are the extremes of alternate indolence or fury which governed your whole administration. Your circumstances with regard to the people soon becoming desperate, like other honest servants, you determined to involve the best of masters in the same difficulties with yourself. We owe it to your Grace's well-directed labors that your sovereign has been persuaded to doubt of the affections of his subjects, and the people to suspect the virtues of their sovereign at a time when both were unquestionable.

You have degraded the royal dignity into a base, dishonorable competition with Mr. Wilkes; nor had you abilities to carry even this last contemptible triumph over a private man without the grossest violation of the fundamental laws of the constitution and rights of the people. But these are rights, my lord, which you can no more annihilate than you can the soil to which they are annexed. The question no longer turns upon points of national honor and security abroad, or on the degrees of expedience and propriety of measures at home. It was not inconsistent that you should abandon the cause of liberty in another country, which you had persecuted in your own; and, in the common arts of domestic corruption, we miss no part of Sir Robert Walpole's system except his abilities. In this humble imitative line you might long have proceeded safe and contemptible. You might probably never have risen to the dignity of being hated, and even have been despised with moderation. But it seems you meant to be distinguished;

and to a mind like yours there was no other road to fame but by the destruction of a noble fabric, which you thought had been too long the admiration of mankind. The use you have made of the military force introduced an alarming change in the mode of executing the laws. The arbitrary appointment of Mr. Luttrell invades the foundation of the laws themselves, as it manifestly transfers the right of legislation from those whom the people have chosen to those whom they have rejected. With a succession of such appointment we may soon see a House of Commons collected, in the choice of which the other towns and counties of England will have as little share as the devoted county of Middlesex.

Yet I trust your Grace will find that the people of this country are neither to be intimidated by violent measures nor deceived by refinements. When they see Mr. Luttrell seated in the House of Commons by mere dint of power, and in direct opposition to the choice of a whole county, they will not listen to those subtleties by which every arbitrary exertion of authority is explained into the law and privilege of Parliament. It requires no persuasion of argument, but simply the evidence of the senses to convince them that to transfer the right of election from the collective to the representative body of the people contradicts all those ideas of a House of Commons which they have received from their forefathers, and which they have already, though vainly perhaps, delivered to their children. The principles on which this violent measure has been defended have added scorn to injury, and forced us to feel that we are not only oppressed, but insulted.

With what force, my lord, with what protection are you prepared to meet the united detestation of the people of England? The city of London has given a generous example to the kingdom in what manner a king of this country ought to be addressed; and I fancy, my lord, it is not yet in your courage to stand between your sovereign and the addresses of his subjects. The injuries you have done this country are such as demand not only redress, but vengeance. In vain shall you look for protection to that venal vote which you have already paid for: another must be purchased; and, to save a minister, the House of Commons must declare themselves not only independent of

their constituents, but the determined enemies of the constitution. Consider, my lord, whether this be an extremity to which their fears will permit them to advance; or, if their protection should fail you, how far you are authorized to rely upon the sincerity of those smiles which a pious court lavishes without reluctance upon a libertine by profession. It is not, indeed, the least of the thousand contradictions which attend you, that a man marked to the world by the grossest violation of all ceremony and decorum should be the first servant of a court in which prayers are morality and kneeling is religion.

Trust not too far to appearances, by which your predecessors have been deceived, though they have not been injured. Even the best of princes may at last discover that this is a contention in which everything may be lost, but nothing can be gained; and as you became minister by accident, were adopted without choice, trusted without confidence, and continued without favor, be assured that whenever an occasion presses you will be discarded without even the forms of regret. You will then have reason to be thankful if you are permitted to retire to that seat of learning which in contemplation of the system of your life, the comparative purity of your manners, with those of their high-steward, and a thousand other recommending circumstances, has chosen you to encourage the growing virtue of their youth, and to preside over their education.

Whenever the spirit of distributing prebends and bishoprics shall have departed from you, you will find that learned seminary perfectly recovered from the delirium of an installation, and, what in truth it ought to be, once more a peaceful scene of slumber and thoughtless meditation. The venerable tutors of the university will no longer distress your modesty by proposing you for a pattern to their pupils. The learned dullness of declamation will be silent; and even the venal muse, though happiest in fiction, will forget your virtues. Yet for the benefit of the succeeding age I could wish that your retreat might be deferred until your morals shall happily be ripened to that maturity of corruption at which the worst examples cease to be contagious.

JUNIUS.

WILLIAM PERCY FRENCH.

(1854——)

WILLIAM PERCY FRENCH was born at Clooniquin, County Roscommon, May 1, 1854, and was graduated at Dublin University. Before becoming an author he was a civil engineer. He is one of the cleverest of living Irish humorists, and is the author of many verses, stories, etc., most of which appeared in a small Dublin comic paper called *The Jarvey* (now defunct), edited by himself. Some of his songs have become very popular, and he is also the author of the *libretti* of one or two operas.

THE FIRST LORD LIFTINANT.

AS RELATED BY ANDREW GERAGHTY, PHILOMATH.

"Essex," said Queen Elizabeth, as the two of them sat at breakwhist in the back parlor of Buckingham Palace, "Essex, me haro, I 've got a job that I think would suit you. Do you know where Ireland is?"

"I 'm no great fist at jografy," says his lordship, "but I know the place you mane. Population, three millions; exports, emigrants."

"Well," says the Queen, "I 've been reading the *Dublin Evening Mail* and the *Telegraft* for some time back, and sorra one o' me can get at the trooth o' how things is goin', for the leadin' articles is as conthradictory as if they wor husband and wife."

"That 's the way wid papers all the world over," says Essex; "Columbus told me it was the same in Amerikay, when he was there, abusin' and conthradictin' each other at every turn—it 's the way they make their livin'. Thrubble you for an egg-spoon."

"It 's addled they have me betune them," says the Queen. "Not a know I know what 's goin' on. So now, what I want you to do is to run over to Ireland, like a good fella, and bring me word how matters stand."

"Is it me?" says Essex, leppin' up off his chair. "It 's not in airnest ye are, ould lady. Sure it 's the hoight of the London saison. Every one 's in town, and Shake's new

fairy piece, 'The Midsummer's Night Mare,' billed for next week."

"You 'll go when ye 're tould," says the Queen, fixin' him with her eye, "if you know which side yer bread 's buttered on. See here, now," says she, seein' him chokin' wid vexation and a slice o' corned beef, "you ought to be as pleased as Punch about it, for you 'll be at the top o' the walk over there as vice-regent representin' me."

"I ought to have a title or two," says Essex, pluckin' up a bit. "His Gloriosity the Great Panjandhrum, or the like o' that."

"How would His Excellency the Lord Liftinant of Ireland sthrike you?" says Elizabeth.

"First class," cries Essex. "Couldn't be betther; it doesn't mean much, but it 's allitherative, and will look well below the number on me hall door."

Well, boys, it didn't take him long to pack his clothes and start away for the Island o' Saints. It took him a good while to get there, though, through not knowin' the road; but by means of a pocket compass and a tip to the steward, he was landed at last contagious to Dalkey Island. Goin' up to an ould man who was sittin' on a rock, he took off his hat, and says he—

"That 's great weather we 're havin'?"

"Good enough for the times that 's in it," says the ould man, cockin' one eye at him.

"Any divarshun goin' on?" says Essex.

"You 're a sthranger in these parts, I 'm thinkin'," says the ould man, "or you 'd know this was a 'band night' in Dalkey."

"I wasn't aware of it," says Essex; "the fact is," says he, "I only landed from England just this minute."

"Ay," says the ould man bitterly, "it 's little they know about us over there. I 'll hould you," says he, with a slight thrimble in his voice, "that the Queen herself doesn't know there is to be fireworks in the Sorrento Gardens this night."

Well, when Essex heard that, he disremembered entirely he was sent over to Ireland to put down rows and ructions, and away wid him to see the fun and flirt wid all the pretty girls he could find. And he found plenty of them—thick as bees they wor, and each one as beautiful as the day and the morra. He wrote two letters home next day—one to

Queen Elizabeth and the other to Lord Montaigle, a play-boy like himself. I 'll read you the one to the Queen first:—

"Dame Sthreet, *April 16th*, 1599.

"Fair Enchantress,—I wish I was back in London, baskin' in your sweet smiles and listenin' to your melodious voice once more. I got the consignment of men and the post-office order all right. I was out all the mornin' lookin' for the inimy, but sorra a taste of Hugh O'Neil or his men can I find. A policemin at the corner o' Nassau Street told me they wor hidin' in Wicklow. So I am makin' up a party to explore the Dargle on Easter Monda'. The girls here are as ugly as sin, and every minute o' the day I do be wishin' it was your good-lookin' self I was gazin' at instead o' these ignorant scarecrows. Hopin' soon to be back at ould England, I remain your lovin' subjec',

Essex.

"P.S.—I hear Hugh O'Neil was seen on the top of the Donny-brook tram yesterday mornin'. If I have any luck the head 'll be off him before you get this. E."

The other letter read this way—

"Dear Monty—This is a great place all out. Come over here if you want fun. Divil such play-boys ever I seen, and the girls—oh! don't be talkin'—'pon me secret honor you 'll see more love-liness at a tay and supper ball in Rathmines than there is in the whole of England. Tell Ned Spenser to send me a love-song to sing to a young girl who seems taken wid my appearance. Her name 's Mary, and she lives in Dunlary, so he oughtent to find it hard. I hear Hugh O'Neil 's a terror, and hits a powerful welt, especially when you 're not lookin'. If he tries any of his games on wid me, I 'll give him in charge. No brawlin' for yours truly,

"Essex."

Well, me bould Essex stopped for odds of six months in Dublin, purtendin' to be very busy subjugatin' the country, but all the time only losin' his time and money widout doin' a hand's turn, and doin' his best to avoid a ruction with "Fighting Hugh." If a messenger came to tell him that O'Neil was campin' out on the North Bull, Essex would up stick and away for Sandycove, where, after draggin' the forty-foot hole, he 'd write off to Elizabeth, saying that "owing to their suparior knowledge of the country, the dastard foe had once more eluded him."

The Queen got mighty tired of these letters, especially as they always ended with a request to send stamps by return, and told Essex to finish up his business and not be makin' a fool of himself.

"Oh, that 's the talk, is it," says Essex; "very well, me ould sauce-box" (that was the name he had for her ever since she gev him the clip on the ear for turnin' his back on her), "very well, me ould sauce-box," says he, "I 'll write off to O'Neil this very minute, and tell him to send in his lowest terms for peace at ruling prices."

Well, the threaty was a bit of a one-sided one—the terms being—

1. Hugh O'Neil to be King of Great Britain.
2. Lord Essex to return to London and remain there as Viceroy of England.
3. The O'Neil family to be supported by Government, with free passes to all theaters and places of entertainment.
4. The London markets to buy only from Irish dealers.
5. All taxes to be sent in stamped envelope, directed to H. O'Neil, and marked "private." Checks crossed and made payable to H. O'Neil. Terms cash.

Well, if Essex had had the sense to read through this threaty he 'd have seen it was of too graspin' a nature to pass with any sort of a respectable sovereign, but he was that mad he just stuck the document in the pocket of his pot-metal overcoat, and away wid him hot foot for England.

"Is the Queen widin?" says he to the butler, when he opened the door o' the palace. His clothes were that dirty and disorthered wid travelin' all night, and his boots that muddy, that the butler was for not littin' him in at the first go off, so says he very grand: "Her Meejesty is abow stairs and can't be seen till she 's had her breakwhist."

"Tell her the Lord Liftinant of Ireland desires an enterview," says Essex.

"Oh, beg pardon, me lord," says the butler, steppin' to one side, "I didn't know 't was yourself was in it; come inside, sir; the Queen 's in the dhrawin'-room."

Well, Essex leps up the stairs and into the dhrawin'-room wid him, muddy boots and all; but not a sight of Elizabeth was to be seen.

"Where 's your missis?" says he to one of the maids-of-honor that was dustin' the chimbley-piece.

"She 's not out of her bed yet," says the maid with a toss of her head; "but if you write your message on the slate

beyant, I 'll see "—but before she had finished, Essex was up the second flight and knockin' at the Queen's bedroom door.

"Is that the hot wather?" says the Queen.

"No, it 's me,—Essex. Can you see me?"

"Faith, I can't," says the Queen. "Hould on till I draw the bed-curtains. Come in now," says she, "and say your say, for I can't have you stoppin' long—you young Lutharian."

"Bedad, yer Majesty," says Essex, droppin' on his knees before her (the delutherer he was), "small blame to me if I am a Lutharian, for you have a face on you that would charm a bird off a bush."

"Hould your tongue, you young reprobate," says the Queen, blushin' up to her curl-papers wid delight, "and tell me what improvements you med in Ireland."

"Faith, I taught manners to O'Neil," cries Essex.

"He had a bad masther then," says Elizabeth, lookin' at his dirty boots; "couldn't you wipe yer feet before ye desthroyed me carpets, young man?"

"Oh, now," says Essex, "is it wastin' me time shufflin' about on a mat you 'd have me, when I might be gazin' on the loveliest faymale the world ever saw?"

"Well," says the Queen, "I 'll forgive you this time, as you 've been so long away, but remimber in future that Kidderminster isn't oilcloth. Tell me," says she, "is Westland Row Station finished yet?"

"There 's a side wall or two wanted yet, I believe," says Essex.

"What about the Loop Line?" says she.

"Oh, they 're gettin' on with that," says he, "only some people think the girders a disfigurement to the city."

"Is there any talk about that esplanade from Sandycove to Dunlary?"

"There 's talk about it, but that 's all," says Essex; "'t would be an odious fine improvement to house property, and I hope they 'll see to it soon."

"Sorra much you seem to have done, beyant spendin' me men and me money. Let 's have a look at that threaty I see stickin' out o' your pocket."

Well, when the Queen read the terms of Hugh O'Neil she just gev him one look, an' jumpin' from off the bed,

put her head out of the window, and called out to the policeman on duty—

"Is the Head below?"

"I 'll tell him you want him, ma'am," says the policeman.

"Do," says the Queen. "Hello," says she, as a slip o' paper dhropped out o' the dispatches. "What 's this? 'Lines to Mary.' Ho! ho! me gay fella, that 's what you 've been up to, is it?"

"Mrs. Brady 's
A widow lady,
And she has a charmin' daughter I adore,
I went to court her,
Across the water,
And her mother keeps a little candy-store.
She 's such a darlin'
She 's like a starlin'
And in love with her I'm gettin' more and more,
Her name is Mary,
She 's from Dunlary ;
And her mother keeps a little candy-store."

"That settles it," says the Queen. "It 's the jailer you 'll serenade next."

When Essex heard that, he thrimbled so much that the button of his cuirass shook off and rowled under the dhressin'-table.

"Arrest that man," says the Queen, when the Head-Constable came to the door; "arrest that thrater," says she, "and never let me set eyes on him again."

And indeed she never did, and soon after that he met with his death from the skelp of an axe he got when he was standin' on Tower Hill.

ALICE FURLONG.

(1875 ——)

Alice Furlong was born about 1875 in County Dublin. She is a sister of Mary Furlong (*q. v.*). Alice began writing poetry in 1893. Her first poem appeared in *The Irish Monthly*, the editor of which has been her constant friend. She has contributed poems to many magazines and newspapers, and her first volume of poems, 'Roses and Rue,' was published by Mr. Elkin Matthews in 1898. It has attracted much attention from the leading critical reviews, and her work has been much praised for its delicacy, pathos, and music. She is the author of three novels and many short stories.

THE TREES.

These be God's fair high palaces,
Walled with fine leafen trellises,
Interstarred with the warm and luminous azure;
Sunlights run laughing through,
And rains and honey-dew
Scatter pale pearls at every green embrasure.

The tangled twist and twine
Of His soaring staircases have mosses fine
For emerald pavement, and each leafy chamber
Is atmosphered with amber.
Athwart the mellow air
The twinkling threads of gossamer
Shimmer and shine
In many a rainbow line.

The chaffinch is God's little page.
O joyant vassalage!
"You will! You will!" he saith the whole day long,
In sweet monotonous song:
Poised on the window-sills of outmost leaves
He watches where the tremulous sunlight weaves
Its golden webbing over the palpitant grass,
While the Summer butterfly, winged of the blue-veined snow,
Floats by on aerial tides as clear as glass;
Like a fairy ship with its delicate sails ablow.

From the break of morn,
Herein the blackbird is God's courtier,
With gold tongue ever astir,

Piping and praising
On his beakèd horn.
To do his Seigneur duty
In mellow fluency and dulcet phrasing,
In pæans of passing beauty;
As a chanting priest,
Chanting his matins in the wane o' the night,
While slow great winds of vibrant light
Sweep up the lilied East.

The dumb thing is God's guest,
And ever tired creature seeking rest;
The sheep, grown weary browsing,
The cattle, drouthy with heat,
One after one, lagging on listless feet,
Seek the green shadow of God's pleasant housing;
While the thousand wingèd wights of bough and air
Do find God's palace fair!

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